6.23.02

From the Library of

Professor William Henry Green

Bequeathed by him to

the Library of

Princeton Theological Seminary

DF77
.F32
V.1

C. C. Felton.

GREECE,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

LECTURES

DELIVERED BEFORE THE LOWELL INSTITUTE.

By C. C. FELTON, LL.D.,
LATE PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

BOSTON:
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.
1867.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by
THE LOWELL INSTITUTE,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

University Press: Welch, Bigelow, & Co.,
Cambridge.

PREFACE.

The Lectures now given to the public were delivered in the years 1852, 1853, 1859, and 1854, the Course designated as the third having been the latest in the order of delivery. It has been thought best thus to transpose the third and fourth, rather than to insert the course on Modern Greece between two courses on Ancient Greece.

These Lectures, though written very rapidly, — almost always in the intervals between their delivery, — embody the results of lifelong study, and of a conscientiously careful and accurate scholarship. The labor of revision and editorship has devolved upon a friend, who has performed it — however inadequately — with loving diligence, and with the earnest desire to render these volumes a not unworthy memorial of their ever-lamented author. References have been, so far as was possible, verified, authorities consulted, and translations compared with their originals; and the utmost attention has been paid to the passage of the sheets through the press. It is believed that the work fills in our literature a place not before occupied, and that it will render essential service to that cause of liberal culture to which the author's whole life was consecrated.

CONTENTS

OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

FIRST COURSE.

THE GREEK LANGUAGE AND POETRY.

Lecture		Page
I.	The Origin of Language	3
II.	Classification of Languages	18
III.	The Indo-European Languages. — The Origin of Writing	32
IV.	Alphabetic Writing. — Primeval Literature of the East	50
V.	The Earliest Greek Poetry. — The Homeric Poems	71
VI.	Homer and the Iliad	89
VII.	The Odyssey. — The Batrachomyomachia	106
VIII.	The Homeric Hymns. — Hesiod. — Greek Music	126
IX.	Ionian Lyric Poetry	145
X.	Æolian and Dorian Lyric Poetry	166
XI.	Pindar. — The Greek Drama. — Æschylus	188
XII.	Euripides. — Sophocles. — Aristophanes	214
XIII.	The Later Greek Drama. — Decline of Letters. — The Alexandrian Period. The Byzantine Period. — Modern Greek Poetry	241

SECOND COURSE.

THE LIFE OF GREECE.

I.	Hellas and the Hellenes	271
II.	Outline View of Hellenic Culture	289
III.	The Decline of Hellas. — Rural Life in Greece	310
IV.	Roads. — Houses. — Furniture. — Marriage. — Xenophon's Œconomicus	331

V. Household Expenses. — Occupations. — Food. — Feasts. — Markets 356

VI. Dress. — Armor. — Artistical Drapery. — Manufactures, Trade, and Commerce 379

VII. Dorian Manners and Customs. — Clubs. — Provision for the Poor. — The Medical Profession 398

VIII. Education 417

IX. General Culture. — Worship. — Divination. — Oracles . 434

X. Temples. — State of Religious Belief. — Philosophers. — Funeral Rites and Monuments. — Belief concerning a Future Life. — Wills 452

XI. Government 473

XII. Literature. — The Theatre 493

FIRST COURSE.

THE GREEK LANGUAGE AND POETRY.

LECTURE I.

THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.

In the present course of lectures, I propose to discuss three main topics. These are: 1. The Position of the Greek Language in the History of Human Speech; 2. The Position of Greek Poetry in the History of Poetic Culture; and 3. The History and Value of Greek Poetry, in itself considered. In handling these subjects, I shall adopt the method of comparison, because true knowledge, upon any subject whatsoever, is gained chiefly in this manner. In our classical studies, we are too much inclined to follow the beaten way, and to forget that the great languages of Greece and Rome, the great masters who wielded those marvellous instruments of thought and intellectual power, the great literatures which have ridden out the storms of many ages, and have come, though with torn sails and shattered hull, down to our times, stood in close relations to those that went before, as they stand in close relations to those that have followed after them.

Moreover, if we would gain a comprehensive view of the diversities and powers of language, we must not limit the comparison to the single group of languages, however extensive, to which the English and the Greek belong, for these are all constructed on a single type; but we must extend our research to those vast families of languages that occupy the greater part of the continents of Asia, Africa, and America: and we shall see that the ideas we form by studying a single model, under how many varieties soever, require to be greatly modified and enlarged by the other terms of the comparison. The lan-

guage of savages and that of children throw the most important light upon the whole philosophy of speech, and I shall venture, very briefly, to touch upon these illustrations so far as my limited studies enable me to do. Perhaps the best established despotism in the world is the government of the verb by the nominative case; but there are languages in which the verb governs the nominative case.

Many topics belonging to each of the above-named heads must be wholly passed over; many must be just alluded to; many I shall dismiss with a slight discussion. But I hope I shall be able to deal, however inadequately, with those which are the most important.

If we look over the present world, we are amazed at the infinite variety of the human character, while we feel the everlasting ties which bind its myriads of forms into one common nature. The physiologist traces and classifies the races of men; the geographer places them within their appointed habitations; the historian follows out their fortunes in their successive migrations and dispersions: and as we look back into the past, these distinctions of race are as strongly marked in the earliest times of which we have record, as they are at the present moment; nor has any new race been formed, nor any tendency to the formation of a new race been demonstrated, since the beginning of the written or monumental history of man. We see them issuing, like so many processions in long array, from the portals of the past, taking up their lines of march along the great highways of nature, and moving in various directions over the surface of the earth. At times they come into mutual conflict, or cross one another's path; now there is a partial blending of the streams of life; and then a wide divergence or strong repulsion. Nations occupy the stage of history, and, having spoken their speech and played their part, retire; others are midway in the great drama of their national existence. Some are touching their catastrophe, and others are rehearsing for exhibition, and preparing to make their first appearance on the theatre of the world.

Is there any unity of plan in these complicated and ever-shifting scenes? Yes: that unity is in the nature of man. In all time, in all space, he is the same being in all that makes him a human being. He has the same religious tendency, the same reasoning power, the same gift of speech. Whether all the historical forms of religion can be accounted for by one primeval revelation, or not; whether all the physical varieties of mankind can be referred to one initial race, or not; whether all the migrations that have overrun the earth can be traced back to one starting-point, or not; whether all the varieties of speech that make the earth an illimitable Babel have come from a single language communicated to man at the moment of his creation, or not, — amidst all this warfare of unsettled disputes, unanswered questions, contradictory opinions, man remains essentially the same, — a religious being, a reasoning being, a speaking being, and these are the three attributes that constitute the sublime unity of his nature.

Speech, then, though not, as some of the ancients asserted, the sole distinguishing attribute of man, is among the chief of them. Universal as it is, not one of the marvels that encompass our life is so miraculous. Little as we think *of it*, we cannot think without it in one or another of its forms. To employ language, to speak, is to set in motion the divinest organism of our being. With what inexpressible skill is the machinery of speech framed together, and adapted part to part! The articulating organs; the life-supporting air; the mind that sends its orders from the brain, where it sits enthroned, along the nerves which set these organs in motion; the impulse borne on the wings of the wind, sweeping through the intervening space, knocking at the porches of the ear, passing along the nerves of sensation, and leaving in the presence of another mind a bodiless thought, which the flying messenger was sent to bear, — how familiar, yet how miraculous, is all this! Rhenius, a missionary in the East, at the close of the Preface to his Tamil Grammar, exclaims: "To God, the eternal and almighty Jehovah, and Author of speech, be glory for ever and ever."

Language is at once the evidence and the memorial of the universal brotherhood of man. It binds with its everlasting chain every nation and race and kindred. By articulated speech, thought answers to thought, as face answers to face in a glass, and we know what passes in the mind of our brother. By written speech we record our experiences for the instruction of those who shall come after us, and make those books, which, in the language of Milton, contain "the life-blood of master-spirits laid up for a life after life." Written words are the instruments of communion between all races and all lands, the carrier-birds of human thought from country to country, from age to age, across the dividing and reuniting seas, across the abysms of centuries and millenniums. Language embodies the literature of nations, and so becomes the most vivid expression of character. The action, suffering, and passion of the human race are best read in its successive literatures. The actual world, as it has been mirrored in the mind of man, and the ideal world of art, built upon the foundation of reality, but rising high above it, stand before us, in the histories, philosophies, and poetic creations, recorded in the many-voiced languages of men.

In the earliest dawn of history, many distinct forms of civilization rise upon the view, — luminous points in the obscurity of the past. What hidden relations exist between them? This question leads us upon a track of inquiry, which an instinct or law of our nature forces us to pursue, in search after the beginnings of things. But our inquiries, however earnest, are often baffled by the fact, that they who lived and wrought in the beginning kept no records, — they died and made no sign. Trace the course of man as far back as we may, we reach only a state of things requiring long previous ages to bring it about. Trace language back as far as we may, at the remotest point which our inquiries can reach we find a perfectness in the structure and a completeness in the development of speech, that imply ages of practice and thoughtful culture. We seem no nearer a single primitive language,

than we now are with two thousand spoken languages that fill the earth with their dissonances. If we strive to pierce to the beginnings of literature, we are forced to acknowledge that we find, not rude and barbarous essays, but the masterpieces of art, the highest finish of composition, the most exquisite command of all the resources of practised genius. There is, then, no evading the conclusion, that letters and art, narrative and song, flourished before the dawn of our historical day among primeval nations, the long-descended ancestors of those whom we were wont to place at the very commencement of human affairs. Revelation indeed informs us, and science demonstrates the fact, that human existence, in the history of the globe, had a comparatively recent origin; but neither tells us precisely when. Our chronologies are but rude approximations on imperfect data, nor can the life of man on earth be bounded by them. Man began to be, has been, and is; he was fashioned intellectually in the semblance of his Maker; he is doing the work he was intended to do, and he is speaking the thought he was intended to speak. But under what circumstances was he created? In what condition of body and mind was he born into conscious being? Was he gifted with speech, or only with the power of speech? Was his mind filled with thoughts, or only endowed with the power of thought, to be called in action by the need of thinking?

If we knew the history of language completely, all these questions might be answered with certainty; for this knowledge would tell us whence came every word, under what motive it was selected, what it meant, and what changes of meaning it has undergone; that is, it would tell us all the thoughts that have ever been uttered by men, — it would contain a perfect record of the intellectual and moral history of the race. And so far as the history of language can be traced, so far can the history of the race be illustrated. So far as its mysterious origin and its miraculous structure can be unfolded, so far can we pierce into the hidden laboratories of thought; for the forms of thought mould and define the organism of language.

The questions that grow out of language were considered, however unskilfully, by the ancients, or some of them. Herodotus relates, on the authority of an Egyptian priest, that until the time of Psammetichus that nation thought themselves the oldest people on the earth. But in order to decide the point beyond a doubt, Psammetichus placed two new-born children under the care of a shepherd, with orders not to speak a word in their hearing, "wishing to know what word they would first utter when they should abandon their inarticulate whimperings." At the end of two years, as he opened the door of their cabin one morning, they ran to him with outstretched hands, crying, *Βέκος! βέκος!* This having been repeated many times, the shepherd reported the fact to the king, who sent in all directions to ascertain what people called anything by that name. It appeared that the Phrygians called *bread* *βέκος*, from which it was inferred that they were the oldest nation. This is the first attempt at comparative philology on record.

It was a common idea among the ancients that language was imparted to man by the gods. Plato discusses to some extent the question suggested by the experiment of Psammetichus, — whether there is any natural and inherent relation between the word and the thing signified by the word; as, for instance, whether *ἄνθρωπος*, *man*, must signify a human being, or might equally well have meant a horse. To solve the problem, he resorts to a fanciful etymology, fixing the meanings of its several parts; but, on the whole, he leaves the subject much as he found it.

The same question, with different applications, has often been discussed in modern times. According to the sensual philosophy, which regards man as only a higher animal, language springs from brutish inarticulate sounds. Lord Monboddo, in his acute and learned work on the origin of language, does not exactly degrade man to the monkey, as he is sometimes accused of doing, but he raises the monkey into man. He maintains that the orang-outang, or wild-man of Africa, is in the first stage of human progress; that horses in Tartary,

beavers in America, and monkeys in Africa, are *political* animals; and that, therefore, Aristotle's definition of man, as a πολιτικὸν ζῶον, fails to distinguish him from many of the quadrupeds. Of an orang-outang, whose stuffed skin he saw in Paris, he says: "He had exactly the shape and features of a man; and particularly I was informed that he had organs of pronunciation as perfect as we have. He lived several years at Versailles, and died by drinking spirits." In the opinion of this class of writers, language is not natural to man, though he has proved himself capable of acquiring it. In his natural state, he employs only inarticulate sounds; but, being a rational animal, he learns by slow degrees the convenience of dividing long-protracted sounds into smaller portions, and thus finally works out a perfected speech. "Impotent philosophers," exclaims Mazure, "who, in the production of the divine work of speech, forgot only one element, the divine hand of the Maker!"

The vague sounds made by animals are indeed expressive, but not of thought. Whatever be the range of their tones, they convey only the most indefinite expression of the most general feelings, — such as pleasure or pain. One could hardly fail to understand the physical joy that inspires the song of the bobolink in spring, or the agony that pours from the robin's throat when the stealthy cat approaches her young. Within certain narrow limits, the vocal powers may be improved in some animals by training: but the mocking-bird plays his vocal tricks by instinct, not by thought; and the parrot, taught by sailors to swear, has no conception of the depravity of his profane masters. In these cases the vocal organism of the animal has outrun the intellectual, — a foreshadowing, it may be, of the higher strain carried to its full perfection in the harmonious organism of man. The human being begins with the vocal expression of vague instinctive feelings, like the animal; but he passes from these indeterminate wails, or joyous prolongations of sound, to articulated, or divided speech, as surely, as universally, as inevitably, as he grows up into a man, and not a

quadruped or bird. He was born to speak, and speak he will, let the arguments of theoretical philosophers prove what they may. The word is in him, the organism is in him, placed there by the hand of Infinite Wisdom: the organism will work, and the word will be uttered, as certainly as the man will walk upright. He needs not to learn to build from the swallow, to weave from the spider, nor to sing from the robin. He declines to accept the compromise offered him by the materialists of the last century, who deprived him of speech, but by way of compensation appended to him a tail; the disappearance of the one, and the acquisition of the other, being alike the final consummation of a tedious series of civilizing habits and experiments.

I think we may safely say, that the business of proper human life cannot be carried on without language in some form; and that human beings, leaving out a few easily explained exceptional cases, employ language as naturally as they breathe the vital air. The absolute historical beginning of human speech is left as much in the dark as the mode of the beginning of human life in general. Herder was inclined to believe that man first awoke to conscious existence in the beautiful valley of Cashmere, and that human speech was first heard in those lovely regions. An opposite opinion supposes that man appeared simultaneously wherever the earth was fitted to support his physical existence; and that the intellectual differences which mark the varieties of the race, and the corresponding diversities in the form and structure of speech, began with the beginning of all things. According to one view, a certain stock of words, like a certain amount of bodily strength, was furnished to man, or certain varieties of words to men, from which the work of forming language or languages was to be carried forward and completed; according to another, man was left with the capacity only, and had to do the whole work himself. We cannot attain a perfectly satisfactory conception of the method of the transaction in either case. The ways of the Almighty are past finding out. But we may rest assured that

the miracle of language, on which the beginning of human speech reposes, like the miracle of creation itself, was an exercise of the Divine power, carefully and wisely adjusted to the exigencies of the case. We may, however, venture to draw nigh the origin of speech, and imagine to ourselves its early characteristics; for we are able to trace its now existing forms back into a remote and awful antiquity. We may picture the earliest men, as they looked with wonder on the world around them, and expressed in sound the images with which their minds were filled. Speech gave back the emotions out of which it sprang. Soft and harmonious sounds expressed the gentle feelings of the heart; while rough and violent intonations embodied in mimetic vocalism the harsh, the painful, the agitating passions, as they arose to disturb the serenity of life. The elemental sounds, in this way, had a general significance; but the few imitative monosyllables, of which the primitive language or languages consisted, were combined and recombined, to adapt themselves to the illimitable range of shifting and multiplying thought.

It has been a subject of inquiry among philologists, what classes of words were first invented or inspired. Some have claimed precedence for interjections, as if the first employment of new-created man were to feel astonishment and to express it by exclamations; others, for nouns, as if man first busied himself with giving names to the objects around him, and making out catalogues; others, still, trace the earliest form of speech in the verb; as if action — the doing this or that — had been the first manifestation of life that clothed itself in sound. So far as we can judge, neither of these was exclusively the first, but the same word was employed with all these modifications of sense. This fact holds partially in the present state of all languages, and wholly in some, as the Chinese. The word expresses the idea of *size*, for instance, in the most general way. In one combination it means *great*, in another *greatness*, in another *to make great*, in another *to be great*, in another *greatly*. We may infer, then, that sometimes one and sometimes another

part of speech came into existence first, according to circumstances; sometimes the act, sometimes the quality, sometimes the degree; the root of the word undergoing the modifications required by all these shapes of thought in the inflecting languages, and containing them all by implication in the uninflecting languages. The inquiry becomes then an idle one, and can lead to no results.

But what was the primitive language of man, if there was one? Does it exist, in whole or in part, in any known language, or does it lie dispersed and hidden among them all? If we could trace all languages back to one, and follow that to its primeval form, we could answer with certainty this question, which has so often been answered positively enough, but on the most uncertain grounds. As I have said, the question cannot well be answered, because at the earliest point to which our investigations ascend, all the languages which we have the best means of knowing were sufficiently formed to meet all the great demands for communication among the nations and races speaking them. Enthusiastic scholars, however, endeavored to pierce the veil, and to determine what language the first man spoke, — what language Adam used in Paradise. But opinions swayed in favor of this or that, according to the personal predilections or favorite studies of writers. Some enthusiastic Irish patriots stood up stoutly for the Erse or Wild Irish; Welshmen claimed the honor for a kindred dialect, the Welsh; Gaelic has not wanted its champions. The universally acknowledged antiquity of the Hebrew, and the circumstance that the Sacred Writings were composed in that venerable dialect, naturally led many to the conclusion that Adam was created with this language ready formed upon his lips, and that from this all others are directly or remotely derived.

Perhaps the strangest opinion of all is that of certain Quixotic Spanish scholars, who have proved that the Basque language is not only the first ever spoken by man, but, on account of its incomparable perfections and unexampled copiousness, must have been infused by the Almighty into the

minds of our first parents. The Basque is a rude dialect, spoken by the peasantry on the Pyrenean borders of France and Spain. It has no traceable affinities with any other language of Europe, and appears to have come down from a very remote epoch, undisturbed by the revolutions of time or empire. It has been thoroughly examined by that great and philosophical scholar, William von Humboldt, and, from a careful and beautiful analysis, pronounced to be a remnant of the Iberian tongue, or the language spoken by the primitive inhabitants of the Peninsula, before they were disturbed by the immigration of the Celts. Whether they were the children of the soil, created on the spot, or came in from Asia at a period anterior to the earliest legends, by a migration which has left no certain trace behind it on the way, Humboldt does not undertake to decide. The earliest literary document in this language dates no farther back than the Roman age; coins and medals carry its written memorials into the Phœnician times. Its alphabet, so far as it can be made out, is Greek or Phœnician. This meagre fragment of a language, that must have been poor enough in its best estate, is said by Mr. Astarloa to contain 4,126,564,929 words; i. e. fifty times as many words as are comprised in all the languages and dialects spoken on the face of the earth at the present day.

Another Spanish scholar, Mr. Erro, is scarcely less extravagant. He maintains that the Basque is the primitive language. He analyzes the names of the letters, which are in reality only corrupted forms of the names of the Phœnician alphabet, and finds them significant of the profoundest truths. Consequently, the Greek alphabet was derived from the Basque; and if so, then the Hebrew, Phœnician, and so on. This, of course, carries the Basque farther back than the dialect of the patriarchs. One more long step in the same direction takes us to the Tower of Babel, which, though it did witness the confusion of tongues among the builders, had no effect on Noah and the Armenians, since they had no participation in the sin that led to that great catastrophe. From this it is plain sailing beyond

the Flood, and as Noah spoke Basque, it remains only to trace it through the few generations between him and Adam. Seth recorded his astronomical observations on two stone columns, in Basque, and he learned it, of course, from his father.

These are the whims of one-sided scholarship, of philology run mad. Some of the conclusions drawn by those who endeavored to trace the primitive language as scattered in fragments among the various languages of the different branches of the human family, were almost equally whimsical. Towards the close of the last century, a French writer, M. Court de Gebelin, published a work called the Primitive World, in four quarto volumes, of about eight hundred pages each. The main object of this was to found a universal system of etymology, by adjusting the elements of sound to the expression of thought, by analyzing all sounds, and giving to each its abstract, ideal, or primitive signification, and by arranging all words, derivative and radical, according to their vocal elements. These elements are the primitive or natural language taught to man in his cradle, and all the languages that have ever been spoken are derived from this original source. For example, what sound of all possible sounds expresses the idea of *roundness?* According to him, *Gur*, or *Gyr*. In Arabic, *Kur* is *Spiral;* Ma-*Kur*, *turban; kura*, *to bind*. In Hebrew, *Gur* means *to assemble*, with several derivatives involving the idea of *circular*. In Greek we have *Guros;* in Latin, *Circus*, *Circulus*, &c.; in Anglo-Saxon, *Gyrdan*, *to turn; Gyrdel*, *Girdle*. What is the natural or necessary sound for water? *Luc*, *lug*, or *loc*, found in the names of so many sheets of water, Lacus, Laguna, Loch, Lac, Lake. It is plain enough that this system cannot be supported on any fixed or scientific principle. In carrying the theory out, its author is driven to adopt purely arbitrary analogies, and very violent and improbable derivations. Nevertheless, his is, in many respects, an admirable work. It is written in an elegant and perspicuous style; it is always interesting and often eloquent.

Mr. Murray, a Scotch linguist of considerable eminence,

took a shorter method, and arrived at a more precise conclusion. According to him, all the Indo-European languages spring from nine monosyllables, each being a verb, and a name for a species of action. These are, —

I. To strike, or move with sharp effect, *Ag;* if the motion be less sudden, *Wag;* if made with great force, *Hwag.* These several forms were used originally to mark the motion of *fire, water, wind, darts.*

II. To strike with a quick, impelling force, *Bag*, or *Bwag*, of which *Fag* and *Pag* are softer varieties.

III. To strike with a strong blow, *Dwag*, of which *Thwag* and *Twag* are varieties.

IV. To move or strike with a quick, tottering, unequal impulse, *Gwag*, or *Cwag.*

V. To strike with a pliant slap, *Lag*, or *Hlag.*

VI. To press by strong force or impulse, so as to condense, bruise, compel, *Mag.*

VII. To strike with a crushing, destroying power, *Nag* and *Hnag.*

VIII. To strike with a strong, rude, sharp, penetrating power, *Rag*, or *Hrag.*

IX. To move with a weighty, strong impulse, *Swag.*

Of a language formed out of such beggarly elements as these, I can only say, that, if it was ever spoken at all, it must have been spoken by the three ancient tribes mentioned in Southey's most amusing work, "The Doctor," — the tribes of Taag, Raag, and Boabtails.

The result of all these studies and speculations is that no primitive language now exists, in either of the senses just considered; but the inquiries to which they have given rise have been far from useless. The comparative study of language — a science of which the ancients had only a faint presentiment, and which has become a positive science only within the present century — scarcely goes back beyond the revival of learning in the fifteenth century. From the division of the Roman empire, the Latin and Greek held divided sway, the one in the

West, the other in the East. They were the media of the scholarship, the science, the theology of the Middle Age; the East, however, knew but little of the one, and the West but little of the other. The revival of learning meant the revival of ancient classical studies, to which the dispersion of learned Greeks over Europe, after the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, added a powerful impulse. At the same time the great geographical discoveries of this age opened other and distant parts of the world to the knowledge of Europe, and brought the long separated branches of the human family into a renewed and closer acquaintance with each other. Next, classical philology connected itself with the study of Hebrew and the kindred Arabic, Syriac, and Aramaic, on account of their relations to the theological questions then agitating the world. In the seventeenth century classical, Hebrew, and antiquarian studies were prosecuted with extraordinary energy and devotion. There were giants in those days; and the vast monuments they have left behind them — huge pyramids of learning — bear witness to the more than Egyptian toils, compared with which our puny efforts are the insignificant achievements of pygmies. Thus was a foundation laid for the comparison of languages, which led first to those whimsical theories I have already described. In the following century many able writers, Leibnitz, Harris, Horne Tooke, Kant, Bilderdyk, discussed the general principles of language, some of them with a particular view to the formation of what they called a universal language. But the most important events in their influence upon these studies were those which brought the nations of Europe into closer relations with Hindostan, especially the establishment of the Anglo-Indian Empire. The name of Sir William Jones, that wonderful scholar and linguist, at once occurs in any consideration of this subject. The vast stores of Oriental learning acquired by him were communicated constantly to the European world, both through the pages of the Asiatic Journal and by independent works. His writings upon the Sanscrit, — the ancient and venerable language of Indian literature, — and

his translation of the Sacontala, excited extraordinary interest, and drew scholars away from the exclusive attention they had previously bestowed on the comparatively narrow range of the classical and sacred languages, to the wider field of philology presented by the languages and literatures of the remote East. The remarkable affinities between the Sanscrit and the Greek and Latin were at once appreciated, and the entire view of the connection between the various families of speech underwent a rapid change. Early in the present century, the publication of Adelung's Mithridates afforded large means for comparing and classifying languages according to their affinities, and first established the line of distinction between monosyllabic and polysyllabic tongues. The general views that had been silently forming were next distinctly developed by Frederic Schlegel, whose little work on the Language, Philosophy, History, and Poetry of the Hindoos excited an interest rarely equalled, by its magnificent generalization combining in one line of intimate affinity the Sanscrit, Zend, Greek, Roman, and German. He has been followed by a long array of illustrious scholars, most of whom are still alive, — Bopp, Burnouf, Lassen, Grimm, Klaproth, Meyer, Eichhoff, Rosen, Wilson, Van Kennedy, Bunsen, and, in our own country, Duponceau and Pickering, who have wrought comparative philology into its present form, and, connecting it with history, ethnology, and physiology, have made it a guiding lamp, casting a broad and steady light upon many long-darkened passages in the early destiny of the human race.

LECTURE II.

CLASSIFICATION OF LANGUAGES.

In the first Lecture I gave a brief account of recent studies in comparative philology, so far as relates to the unity of origin and type among the languages of the world. We have now arrived at the point where the proper science of language commences. We have reached the path which has led to great results, and will lead to others still more comprehensive; for the path is the right one, and the principles on which it is pursued are sound and philosophical. The first essays of comparison endeavored to trace one language up to another,— the Latin up to the Greek, the Greek up to the Hebrew, and the Hebrew up to the garden of Eden. I have already shadowed forth the contrary result, reached by the true method of determining affinities. Let me ask your attention for one moment to the exact and philosophical meaning of affinity of speech.

If we look at the words of any language with which we are familiar, the first fact that strikes our attention is, that most of them consist of two parts, — one containing the general meaning, and the other expressing the particular form of that meaning. For instance in *making*, the significant part is *mak*, the formal part *ing*. The meaning of the word lies in the first; the second gives it a specific form, in this instance the *participial*. Thus also in *man's* we have the general idea in *man*, and the special relation in the *s* of the possessive case. These two portions of a word suggest at once two kinds of affinity; — the *first*, that which consists in identity or similarity of the significant parts of individual words; the *second*, that which consists in

identity or similarity of structure, of grammatical inflection, of the formal part of the words. The former might arise in various ways, either by descent from one common language, as the languages of the South of Europe are descended from the Roman; or by frequent commercial, literary, or other intercourse, by neighborhood, or by the intercommunication of scientific ideas and the appropriate terminology, as in the intercourse between the Greek and Roman in the Augustan age, and between the French and the English, or the English and the German, of our day. This process has been constantly going on since the beginning of history. In regard to the second kind of affinity, that of grammatical structure, the end to be accomplished by speech, namely, the communication of thought, is always the same, notwithstanding the contrary opinion of a celebrated diplomatist; but the means of accomplishing that end are various, opening a wide range of choice to man's free agency, in the plastic period of the formation of speech. A certain degree of coincidence in the methods employed is to be expected from the uniformity of the laws of the human mind; but similar grammatical devices for expressing the specific forms, the relations of thought, the ideas of time, the connecting links between persons and things, cannot have been accidentally adopted by different and distant nations, — cannot have been borrowed from one another in accidental intercourse; but must point to an earlier and closer affinity, if not to identity of origin. Verbal resemblances may be accidental; grammatical resemblances cannot. Conclusions from the former may be fallacious; those drawn from the latter must be true in the inflecting languages; those drawn from both united must be true, both in the inflecting and the agglutinating. If the separation took place at a period of imperfect development, then the separated nation, though retaining many radical resemblances, will unfold so many peculiarities in the organic individual growth of its language, that they will become utterly unintelligible to each other. Greek and Persian, English and French, descended from the same great stock, speaking the same radi-

cals, employing the same type of grammatical forms, look upon one another as so many different races. Mr. Schleicher, a very distinguished comparative philologist, gives an illustration of the danger of drawing conclusions of affinity from coincidences of sound and meaning between words belonging to languages of different types. The Magyar word for *Wolf* resembles in form and sound the Sanscrit name for the same animal, and, as the Magyar belongs to the Tartar stock, it might be inferred that one had been borrowed from the other; but they are radically different. The Magyar name is derived from a word signifying *tail;* the Sanscrit, from a word signifying *to rend.* The Magyar, being a hunter, always on horseback, named the animal from that which was the most conspicuous feature, contemplated in his point of view; the Hindoo knew him more as the destroyer, and named him from his formidable teeth. They thus drew their characteristic designations from opposite extremities; the one called him a *tail-er*, and the other a *tearer*.

This analysis of words into the significant and formal elements not only furnishes the means of comparison, but suggests a principle of classification, admirable for its simplicity and comprehensiveness. Since the beginning of all languages must have been made with monosyllables, all languages may be grouped according to the stage beyond this primitive condition to which they have respectively attained. Those which remain in that form, like the Chinese, without grammatical inflections, constitute one group, called the *monosyllabic;* those which have taken a step beyond, and express the grammatical relations by connecting other words loosely with the significant elements, constitute another group called the synthetic, or *agglutinating;* those which express grammatical relations, either by changes within the significant word itself, or by parts added or prefixed in such a manner as to make them an integral portion of the word, constitute a third group, called *the inflecting.* These three groups, with their subordinate varieties, exhaust all the possibilities of language.

The distinction may be very simply illustrated by taking the two English monosyllables, *man* and *book*, and placing them in a grammatical relation with each other, — for instance, that of possession. In the uninflected monosyllabic state, the relation would be intimated by position, — *Man book*, signifying a book belonging to a man. In the agglutinating stage it would be, *Man his book;* that is, another word containing the idea of possession is loosely joined to express that relation. But in the final and inflecting stage it becomes *Man's book*. Here the inflectional termination is not the word *his* abbreviated, as is sometimes very erroneously supposed. It comes from another source, and has no further signification than as a sign to mark the grammatical relation.

All children pass from the mere animal cry, first to the simplest monosyllable consisting of a consonant and vowel; then to two consonants and a semivowel; then to the complete monosyllable; next to the synthetic or agglutinating process, in which two or more syllables are put together; and last of all to the inflectional. A faithful record of the sounds uttered by a child during the first two years of life would help greatly to illustrate the philosophy of language. An intelligent mother could not render a better service to science than by keeping such a journal.

The grammatical relations in monosyllabic languages are contained, as it were by implication, in the words themselves, and are conveyed by position in the sentence, or by tone, or are left to be divined by the hearer. These languages are few in number, are of necessity extremely meagre in their vocabulary, and are obscured by numerous inevitable ambiguities. The agglutinating languages, like the Tartar and the North American Indian, are the most numerous, and occupy the largest portion of the surface of the globe. The inflecting languages are also numerous, and are all related to one another by radical and grammatical affinities. They are the languages spoken by those nations and races which have achieved the history of human progress. Their mechanism displays a

higher order of intellect, more complete development, greater activity, in all directions. They are the languages spoken and written by the masters of the world, — by those who were the masters of the world at the outset, and have been so ever since.

The monosyllabic languages, as their name implies, consist of monosyllables, without grammatical inflection. To illustrate their character, I will give a few sentences from a Chinese writer, Confucius, first literally translated, and then rendered into the forms of our inflecting language. The following is that philosopher's definition of law. "Heaven order what call Nature; Nature conform what call Law; Observe law what call instruction; Law, not can hair wander; Can wander no Law; because good man watch and attend what no appear; Fear and dread what not hear." These are the words, arranged in their order, and representing as nearly as possible the Chinese monosyllables of which the passage is composed. The meaning, when clothed in grammatical forms, is this: "The order established by Heaven is called Nature; that which conforms to Nature is called Law; the observance of Law is called Instruction. The Law changes not a hair's breadth; for, could it change, it would not be Law. This is the reason why the good man watches the things which the eye sees not, and gives reverent attention to the things which the ear hears not."

The agglutinating languages, with numerous subdivisions, are commonly arranged under two general divisions; — 1. Those which occupy a great part of Asia and a few isolated positions in Europe; and 2. The Indian languages of the American continent, called by Humboldt the *incorporating* languages. I will venture to add a third, those of the African continent, except a narrow fringe on the North, on grounds which I will state by and by. In the first, the grammatical inflections are rendered by closely joining or inserting other words; in the second, clauses and even whole sentences are formed by running words together, or incorporating them into a single long-

protracted utterance. The Turkish verb denoting *to love* may illustrate the former mode of inflection. The negative *not to love* is rendered by inserting a word in the middle of the verb; *not to be able to love*, by inserting two words in the middle of the verb; and so on through a vast variety of combinations.

No subject connected with this country has more deeply interested the scholars of Europe than the Indian languages, and no department of our literature has been more eagerly sought after or more highly appreciated than the writings of our scholars upon them. In truth, the knowledge of the peculiar structure of these languages has changed the whole theory of speech, and introduced new and unsuspected forms of the expression of thought to the philological world.

From the Frozen Ocean to the extremity of South America, the languages of this continent are constructed upon a peculiar agglutinating plan, exhibiting features which distinguish them from the Asiatic tongues. They are divided, however, into numerous families, radically different from one another; and these families again are subdivided into hundreds of local dialects, differing in details, but agreeing in the main features of a common speech. Mr. Gallatin estimates the number of languages within the territory of the United States, east of the Rocky Mountains, at sixty or more, which may be reduced to eight families. The languages west of the Rocky Mountains are similarly distributed into radically different families. In the nations composing the Mexican empire, fifteen or sixteen languages were spoken, at the head of which stood the Aztec, the language of the court and the capital. A similar variety was found in Peru and the other regions of South America. When the Europeans arrived there, they detected vast differences in the stages of culture between the utter barbarism of the northernmost tribes and the semi-civilization of Mexico and Peru. Some of the languages were found to be harsh as the hissing of snakes or the howl of demons, others remarkably soft and musical. But with all these variations of form, phrase, and sound, they agree, with a single doubtful exception, in the

agglutinating or synthetic method, called by Humboldt incorporation, by Cass coalescence, and by Schoolcraft accretion; the principle being, in the language of Gallatin, "to concentrate in a single word all the ideas which have a natural connection, and present themselves naturally to the mind."

Jonathan Edwards, the great metaphysician of our country, had his early training among the Mohican or Stockbridge Indians, and their language was more familiar to him than his own. He says that his thoughts ran in Indian when a child. In his observations on their language, he says that, if you ask an Indian the word for *hand*, holding out your own, he will answer by a word signifying *thy hand;* if you point to his, he will say *my hand;* if you point to that of a third person, he will give a word that means *his hand;* but never the simple, general term *hand*. This specific character is shown in all the American languages. In the Delaware there is no generic term in use for *oak;* but the Spanish oak is called, *A-mang-ganasch-qui-minski*, that is, *the tree with large leaves like the hand*. In Cherokee, the act of washing has thirteen different combinations, *I wash myself*, *my head*, *another's head*, *my face*, *another's face*, *my hands*, *another's hands*, *my feet*, *another's feet*, and so on. The longest Cherokee word has seventeen syllables, — Wi-ni-tan-ti-ge-gi-na-li-skaw-lung-ta-nan-ne-li-ti-se-sti, — meaning "They will by that time have nearly done granting favors from a distance to me and thee."

In the Aztec, the words are, if not of learned length, at least of thundering sound. The capacity of forming new combinations was well tested by the missionaries, as in the term for original sin, — tla-cat-zin-til-iz-tla-tla-colli, meaning "the foundation of the sins of men," and others still longer and more extraordinary.

But the most remarkable trait in this Aztec language, and the one that shows the deep degradation in which the people were sunk, is what the grammarians have called the reverential form. This is not like the terms of respect and deference found in other languages, but it runs through all the parts of

speech, and was used in speaking to or of superiors, parents, priests, gods, in every mode of expression. Nouns, verbs, adverbs, and so on, were made reverential by prefixing or adding syllables, or both, to the common words. Thus, of a common man, they said *yoli, he lives;* but when a great man condescended to live, it was, *mo-yo-litia.* A common man slept in two syllables, *cochi;* but a lord or priest slumbered more magnificently in five, *mo-cochi-tia.* When a common man swallowed, it was *toloa;* but when a great man did it, it was *tololtia.* A common person eat in a monosyllable *Ka*, and was perhaps glad to get that; but a great man required two more, *Kaltia.*

Another strange peculiarity of this language, which might have been employed to some purpose by the Woman's Rights Convention, was, that, in speaking of the natural relations, the women were not allowed to use the same terms as the men.

In the speech of the Massachusetts Indians, the agent, the action, and that which is affected by the action, — the doer, the thing done, and the thing or person done to, — are all comprised in the verb. Every possible mode of action or existence combines with the verb, so that this part of speech is, in a peculiar manner, the soul of these languages. Adjectives expressing qualities in the abstract scarcely occur; but they always combine with other forms into agglutinated verbal masses, so as to express the quality in some special mode of existence. Take for instance *old.* One combined word means *old people*, another *an old man*, another *an old woman*, *an old animal*, *an old bird*, *an old male quadruped*, *an old female quadruped*, and so on to infinity. The psychological explanation of these peculiarities is the fact, that the Indian tribes had not arrived at that stage of reflection in which abstract conceptions formed an independent and considerable part of their ideas, to be combined and recombined into logical series of thoughts. Their languages are not wanting in the words, but the words are used as elements to combine with specific relations. This is the reason why they have no substantive verb. They were

in the habit of employing, not the idea of mere existence, but that of the concrete forms of existence. They spoke of standing *here*, or walking *there;* of being in the act of *doing* this or that; of smoking the pipe, or hunting the deer, or scalping the enemy. These peculiarities of combination have given much trouble to translators out of inflecting languages, which are so largely made up of abstract terms and words used in secondary or metaphysical senses. Mr. Duponceau illustrates this by an example taken from a translation of Luther's Catechism from the Swedish into Delaware Indian. The words "Gracious God" are rendered *Vinckan Manitto;* literally *sweet God;* but the word *Vinckan* is used only in combination with eatables, so that the Delawares were given to understand that the white man's God was something good to eat, — which is too often the case.

To the two types of which I have spoken I am inclined, as I have said, to add a third; namely, the African. The missionaries of the Gaboon mission in Western Africa have published an excellent grammar of the Mpongwe language, with vocabularies. This represents a general family of languages occupying the southern half of the African continent, connected as dialects springing from one common origin. It is a singularly regular language in its formation, and peculiar in its principles of agglutination. I will call it agglutination by assimilation and repetition; and to illustrate the mode by which these principles are carried out, I will cite the adjective to show the assimilation, and the verb to show the repetition. The adjectives are few; and they have no case, gender, nor degrees of comparison. Nouns also have no gender nor case; but these relations are expressed by adding *onomi*, *man* or *male*, and *nyanto*, *woman* or *female;* as *onwana onomi*, *a child-man* (boy); *onwana nyanto*, *a child-woman* (girl). In the parable of the prodigal son, the fatted calf is called the *child-cow-fat.* Nouns, however, are arranged into four classes, according as they begin with a consonant, or with either of the vowels, *e i o;* and the same adjective takes all the corresponding forms

singular and plural, assimilating itself to the different classes of nouns. The verb, on the other hand, has one set of agglutinated forms to express five modifications of action; as, 1. *kamba, to speak;* 2. *kambaga, to speak frequently;* 3. *kambiza, to cause to speak;* 4. *kambina, to speak to or for some one;* 5. *kambagamba, to speak at random.* Then six more forms are made by repeating these simple agglutinated ones, in combination; namely, (*kambaga* and *kambiza* united) *kambizaga, to cause to speak frequently; kambinaza*, from *kambina* and *kambiza, to cause to speak in behalf of some one; kambinaga*, from *kambina* and *kambaga, to speak to some one frequently; kambagambiza*, from *kambagamba* and *kambiza, to cause to speak at random;* and *kambagambaga*, from *kambagamba* and *kambaga, to speak at random frequently.* This is what I mean by repetition.

It appears, therefore, that we do not exhaust all the forms of the second type of language without taking into the account Asia, America, and Africa; and that strictly speaking they should be arranged in three classes: — 1. agglutination by attachment, the characteristic form of the Asiatic languages; 2. agglutination by incorporation, the characteristic form of the American languages; 3. agglutination by assimilation and repetition, the characteristic form of at least the southern half of Africa.

My brief sketch of the lower classes of languages, and the illustrations I have adduced, will of course suggest by contrast the immense advantages on the side of the inflecting languages. In the first place, the flexibility and clearness of their grammatical forms enables them to express with the utmost precision all the shades and relations of thought, and protects them against the necessary ambiguity of the monosyllabic languages, and from the endless complications of the agglutinating and incorporating languages. Then their parts of speech have each and all an independent existence, with special functions and well-established relations to one another. Finally, they are susceptible of being wrought into an infinite

variety of beautiful forms of art; so that they have been the great instruments of civilization, the chief organs of that higher intellectual life which crowns our existence in this world like a radiant glory.

There is something singular in the geographical distribution of the three great types. The monosyllabic from the remotest times has nestled in the southeastern corner of Asia, where in China it has attained its highest development, and become the organ of a rich and extensive literature. The agglutinating extend from the Deccan, in the south of Hindostan, fringing the southern shores of the continent, interrupted by the monosyllabic Chinese, reappearing in the boundless regions of Central and Northern Asia, coasting the Frozen Ocean and reaching Tibet and Caucasus, crossing the Ural Mountains into European Russia, passing into Eastern Europe, where an isolated outpost, the Madgyar, has maintained itself for ten centuries, and leaving from a period which History herself has forgotten to record a solitary monument at the western extremity of the Pyrenees, filling up the whole of South Africa, finally passing to the American continent, or springing up there by an independent creation, and spreading almost from the North Pole to the South.

The inflecting languages, again, occupy an extensive zone, running southeast and northwest, from the Himalaya and the Ganges to the western shores of Europe. In Asia, they extend along the southern slope of the heaven-piercing mountain range, expanding down the eastern and along the southern shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Passing into Europe, they divide into several branches, — one line of closely related languages holding the peninsulas of Greece and Italy; another penetrating into the heart of Europe by the Danube, and so reaching the northwestern shores; another filling the vast regions of the northeast, — the kingdom of Poland and the empire of Russia. These are the languages which, starting from a common source in the Iranian region of Asia, have marched east and west, conquering and to conquer, supplant-

ing gradually the lower types of speech, by which, however, they are still almost surrounded, embracing in their comprehensive genius the noblest forms of art, science, history, philosophy, poetry, and eloquence. Midway in this illustrious procession the Greek language holds its place; the Sanscrit stands at one extremity, and the English at the other.

Two or three general questions arise upon the consideration of the three great types of language, and their geographical distribution. Were the races speaking them endowed from the outset with different degrees of intellectual faculty, which fixed unalterably the lines of structural development in the forms of speech? Did the languages all start from the same point, — the primitive monosyllabic type, — and each arrive at a predestined result, one reaching this stage, another that, and all thereafter remaining permanently moulded? Or were there outward influences at work, whose forces we have no means of determining with precision?

Whichever may have been the case, the question lies beyond the limits of history, and I do not think that philological science is yet in a condition to render a conclusive answer. But it seems to me that we may at least be satisfied of this conclusion, that the monosyllabic type of speech represents the earliest condition of speaking man, the agglutinating the second, and the inflecting the third; and if the world has been peopled by a series of great migrations from a common centre, these migrations may be divided into three great primeval periods. The first took place when language was in its least formed state; the second, when language had reached its second stage; and the third and last, when language had become a perfected organism for the expression of human thought. The earliest primitive ages are represented by the Chinese; the middle primitive ages are represented by the numerous agglutinating races of which I have spoken; and the modern primitive ages are represented by the nations which belong to the European stock. It is true, our received chronologies are not comprehensive enough to take in all these

great epochs; and even the last is shown by unquestionable monuments to require a very considerable expansion to accommodate all the periods of its historic development.

The types of language never pass into one another. The monosyllabic has the germs, as it were, of the next higher order, but never becomes agglutinating; the second type has the germs of inflection, but never becomes inflecting. Nor does either of the higher types fall back into the lower. No inflecting language has ever become agglutinating, and no agglutinating language has ever become monosyllabic, within historical times. There was, then, behind the veil that always falls between the beginnings of history and the origins of things, a formative or plastic period, during which the higher primitive languages were assuming their predetermined types. Mr. Schleicher marks off two great periods, the ante-historical and the historical. No race appears on the stage of history until it has completed the formation of its language. Then it is ready to take its place, and play its part on the stage of national existence. But from the moment it enters upon the sphere of activity, its thought is withdrawn from words, and occupied with facts and events. Now commences a reverse process with its language. Slowly the elaborate grammatical forms fall away, and by a species of analysis, or logical resolution, the same relations are expressed by independent words, — by prepositions, auxiliary verbs, and the like. This is illustrated on a great scale by comparing the Sanscrit, which presents the fullest perfection of grammatical forms, and geographically stands at the eastern extremity of the line, with the English, which stands at the western extremity, and has gone farthest in the process of analysis. Here, however, the terms of comparison are drawn from opposite extremes in time and space. On a more limited scale, it may be illustrated by taking the middle term, — the Greek, — and comparing the Homeric forms with the later Attic, and the later Attic with the Greek of the present moment. The changes in this point of view are striking. The same thing may also be shown by

comparing the Gothic with the German, the German with the Anglo-Saxon, the Anglo-Saxon with the English. In all these cases the process of analysis has been steadily going on; but there is no tendency here to fall back into the agglutinating or the monosyllabic types.

I have thus spoken of the inflecting as the only proper historical languages; and I have briefly described the course of studies in comparative philology, by which their true relations and affinities with one another have been established. I have also shown that these languages, the civilizations which have found expression in them, and the races which have spoken and still speak them, represent in their most ancient forms, in their earliest histories, and in their very first traditional wanderings over the face of the earth, the last of the great primeval revolutions in the condition of man as a speaking, civilizing, and political being.

LECTURE III.

THE INDO-EUROPEAN LANGUAGES. — THE ORIGIN OF WRITING.

In my last Lecture, I spoke of the three great types of language, and their geographical distribution. I propose now to trace the dispersion of the Indo-European race and its inflecting type of language, from its Iranian centre.

The languages of this class are not to be regarded, at least in their primitive form, as descended from each other, but as allied by collateral affinities, which bind into one family the numerous languages spoken from the Ganges to the western shores of Europe. They represent a series of migrations, all belonging, however, to the third and last period, and occupying ages which, like the geological epochs, it is impossible precisely to determine. History, tradition, language, all point to the Iranian region of Asia as the centre of dispersion; and the physical form of the earth's surface, in the parts of it occupied by these races, shows in all directions the lines of march they took up, as well as the controlling causes by which their final settlements were decided. The lofty mountains guided them east and west, and the river valleys drew them south. They poured into the boundless regions of the Indus and the Ganges, and were arrested by the impassable heights of the Himalayas. Southward they descended into the valleys of the Nile, the Euphrates, and the Tigris. Westward they pushed along the table-land of Asia Minor, filling up its shores and the eastern end of the Mediterranean Sea; they rounded the Euxine, through the Caucasian passes; they poured into the valley of the Danube, and gradually occupied the heart of Europe. Southward they descended the dividing streams,

through the Hæmus gate, and, blending with another tide that crossed the Hellespont, occupied the Thracian, Macedonian, Thessalian, and Bœotian plains, pressed on Attica and the Peloponnesus, and filled the western regions of Greece. Others still, moving forward, found their way into the Italian peninsula; others held on their course, until they reached the west of Europe and were stopped by the Atlantic shore. Other mighty waves succeeded, crowding upon those that had gone before; and others after them, until the Indo-European world was fully occupied by the multiform varieties of speech and culture which these great families of nations have presented in their history. If we start from the Atlantic, we meet as the memorials of the earliest great migrations, — first, the Celtic tongue in the Armorican, Erse, Welsh, and Gaelic dialects; next, the Gothic, or Germanic, in the English, Swedish, Danish, Dutch, and German; farther south, the Pelasgic pair, the Latin and the Greek, with their modern representatives; then, passing northerly again, by the side of the Gothic, the widely extended Slavonic. Crossing the Hellespont, we discern traces of kindred languages in Asia Minor; turning southward, we have the Phœnician, the Hebrew, the Himyaritic, the Egyptian, which has at last been added to the Semitic stock; eastward again, the Babylonian, Assyrian, Median, Persian, Zend; and finally, the Sanscrit and its cognate forms, which bring us once more to the Himalayas. Here are brought almost into each other's presence strangely contrasted types of language, and types of race; — the monosyllabic Chinese, meagre, uninflected; the Sanscrit, with its richly unfolded forms and its boundless wealth of expression.

It takes but a few moments to tell in outline this traveller's story; but how many ages does it subtend, and what endless varieties of adventure marked the wanderings of these primeval pilgrim-nations of the world! Their line of march has been interrupted from time to time, through all history, by vigorous assaults made by the other races dashing down upon them from the north through the mountain passes. They have

been engaged in almost incessant warfare among themselves. And so, fighting or struggling with hordes of invaders, struggling too with one another for temporary mastery, they have built up and overthrown mighty empires, they have unfolded and destroyed widely extended, various, and beautiful civilizations; but yet the work of culture and humanity has been slowly and constantly advancing with every new combination of political strength, language, art, and poetry.

We have, then, the Indo-European stock, representing the spoken thought of these nations, ranging through the whole extent of recorded history, and bound together by the twofold affinities of similarity of verbal roots and identity of grammatical structure. Those which stand in the direct line, southeast and northwest, are more nearly allied than the collateral branches, although more widely separated in space and time. The Sanscrit and the Greek are much more alike than the Greek and Hebrew, or any other two languages, either of which lies out of the line of migration. The first generalization, it is true, took in only the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and one or two more so-called Oriental tongues; but as knowledge increased, the direct relationship between these was given up, and the Indo-Germanic group formed the next and more philosophical generalization. The third still more general view comprehended the languages of the Semitic offshoot, to which recently have been added the dialects spoken by the Babylonians, Assyrians, later Persians, and still more recently by the investigations of Egyptian scholars, especially the grammatical researches of Bunsen, the ancient sacred language of the Pharaohs themselves. And finally, the Celtic dialects of Western Europe, once supposed to have no affinities with the other European tongues, have been introduced, upon unquestionable documentary proofs of relationship, into this great family. The Celts, as I have already said, represent the first great wave of migration that reached the Atlantic, in the northernmost of the two divided European lines. The Egyptians represent the first offshoot, at right angles from the main advancing Asiatic column. The Phœnicians, Syrians,

Hebrews, and Babylonians belong to a subsequent series of deviating lines. The Egyptian language stood at a lower stage of structural organism than the Phœnician and the Hebrew; and these again stood at a lower stage than the old Sanscrit, Zend, Greek, Latin, and Gothic. These languages, in their more or less full development of principles lying at the common foundation of them all, give us some approximation to a correct view of the chronological order according to which they assumed their several subordinate varieties of type.

Through these languages there run many words identical in root, and often identical in form. I have already given some illustrations of the danger of making hasty inferences from this class of resemblances. No one would be justified in asserting an affinity between the Mpongwe and the Greek, because *polu* means *great* in one and *much* in the other; or because the verbal termination *iza* gives a causative signification to the verb in the one, while ιζω has the same effect on a few verbs in the other. But when we find those words which are of prime necessity in all nations; — those which express the natural relations, as father, mother, sister, brother, son; or numerals, which must everywhere have been among the first words in use; or the simplest actions, such as to give, to know; or the names of the animals which everywhere minister to the wants of man; or the connecting particles which bind the parts of sentences together; or the names of the most striking objects in nature, as the stars, or the parts of the human body; — when we find these classes to a considerable degree identical, with only such variations as the laws of the conversion of sound require in passing from one to the other, we must suppose an intimate relation at some remote period of time. And if, in addition to this, we find the conjugations and declensions the same, with such changes alone as arise from appreciable causes; if we find exactly the same modes of expressing the relations of time, — exactly the same modes of marking the agreement of adjectives with substantives in gender, number, and case; and so on through all other gram-

matical inflections; — the probability before established amounts to a demonstration, — the conclusion is just as certain as any result in physical science. Such, in fact, are the relations among the languages now under consideration. Nearly all the personal pronouns are the same from the Ganges to the Atlantic Ocean. The numerals are the same. The word *two*, for example, is in Sanscrit *dui* or *dwaja;* in Persian, *du;* in Greek, δύο; in Latin, *duo;* in Gothic, *twa;* in the Old German, *tue;* in German, *zwei;* in Anglo-Saxon, *twâ;* in Dutch, *twee;* in Danish, *to;* in Icelandic, *tvö;* — and so on through the languages of the South of Europe. Take for an example the preposition *over;* it runs through the same line, *ufar*, ὑπὲρ, *super*, *ober*, *über*, *ofer*, *over*. Take again the word *name*, — *nama*, ὄνομα, *nomen*, *nam*, *nom*, *naam*, *navn*, *name*. Thus, too, we have in the same sense, in Sanscrit, *Pita;* in Greek, Πατήρ; in Latin, *Pater;* in German, *Vater;* in Danish, *Fader;* in Dutch, *Vader;* in Anglo-Saxon, *Fœder;* in English, *Father;* — also in Sanscrit, *Mata;* in Greek, Μήτηρ; in Latin, *Mater;* in German, *Mutter;* in Anglo-Saxon, *Modor;* in Erse, *Mathair;* in English, *Mother*. So is it with *brother*, *sister*, and the like. Sometimes the line is broken in one language, and reappears in the next, the wanting link being supplied from some other source, because the true etymological word has been accidentally lost or employed in another sense. Thus φρατήρ in Greek means, not *brother*, as its representative does in Sanscrit and the other languages, but it expresses a more distant relationship, — another term derived from the common tie on the mother's side, ἀδελφός, being made to take its place.

Perhaps these examples will be sufficient to illustrate this class of relations. The number of words which have been traced in this manner, through the whole or part of the series, is about a thousand. In the ordinary intercourse of life we use scarcely double this number; in the early stages of society, a thousand words would be a reasonable supply to express the simplest class of ideas.

The grammatical affinities are still more conclusive. Those

between the Sanscrit and the Greek are so minute and extensive, that some knowledge of the former is now held to be necessary for the complete illustration of the latter. Many irregular forms of the Greek can be explained only from the Sanscrit, where they occur as parts of a regular whole that has not been retained in the Greek. The meaning and construction of cases in Greek are placed in a clearer light by comparing them with the more richly unfolded declension of the Sanscrit noun; the several meanings of a case in the former having each its appropriate and independent form in the latter. Most remarkable of all, it has been recently placed beyond a doubt, that the Sanscrit system of accentuation is identical with that of the Greek, and that its principles were discussed and settled by Sanscrit grammarians two centuries before the time of Aristophanes, the Greek grammarian to whom the first systematic treatment of the subject has been attributed, — a strong proof how vital the accentuation was, and how important it is to a just appreciation of the Greek as a living language.

The points of illustration might be greatly multiplied, but these must suffice. The Sanscrit is not only more copious in grammatical forms than the Greek or any other tongue, but more regularly derived throughout from roots within the language itself; and the reason of this is, that the people speaking it were earlier settled in their preappointed habitations, passed through a less interrupted development, and were exposed to fewer invasions from abroad, than their westward-marching brethren. Besides this, when they first moulded their social and political organizations, they introduced into their fundamental institutions certain principles of permanence, which gave such durability to their legislative and religious system, that it has undergone few and slight changes, except a single great religious schism, for more than four thousand years. On the contrary, struggles, wanderings, revolutions, displacements, migrations, marked unceasingly the fortunes of the many-titled tribes, which, after ages of suffering and conflict, laid the foundation of the Pelasgic states and planted

the germs of Hellenic culture. The incomers by land were blended on the margin of the Ægean Sea with the wanderers over the deep, bringing with them other styles of thought, other forms of speech, other modes of action. Thus, while the Hellenic character grew up among the stormy conflicts of sea and land, the language, too, lost that mechanical regularity of structure which marked its elder sister. So much the better for it, as the destined organ of Hellenic genius yet to come. A language is all the worse for monotonous regularity. Notwithstanding the eulogy of the missionaries upon the language of the dwellers on the Gaboon, as "so beautiful and so philosophical in all its arrangements," it is still the language of a barbarous tribe. The manifold experiences of the Greeks, the infinite range of their plastic imagination, and their large intercourse with related nations in the East, stamped themselves upon their forms of speech, and gradually wrought out of its fine and delicate materials the most flexible and transparent body in which human thought has ever been clothed.

How has our English speech been enriched by the like experience! Placed at the outpost of this long line, it has been moulded and remoulded by every successive wave of language that swept upon it. Celtic, Roman, German, under many forms, first from the incessant Northern stream, then from the conquering advance of the Southern tide, have each and all brought to it their argosies of thought-conveying words, and helped to make it the mighty tongue it is. We talk of Anglo-Saxons, and write sounding paragraphs in popular speeches about the great things they are doing all over the world. Cardinal Hughes, on the other hand, abuses them in good set terms. Praise and abuse may both alike be spared; for no Anglo-Saxon now lives upon the surface of the earth. They did their share in building up our English language; but the present rage for Saxondom is a pedant's dream. Saxon is but one of many elements out of which the fine felicity of our curiously interblended language has resulted, through the all-harmonizing and all-uniting spirit of time and human activity.

Let us see what benefits the English language has enjoyed from its position at the confluence of so many streams, by a single class of examples. Take the words *father*, *brother*, *daughter*, and their derivatives. These all come from the Northern stock, which by fixed laws of the conversion of sound have changed the initial consonant of the Sanscrit and the Greek; and from them we have *fatherly*, *brotherly*, *daughterly*, to express the affections which those relations involve. But in the Southern languages of Greek and Roman descent the earliest forms have been preserved, and from them we have *paternal*, *fraternal*, *filial*, to express the relations themselves. There is no end to the varied wealth of speech which our language has gathered in from so many sources.

The so-called confusion of tongues has often been bewailed as a great calamity. But variety is the condition of intellectual progress. Imagine the possibility of a universal language. We must then have had one of two things. Either one monotonous style of thought would have prevailed all over the world, without local coloring or national idiom; or else the language would have become so vast in the extent of its vocabulary and the variety of its forms that no human being could have mastered it. There would have been no standard of style or taste, no literature in any high sense of the word. All vigor of thought would have been drowned in a wishy-washy ocean of fluctuating verbiage.

Providence arranges these things better. Now, wherever there has been a civilized nation, it has had a language fitted to be its organ; it has set up its standards of taste; it has formed its classic style. Instead of having no standards of literature, we now have as many literatures, wrought into the highest forms of taste and art, as there have been civilized nations and languages. Thus the intellectual treasures of the world have been multiplied, just in proportion to the number of finished and classical languages that have been created for the use of man.

Allow me to call your attention for a moment to another

general topic, which has important bearings upon some great questions relating to classical literature, and even, it may be, upon the views we are to entertain with regard to the sacred writings. The art of writing is so commonplace, that we lose all sense of its extraordinary character. Yet how much of vain experiment, how many ineffectual efforts, must have been made, before the completion of the refined analysis on which this second miracle of human genius rests! We know well enough whence all the existing nations received this precious inheritance; but who invented it? What mortal first conceived the idea of imprisoning sound in sign, and making both the carriers of thought to the end of the world?

Dogberry said, "To be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature." Pliny affirms that the use of letters is from all eternity. Strabo says that the Iberians had written laws, in verse, six thousand years before his time. Epigenes asserts that the Assyrians possessed the alphabet seven hundred and twenty thousand years before his time. The common statement of the Greeks was, that Cadmus the Phœnician brought letters into Greece, and the approximate date assigned to that event is about 1500 B. C. The Egyptians assigned the invention to the god Theuth, or Thoth. In the Prometheus Bound of Æschylus, Prometheus claims the invention for himself. All the European, most of the Asiatic, and some of the African nations, appear in history bringing with them the art in some form or other, from the dark times beyond. On this continent, the Mexicans and Peruvians were found to have invented a peculiar system, which answered to some extent the purposes of historical annals and distant communication; and Mr. Schoolcraft has shown that many of the Northern tribes had invented ingenious systems of record, and even a set of mnemonic signs, by which the words of popular songs, once learned, could be recalled to the memory. Nowhere can we trace any doubt amongst the ancients that the art is coeval with the formation of society; nowhere is it alluded to as newly invented or recently introduced. Yet, notwithstanding

this striking fact, modern criticism has not scrupled to draw the most sweeping conclusions as to the form and nature of early literary compositions, on the air-built hypothesis that the use of writing was not known in the ages when those compositions originated. On this point I shall have something more to say, in speaking of Homer; at present I desire briefly to examine the facts which must be the basis of all argument upon the subject.

If we try to picture to ourselves the man who conceived the idea of representing things by signs, we shall undoubtedly come to the conclusion, that the first step he took was to make a picture of the object, or a delineation of the scene, to be put on record. This mode answers well for large classes of objects, conveying ideas independently of time. Suppose that the time-element next enters, and he desires to say that morning, noon, or night was the time when the pictured scene occurred, how shall this be expressed? The figure of the rising, midday, or setting sun, or of the moon, would naturally come to his aid. The idea of light in general, by a further movement in the same direction, would be conveyed by the images of the sun and moon. Again, a physical quality is to be expressed, as strength. The lion is the strongest of animals, and a rude outline of him would readily convey the idea. A moral quality would be conveyed by a similar analogy. He has now advanced a long distance. He can communicate numerous ideas, by representations, partly direct and partly indirect, of the ideas themselves. In short, he has invented an ideographic system of writing.

But the imperfection of this method of intercommunication would not long remain unnoticed. The direct picture of course suggests the name, that is, the sound of the name, of the object itself. Here lies the first germ of phonetic representation, so that the next step is to combine pictures suggestive of words, with the symbolical pictures suggestive of qualities or acts. Here we have writing composed of two elements, vocal and ideal. Pursuing the same course, it is next found that a

picture may represent the principal sound in the name of the object; and, as in a primitive language this is likely to be the initial sound, the picture finally stands for the first sound in the name of the object. Here has already begun the analysis of words into their elementary sounds; and it appears that every spoken word consists of a certain number of these, and that each of these is the initial sound of some other word or name of an object, and may therefore be represented by the figure of that object. Here we have in fact an alphabet. This would not, indeed, be universally applied, because the other methods are already established; but certain classes of terms — names of places and of men — would at once be written out phonetically; and, as many names of objects begin with the same sound, in the course of time there would be a large range for selection. Suppose, for instance, it were proposed to write the name of Boston, with the means we have now at hand. The figure of a *bow* would be the initial, which has the additional recommendation of representing the original inhabitants; an *oyster* would convey the second sound, and no unpleasant association with it; a *school-house*, the pride of the city, would give the third; a *tile*, the fourth; an *orange*, symbolical of commerce with the tropics, the fifth; and the *nib* of a pen, significant of literature, the last.

But this is a troublesome mode of writing. Not all men can make pictures easy to be recognized. An outline is soon substituted, and then a simple mark, or combination of marks, for the figure representing the idea or the sound. We have, then, three natural stages, well defined, in the progress of this art: 1. the pictorial representation of words, of ideas, of simple sounds; 2. the outline representation of the same; and 3. the representation of the same by simple marks and combinations of marks. Each of the earlier nations has the alphabetic element blended with the other two. This blending will continue until some great practical want suggests the next step, namely, freeing the alphabetical element of writing from the others, and constituting a purely phonetic system of signs of a convenient

form, representing the simplest elements of sound. It is neither to be expected nor desired that any alphabet should exhibit sounds precisely as they are. Pronunciation, like every other part of language, changes with time, place, and climate; and to chain so fugitive and fluctuating an element to visible forms is beyond the power of man. But alphabets originally gave the prevailing sounds of the languages for which they were made, when they were made, and in the places where they were made.

This sketch sounds like a mere theory, — a natural one, it must be admitted. Yet the written systems of Egypt and China show that such was the course which the invention actually followed. One remark, however, should here be made. It is only languages of the two higher types, strictly speaking, that are susceptible of being alphabetically represented. Take the Chinese, — the most advanced specimen of a monosyllabic language. The number of independent words must be extremely limited, because the number of possible combinations of sound in monosyllables is limited. The roots in the Chinese, in fact, are only four hundred and fifty monosyllables. This number is quadrupled by sing-song tones, four in number, in which they are pronounced, making, however, less than two thousand words for the entire stock of articulations with which the language is furnished. Another fact follows directly from this, namely, that every word must be used in a great variety of senses. This is the case with the Chinese monosyllables, the number of significations belonging to a single word sometimes amounting to thirty or forty. The sounds of these words are indistinctly articulated; consonant, vowel, and nasal run into the pronunciation so curiously, that it is very difficult to represent them by alphabetic characters. Of this any one may convince himself by listening for a single moment to a Chinese talking or reading. But if this were not the case, if every word could be precisely written out in a Western alphabet, it would be impossible to read three sentences intelligibly; it would be impossible to decide which out of the twenty or thirty

meanings of each word was the right one for the particular place. Written language would have all the ambiguity of spoken language, and none of the means a speaker has of removing it. Here, then, lies the insuperable obstacle to reducing a language of this type to proper alphabetic writing; and this is the answer to the question so often asked, why the Chinese, with so much of intelligence and civilization as they possess, have not long since abandoned the cumbrous system of writing which makes their language such an inscrutable puzzle.

The invention of written characters in China is referred by the Chinese to the remotest antiquity, when Fu-hi governed the world. By some the date of this semi-fabulous monarch's reign has been placed about 3400 B. C. The Chinese legend says that, looking up to heaven, he saw figures traced in the sky; and casting his eyes down upon the earth, he saw models for imitation there, — the forms of birds, of trees, of animals, of mountains, lakes, and rivers; so that heaven and earth united to furnish the harmonious system, which took the place of the more ancient communication by knotted cords. The first Chinese signs were pictures, as we have seen in our theoretical view. The figures of the sun and moon, of mountains and animals, represented the objects themselves. Next they were combined to express ideas indirectly or symbolically. Thus the sun and moon together represented light; the figure of a man stretched very uncomfortably across the top of a mountain signified a hermit; the figure of an eye, with running water, signified tears; the figure of a woman, with a broom in her hand, signified a matron. But the direct representations soon gave way to others, in which the pictorial principle was scarcely traceable, and finally disappeared almost altogether. The existing system of writing embodies the toil of ages, and is one of the most extraordinary monuments of patient industry and refined analytic skill that record the labors of man. The number of written characters, like the number of spoken words in other languages, is variously stated. The dictionaries ordinarily contain about forty or fifty thousand;

one of the native dictionaries, however, is said to contain two hundred and fifty thousand. It is frequently stated that this system is ideographic throughout, that is, that it conveys ideas directly, and not through the medium of sound. Mr. Duponceau and Mr. Pickering have shown that this cannot be the case to the full extent of the assertion; were it so, the Chinese themselves would read the same written text into different words, and there could be no such thing as poetical composition depending on some particular rhythm or similarity of sound. Every written character is uniformly read into the same phonetic utterance; but the ambiguities of the spoken language are avoided in the following manner. Each syllable or word has, in the first place, a considerable number of characters, made up originally of different elements, and so having doubtless in themselves different significations. Practically, each of these homophones may be used for the word, in whatever sense that word may be employed; and if this were all, the written language would be like the spoken, a series of ingenious puzzles. But the characters as actually written consist not only of this phonetic part which determines the sound of the word; but there is joined closely to this another character which has no sound at all, but represents an idea only. There are, therefore, in each sign a phonetic element and an ideographic element. For example, the character *Tschen*, by itself, means *ship;* but the same word as spoken has a great many other meanings, and the special meaning which it has in any particular connection is determined by the ideographic sign annexed. Among its meanings are, besides ship, *water-brook*, *the pole of a wagon*, *plume*, *arrow*. Suppose it is to be used in the sense of *water-brook*. If spoken, it would be ambiguous; if written, this sign would give the phonetic element, but there would be added to it another, pronounced *shui*, and meaning *water*, — not spoken in this combination, but showing that *Tschen* is used in that particular meaning which has reference to water; that is, *brook*. These ideographic signs, called *clefs* or *keys*, represent whole classes of ideas, and are two hundred and fourteen in number.

I believe that the peculiarities of the Chinese graphic system are sufficiently apparent from this slight sketch. It will be seen how this complicated contrivance remedies the imperfections of uttered speech, and why it would be impossible for the Chinese to abandon it for any strictly alphabetical character. It will also appear why the Chinese scholars think so much more of their written than of their spoken language; why Chinese education consists chiefly in mastering its principles and details. A fair business education embraces a knowledge of about two thousand characters, with a ready skill in writing them; a good literary education might extend to ten thousand, and only men of extraordinary learning attain to twenty thousand. In China, more than anywhere else, a literary man is literally a man of letters.

The inflecting languages, and many of the agglutinating, have from the earliest times taken the last step indicated in the theoretical view. They have analyzed words into their simplest elements of sound, and represented these by a limited number of signs, which, being combined and recombined, have offered to the eye all the words in all these languages, with as little ambiguity or complication as the words themselves present to the ear. This invention Mr. Erro claims for the Biscayan language, and carries it back to Adam, by a process of reasoning similar to that by which he proves the Adamitic antiquity of the language itself. Adam knew by inspiration, or rather intuition, that the sound *a* signified *vast extent;* he gave it a name, *alfa*, which has that meaning; he took a rod and traced that meaning in the sand by drawing a pair of human legs, stretched wide apart, and striding through infinite space. This is the origin of the first letter in the alphabet, and all the other letters he explains in a like whimsical manner.

Undoubtedly the world is indebted to Egypt for this illustrious invention. The Pyramids, "placed," as Dr. Pickering finely expresses it, "like a rock in the current of time," contain the names of the ancient kings, Cheops and Ceph-

ren, by whom they were built. Egypt has been justly called the monumental nation. No country on earth has such numerous, gigantic, and magnificent memorials of her early power and splendor; and these monuments were antiquities in antiquity. The Greeks from Homer down, the Hebrews from Moses down, refer to Egypt as an old, if not the oldest nation. The monuments are described by Herodotus, Diodorus, Clemens of Alexandria. The writings with which those monuments and the papyri found in them are covered, on which the priests founded their statements to Herodotus, and Manetho constructed his historical lists of the kings, and Horapollo his explanations of the symbolical characters, are coeval with the oldest monuments, running back far beyond the recorded history of any other nation, and intimating a long history of forming and consolidating civilization anterior to themselves. From this primeval period the hieroglyphical inscriptions were constantly employed, through the Pharaonic dynasties, the Persian supremacy, the line of Greek sovereigns from Alexander, and to the third or fourth century of the Roman rule. Several ancient writers, especially Herodotus and Clemens of Alexandria, left general descriptions of the Egyptian graphic system; but as it ceased to be employed, and its place was supplied by the Coptic alphabet in the fifth or sixth century of our era, the knowledge of its principles gradually faded away, and was at length completely lost. When, in modern times, this subject began to excite the interest of scholars, the words of Herodotus and Clemens were greatly misunderstood. Only one thing seemed clear from their united statements, — that Egyptian writing consisted of three kinds, the Hieroglyphic, the Hieratic, and the Demotic, — the first, as its name imparts, being that used in sacred sculptures; the second, that employed by the priests; and the third, that employed by the people. But upon what graphic principle these were founded was wholly unknown. The monuments and the ancient papyri exhibited the three forms; and upon comparing them, it appeared that the hieroglyphic or sculptural form was the basis of the other two; the

hieratic substituting abbreviated outlines, and the demotic almost arbitrary characters, for the entire figures of the first, — convenience of use being evidently the ruling motive for both these modes of shortening the process of writing, as the practice became more general.

Innumerable conjectures have been hazarded, nearly all wide of the truth. Lord Monboddo's, so far as I know, was the only opinion which later researches have shown, in its main features, to be correct. The problem of the Egyptian Sphinx remain unsolved until the present century. The discovery of the Rosetta Stone, now in the British Museum, furnished the long-lost clew to this ancient mystery. On this stone was found an inscription in three forms, — Hieroglyphic, Demotic, and Greek. Parts were mutilated, but enough remained unhurt to show clearly what it contained; and the inference at once naturally suggested itself, that the Greek was a translation of the other two. Copies were immediately circulated among the European philologists. The Greek was carefully examined and interpreted. It was found to be a commemorative inscription by the priests of Memphis, in honor of a visit of the young Ptolemy Epiphanes to that city, on the eighth anniversary of his accession to the throne under a guardian; the date of the record being 196 B. C. On comparing the hieroglyphics with the Greek, it was found that certain groups of figures, enclosed in a ring, — an arrangement which had often before been observed in the monuments of every age, — corresponded to the name of Ptolemy; and it was naturally inferred that these groups represented that name in some way or other. The next thing to be done was to analyze the groups themselves. Many attempted this with more or less success. Dr. Young, a great English mathematician, determined the phonetic value of a part of the figures; but he missed a complete solution, because it never occurred to him that they were all alphabetically employed. Starting from the point reached by Dr. Young, Champollion assumed that all the characters were used as Dr. Young had shown that some of them were; and

fortunately having obtained another bilingual inscription containing in Greek the name of Cleopatra, and, corresponding to it, a group of characters in a ring, he rightly inferred that, if his principle were correct, the identical letters in the two names would be expressed by the same characters, which proved to be the case.

This conclusion was confirmed by numerous other comparisons, and a hieroglyphical alphabet was determined. Thousands of inscriptions on the monuments have been examined by the aid of this key; and it has been clearly shown that the alphabetic element enters largely into all. Manetho's lists of kings have been, to a considerable extent, identified, and a foundation laid for the reconstruction of Egyptian history, and, through that, of the collateral history of neighboring countries and nations, back to a period compared with which the dawn of Grecian poetry seems but of yesterday. The principle of this alphabetic element has received the technical name of *acrophonetic*, or the principle of initial sounds, — the figures representing the sounds with which the names of the objects commence, — the figure of a *Lion*, for example, standing in these phonetic groups for *L*, because the Egyptian word for lion was *Laboi*. The meanings, however, of the greater part of the ascertained hieroglyphics have been decided by their position in combination with others previously determined; the figures sometimes failing to suggest the objects, and the Egyptian names of the objects not being always known. In the epithets applied to proper names, and in the words of the continuous hieroglyphical texts, other characters, namely, the pictorial and the symbolical, are blended, so that it is a very difficult and complicated problem to read them into words. But, beyond all question, the use of strictly alphabetic signs, in each of the three kinds of writing, is coeval with the earliest monuments, and the use of hieroglyphical alphabetic characters goes back to an epoch not much later than 3000 B. C.

LECTURE IV.

ALPHABETIC WRITING. — PRIMEVAL LITERATURE OF THE EAST.

If we proceed from Egypt in a northeast direction, we find another kind of monumental writing, called the wedge or arrow-head, — the writing of the earliest settlers along the Tigris and Euphrates. These nations from the first were often brought into relations of peace and war with the Egyptians; but they had not that persistency in the method of inscription which so surprisingly characterized the Egyptians. Yet, from a period commencing about 2000 B. C., their monuments contain cuneiform inscriptions, in this character, which continue below the age of the Persian kings. A few years ago these were considered the unknown signs of lost languages; but by the learned labors of the eminent philologists Grotefend, Lassen, Burnouf, and especially Rawlinson, these characters in their later use have been entirely, and in their earlier forms are in a fair way of being entirely deciphered. The system was not purely alphabetic in its earliest stages; syllabic and symbolical forms entered largely into its composition. But in process of time, we cannot tell how early, the alphabetic element supplanted the others; and in the reign of Darius, if not as early even as the beginning of the Achæmenian dynasty, a complete alphabet, representing about thirty-eight sounds, was established. The characters are all formed from the parts of a single elementary figure combined in different numbers, positions, and relations; and the words are written by giving to each sound in them its appropriate phonetic orthography.

This mode of monumental writing was used, as I have said,

by the myriads of people constituting the Babylonian, Assyrian, Median, and Persian empires, and was applied to all the languages spoken by them. The most remarkable document thus written is the great Behistun inscription, carved on the side of a rocky mountain, perpendicularly smoothed for the purpose. The mountain was known to the ancient Greeks as the Bagistan, formed from an old Persian word, implying sacred to the Bagas, or the Gods. In the time of Diodorus Siculus, it contained an inscription, said to have been placed there by Semiramis. That has disappeared. What remains, however, is sufficiently remarkable. The sculptures consist of twelve figures in relief, which were mistaken by one of the early travellers for the twelve Apostles. Above them is a singular form in the air, representing the Zend and Persian Deity Auramazda, or Ormuzd. Connected with the figures are large panels on the smoothed surface of the rock, filled entirely with arrow-head inscriptions; the whole occupying a space of a hundred and fifty feet in length, and about a hundred in breadth, and at the inaccessible height of three hundred feet from the mountain's base. This extraordinary document had been often described by travellers, who surveyed it through telescopes, and attempted with very poor success to copy it. The French Commissioners, who endeavored to approach it, came home and reported that it was inaccessible. But Englishmen consider nothing impossible but failure. Colonel Rawlinson, residing at Bagdad in an official capacity, determined that the thing should be done; and it was done, by what means he has not fully informed us in the very interesting memoirs upon this subject, which occupy almost the whole of several numbers of the Asiatic Journal. It is enough to say that he has copied, interpreted, and translated the Persian part of the inscription, which proves to be a very interesting and important record of the early portion of the reign of King Darius. The figures are those of the king and two attendants, into whose presence are brought, with their hands tied behind them and cords about their necks, nine captive rebels. The

several inscriptions contain an account, in three languages, of their misdeeds and their punishment.

Besides this monumental alphabet, these nations possessed an abbreviated writing, corresponding to the Demotic of the Egyptian. Here we come into the line of the Zend and Sanscrit, which seem to me, both from the number of their letters and their phonetic values, — the former containing thirty-nine and the latter forty-eight signs, — to be closely connected with the arrow-heads. At least, there is no trace of their having originated in pictorial representations. They are very complete, especially the Sanscrit, and their use is coeval with the beginning of their literatures, dating in all human probability two thousand years before our era.

Having followed the course of the art of writing to its utmost limits eastward, let us cast a glance in the opposite direction, and come a little nearer home. On the eastern shore of the Mediterranean Sea, from the earliest dawn of history, had been established a race, vigorous, active, and intellectual. The sea is one of the greatest civilizers. The moment you tread its shores, and breathe its bracing air, you become a new being. Its restless waves tempt you to dare the conflict with them, and lo! the white sails of adventure, war, or commerce bear you away to distant lands. The passion grows until you feel yourself the master of the stormy element, and force the messenger winds and waves to do your bidding. So grew up those Phœnician merchants and mariners, who distributed the products and gathered in the wealth of the ancient world, who built up powerful commonwealths on the eastern margin, and dotted the southern and northern shores of the Mediterranean with their colonies. This sea-roving race had from the beginning close and constant intercourse with the already ancient realm of the Pharaohs. There they found the art of writing, not yet reduced to its simplest idea and form; and there they found all the instruments and materials of writing in common use. The art was just what they wanted, — not the sculptured hieroglyphic; for how could they take granite slabs for their

ledgers and bills of lading, and troops of artists to hew out their accounts current, on those distant voyages? or how could they stop to paint the pictures of the hieroglyphics, or even the outlines of the hieratic style? or how could they find the time — business men as they were, in a piratical as well as a commercial way — to describe their bales of merchandise, or exchange receipts with their customers, by painfully writing out a series of symbolical representations? They took the idea, not the form; they struck out the pictures and symbols; they fixed the alphabetic part by adopting a character from some one object for each letter; they simplified the characters for convenience of writing; and so they had an alphabet of sixteen sounds, represented by easily written and remembered characters, retaining the names of the objects from which they were taken, and finally increased in number to twenty-two. This Phœnician alphabet was carried by them round the Mediterranean and through the adjacent countries, and became the basis of all the alphabets of Europe and many of those in Asia. How much more convenient this was than the Egyptian, from which it was taken, or the arrow-head, or the Chinese, it is needless to point out. How much more convenient it is than the Sanscrit or the Zend, notwithstanding the boasted superiority of the former in phonetic completeness, any one who has compared them as to facility of reading will not hesitate to admit.

Thus the last step in this great art was taken, in the Zend and Sanscrit speaking countries, by men whose minds were occupied with deep speculations or poetic flights; and their graphic systems exhibit the minute analysis and theoretic perfection which were to be expected from their authors. In the West, it was taken by practical men, whose speculations were in trade, and who cared little for theory, provided they had a compendious instrument for the transaction of business. Philosophical meditation produced the one system, commercial necessity the other; and from the first moment of their use down to the present moment, the two systems have borne ineffaceable marks of the sources from which they came.

There is reason to believe that, even before the time of Cadmus, the simplest form of the Phœnician alphabet was known in several parts of Europe, probably in Greece and Italy, certainly throughout Asia Minor, on the southern shore of which Phœnician colonies had been already established. But were this not so, the alphabet was known and used in Europe at least five centuries before Homer; and when the Ionian colonies crossed the Ægean Sea, and settled the western coast of Asia Minor, they came into direct contact with an ancient civilization, in which the art of writing had been established for a thousand years.

I will ask your attention, for the remainder of this lecture, to a very rapid view of the literature which these systems of writing have been the means of handing down to us.

The Chinese have a very extensive literature, which continues unbroken from very ancient times. A considerable portion of it has been translated into the European languages.

The ancient writers speak of the Egyptians as the most learned of mankind. Plato alludes to Egyptian poems ten thousand years old; and we now know that they had written records from the time of Menes downward, that is, from 3000 B. C., and that the achievements of the ancient kings, emblazoned in commemorative sculpture, were celebrated in songs or heroic lays. We know from Clemens of Alexandria that they had forty-two Sacred Books, among which was a collection of hymns in honor of the Gods, handed down, in the religious worship, from the earliest times, and adapted to musical recitation. The most remarkable of these books is the Book of the Dead, the most complete copy of which was found in the Tomb of the Kings at Thebes. It is written in the sacred language and the hieroglyphic character, and the date of this particular copy is supposed to be about fifteen centuries B. C.; so that we have here a literary work, representing the soul of the departed on its journey to the Celestial Light, and containing the solemn hymns chanted by the disembodied spirit in its

acts of adoration to the Deities, on the way to its final rest. The now existing original of the volume, published a few years age by Lepsius, is contemporary with Moses, and may have been read by him. With regard to the form of poetical composition, it would appear that the Egyptians had invented the peculiar species known to Hebrew scholars as parallelism, depending for its effect, not on quantity or accent or rhyme, though in some of the Hebrew compositions the elements of the last two are thought to exist, but upon a balance of clauses, sentences, and ideas, extremely well suited to choral recitation and the accompaniment of the solemn dance. The various forms of this parallelism have been well explained in the elegant work of Lowth, and the more appreciating dialogues of Herder on the spirit of Hebrew poetry.

Mr. Gliddon gives a few lines, from the sculptures of Rameses III., belonging to the sixteenth century B. C., and some from a still earlier period, which, if rightly interpreted, show beyond a doubt that this peculiar rhythm is Egyptian in its origin.

> "Thy name is firm as heaven,
> The duration of thy days is as the disk of the sun."

And again: —

> "Koll, the barbarian land, is under thy sandal,
> Kush is within thy grasp."

It is a curious fact that the same rhythm is found in the Indian war-songs. I am indebted to Mr. Schoolcraft's recently published work for one of them: —

> "I am rising to seek the war-path;
> The earth and the sky are before me;
> I walk by day and by night,
> And the evening star is my guide."

Mr. Seyffarth says, that the Egyptian literary works, from Abraham down to the second century of our era, if printed together, would fill two hundred folio volumes; and he rejoices in the prospect of having them all translated into his mother tongue. I do not know whether scholars who have

had so much trouble in worrying out the little we now possess will sympathize in this peculiar idea of enjoyment.

The Phœnician and Syrian poetical literatures have suffered shipwreck, and it would be a waste of time to weave a web of hypothesis out of the slight information we possess relating to their festal poetry, and the sacred songs which formed a part of their temple worship.

Moving a little eastward we come upon the poetical literature of the Hebrews, so familiar to the Christian world. The religious use to which this remarkable poetry has been applied tends, in some measure, to blind us to its merely literary excellences. The Hebrew language is not copious in its lexicon; it is defective in its inflections, somewhat clumsy in movement, expression, and construction. Probably it could never have lent itself to the many forms of a various literature, in the European sense of the term; for it does not wind itself flexibly round the ever-shifting thought of cultivated man. In narrative it is abrupt; the parts and clauses not running into each other, by subtile and refined connections, as in the Indo-Germanic languages, but standing out distinct and individual, like the hieroglyphs upon a Theban temple. In poetry, it presents masses of thought, in the boldest imagery, in a rhythm of limited compass, though more varied than the Egyptian, from which it was borrowed. The literature of this language begins with the hero, poet, historian, and legislator, who was strangely saved from death by the daughter of Pharaoh for a mighty destiny. He was trained in all the lore of Egypt, but untouched by the superstition and idolatry in which the people were sunk. Learned in their libraries, familiar with their sacred hymns, drawing from these sources of knowledge, but deriving his inspiration from his own rich genius and from a higher fountain-head, he was destined to lay the foundation of the Hebrew literature as well as of the Hebrew polity. The historical papyrus-rolls gave him models for his narrative, and the hymns he had so often heard chanted by poets and priests suggested the form of the tri-

umphal song of Moses and Miriam, so full of the lyrical spirit. From this time forward for a thousand years, the Hebrew nation produced a series of writers, — poets, prophets, psalmists, — whose works, in grandeur of ideas and magnificence of imagery, have not been surpassed. Their range of art was exclusive and narrow, but admitted some variety of form. Of epic poetry they had none. Lyric poetry, of the highest type, was the most characteristic of their genius. The pastoral passages of Solomon's Song are sweeter than anything in Theocritus and Bion. Their elegies breathe a more tender sadness than those of Mimnermus. But they are all cast in one mould. The laws of art had not yet assigned to each species its appropriate form, as was done by the refined taste of the Greeks.

The most finished specimen of Hebrew art is the Book of Job, whose name has had the evil fortune to pass into a proverb, and is identified at once with the lowest and most sordid poverty, and with the most painful and loathsome visitation to which the flesh of man is subject. This grand poem, to which I refer for a single moment, though not a drama, is dramatic in its conception, embracing scenes both in heaven and earth. The Introduction contains the germ of the Prologue, and the conclusion is not unlike those choral closes in which the scenes of a Grecian tragedy find their fitting solution.

The unknown author of this singular poem was evidently familiar with all the knowledge, science, and practical art of his age. The deep significance of its subject and substance shows that he dealt with the profoundest questions of human destiny; while in splendor of poetic imagination, and in the picturesque presentment of the glories of the Eastern world, so far as I know, he is without his peer in ancient Asia. I do not think that any poet has so powerfully described the terrors of a supernatural visitation.

"A word stole secretly to me,
Its whispers caught my ear;
At the hour of night visions,
When deep sleep falleth on man,

I was seized with fear and shuddering,
And terror shook my frame;
A spirit was passing before me, —
All my hair stood on end;
He stood still, but I saw not his form, —
A shadowy image was before my eyes."

This is the highest point which the Hebrew art of poetry attained, and of course the highest Semitic type. We know that the Assyrians, Persians, and Medes had their poetical culture. It is expressly mentioned in the Behistun Inscription. "I reinstituted for the state the sacred chants," says the king, alluding to them as of very ancient origin. These sacred chants were probably the religious hymns of the Zend writers, such as Zoroaster, whom Plato and Aristotle reckoned among the most ancient sages, though modern scepticism has reduced him to a myth. Whether so or not, he is said to have laughed on the day of his birth, — an omen of his future greatness. Heeren places him eight centuries B. C., and Burnouf, the most critical Zend scholar of our times, says that the language of the Zend-avesta is at the same stage of development with the Sanscrit of the Vedas, and these have been placed about 2000 B. C. What has struck me most in this compilation of the ancient sage is his conception of virtue or true goodness, as consisting in purity of thought, purity of word, and purity of deed. Heeren says: "With the exception of the Mosaical Scriptures, we are acquainted with nothing (the untranslated Vedas perhaps excepted) which so plainly wears the stamp of remote antiquity, ascending beyond the times within which the known empires of the East flourished."

If we pass along in the track of empires, visit the desolation where once stood the capitals of mighty kingdoms, and ask what voice of poetry Babylon had to utter, or Nineveh, or Persepolis, or Ecbatana, we are answered by the silence of the tomb. Scattered memorials of their former greatness — the splendid halls of ancient royalty, the very throne itself of those ancient masters of the world — are coming again to light, from

their burial of ages. But the storm of desolation has swept away the memorials of their poetry, and their very languages exist only in the stone-cut inscriptions, placed beyond the reach of the destroyer's hand. These too remained a sealed book, until the genius of our own searching age broke the seal. What traces of literary culture does the mount of Bagistan reveal to us, now that its gigantic records have been deciphered? Doubtless some practice in historical writing, and some characteristic features of the Oriental mind. It is not without interest that we read in those rocky pages a style resembling that of the ancient Hebrew narratives. "Saith Darius the king: By the grace of Ormuzd, I am king; Ormuzd has granted me the empire." It is not unpleasing to see the constant recognition of a higher power, on whose grace even the Great King depends; at the same time, we cannot help recognizing the strange union of piety and ferocity which has always marked the course of Oriental despotism. "Ormuzd brought help to me. By the grace of Ormuzd my troops entirely defeated the rebel army, and took Sitrantachmes, and brought him before me. Then I cut off his nose and his ears. He was kept chained at my door. All the kingdom beheld him. Afterwards I had him crucified at Arbela."

In another part of the Inscription the king says: "The crown that had been wrested from our race, that I recovered; I established it firmly, as in the days of old; thus I did. The rites which Gomates the Magian introduced, I prohibited. I reinstituted for the state the sacred chants and worship, and confided them to the families which Gomates the Magian had deprived of these offices." In another place his Majesty says of the rebellious provinces: "The evil one created lies, that they should deceive the state." "Thou," continues the king in a moralizing vein, "thou, whoever mayest be king hereafter, exert thyself to put down lying; the man who may be heretical, him entirely destroy."

Ascending from these records of the Persian empire to a higher period of antiquity, and a more northern region, we come

upon the strangely mysterious realm of the people of the Zend, and the great name of Zoroaster, who by some modern sceptics has been reduced to nonentity. By the early Greeks, especially Plato and Aristotle, he was regarded as one of the most ancient sages of the human race. Fables gathered around his name, as around other great names of remote antiquity. Among the wonders related of his precocious achievements is the story of his birthday, already referred to; — if it is true, he was the most sensible infant phenomenon on record. There is too much both of form and of substance in his acts and words to allow us to hold him as a mere myth. The tenor of the books that bear his name, and the combination of facts, circumstances, and narratives in Persian and Median history, compel us to acquiesce in the view which places him and his system of religious legislation in a period of primeval antiquity long anterior to the establishment of those empires. The Zend-avesta, or Living Word, attributed to him, contains a series of works highly curious in a literary point of view, and of the greatest interest in their moral and religious aspects. They bear witness to a literary system, at a very early period, — earlier than the civilization of any part of Greece, — extensively prevalent through the region bordering on India, and connecting itself closely with the religious legislation of the Hindoos themselves, and equally to a development of language and the art of composition, contemporaneously with the earliest nations that flourished on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates. I have no time, nor does it belong to my subject, to give even an outline of his system; but in quoting his conception of virtue as consisting in purity of thought, purity of word, and purity of act, and in alluding to his attempt to solve the problem of evil, I shall have done enough to show that this elder sage of the Orient dealt with high questions and came to great moral conclusions, — that he was a man of deep meditation and large experience.

Pursuing our journey eastward, and entering the regions of the Indus, the Himalayas, and the sacred Ganges, we find our-

selves again surrounded by the venerable and imposing memorials of an unfathomable antiquity. Of course we must exclude from our view those immeasurable and inconceivable periods of time, and reigns of dynasties, to which credulity, or love of exaggeration, or childish tampering with huge, unmanageable numbers, has given birth. Swayimbore reigned a billion and two hundred thousand million years. Nandu had an army of ten billions of soldiers. Two kingdoms were separated by a mountain six hundred thousand miles high. Sagur had sixty thousand sons born in a pumpkin. There is, doubtless, some influence of the mighty physical features of the country to be seen in these monstrous fictions. Tremendous contrasts of climate; the highest mountain ranges in the world; some of the largest rivers; plains of boundless fertility; and animals of wondrous variety, growth, and fierceness, — all these things we may trace in their traditions, literature, art, and especially their poetry.

There is no doubt that the race which founded the peculiar polity, religion, and literature of this remote part of the world, were immigrant conquerors from the West and North. Their own traditions point in these directions; the organism of society, which has come down to our time, proves that a conquering race established the system of caste; and, lastly, the philological and ethnological inquiries of the present day have shown that tribes and languages still exist in the southern parts of the peninsula wholly different from the Brahmins, and speaking languages that have no affinities with the Sanscrit or any of its descendants.

Alexander found the society and civilization of the Indi, in all its leading features, the same as the modern Europeans found it in the fifteenth century. Though the chronological arrangement of Indian history cannot be made out with any degree of precision, still certain points have been settled sufficiently well to answer the purpose for which I introduce the subject here.

This much is sufficiently established, — that in a very re-

mote antiquity, second only to the primeval periods of Egyptian annals, established communities, highly civilized, with a philosophical religion and a religious legislation, both implying the experience and the intellectual discipline of many centuries, already existed. The Vedas, or most ancient sacred Scriptures of the Indi, can hardly be brought much lower than the twentieth century before our era, the latest date assigned them being the sixteenth. The laws of Menu are but little, if any, later; and these, with the Vedas, form the basis of a civilization wonderful for its complicated arrangement, its philosophical insight, its poetical beauty, and its permanency of duration.

The poetical literature of the Sanscrit commences even with the Vedas, and continues in long succession down to the fifth or sixth century after Christ, — a literature for copiousness and extent absolutely unparalleled in the history of the human race. In its course of development it sustains a singular parallelism with the Greek; but more of its early forms have been preserved. Next to the Vedas comes a most luxuriant development of epic poetry, especially in the two great works under the titles of the Ramayana and Mahabharata, the former by Valmiki, and the latter by Vyasa. They have been compared to the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer; but the contrast is more striking than the similitude. They antedate, probably, by several centuries, the works of the Ionian singer. Like the Greek epic, the Sanscrit is closely interwoven with mythological conceptions, taking into the sphere of epic action, not only human heroes, but supernatural beings. But it also descends from these heights, and embraces the animal world in grotesque combination with the world of men and the world of gods.

Life is short, and Sanscrit poems are very long. The Ramayana extends to more than a hundred thousand lines, that is, three times the length of the Iliad, Odyssey, and Æneid put together; and the Mahabharata is twice as long as the Ramayana. Sir William Jones says: "Wherever we direct our attention to Hindoo literature, the notion of infinity presents

itself; and sure the longest life would not suffice for the single perusal of works that rise and swell, protuberant like the Himalayas, above the bulkiest compositions of every land beyond the confines of India."

The subject of the Ramayana is the victory of Rama over Ravana, the prince of the Rakshasas, a race of Titanic genii or demons. This supernatural personage, a being endowed with ten heads, has driven forth the gods from Lanka, the capital of Ceylon, and thence spread terror among gods and men. The gods implore Vishnu to become incarnate. He consents, and appears on earth in the form of Rama, son of Dasaratha (who is already nine thousand years old) and of Kansalya, the king and queen of Ayodhya. The early exploits and education of the Godlike are minutely set forth. He wins the beautiful Sita, daughter of a neighboring monarch, by bending a marvellous bow, so heavy that eight hundred men were required to draw the eight-wheeled car in which it is borne. Rama bends it till it breaks in the middle, and makes a crash like a falling mountain. As a reward for drawing so long a bow, he marries Sita. Rama's father, feeling the infirmities of age creeping over him, as well he may, proposes to delegate his power to his son; but our hero refuses to accept it. The father, stirred up by the jealousy of another wife, sends him into exile, but soon dies of grief for his loss. Rama retires with his bride to the forests, defeats a host of evil demons, and cuts off the nose and ears of the sister of their king. This naturally enough stirs up the wrath of Ravana, her brother, who by a trick succeeds in kidnapping Sita and carrying her into captivity in Lanka. Rama returns, and, learning what has happened, betakes himself to King Sugriva, the powerful monarch of a neighboring nation of monkeys, who despatches the most eminent of his courtiers in search of Sita. This most politic diplomatist of the monkey tribe, Hanuman by name, finds out the prison of Sita, and, in the form of a rat, holds an interview with the captive princess. Then, in his proper person, he frightens the giants by running over the roofs of their

houses. He is at last brought into the presence of Ravana, who questions him; but Hanuman, by the shrewdness and wit of his answers, turns the laugh against the monarch. The monkey, indignant at the slight that the king has put upon him by not offering him a seat, makes a coil of his tail, until it reaches the height of the throne, and then sits upon it. What is to be done with this droll and impudent stranger? After much deliberation they make up their minds to have a holiday, and to disport themselves by setting fire to Hanuman's tail, on which he seems to pride himself more than is becoming. All the old rags, paper, and dry chips in the city are brought forthwith, and piled around the offending coil. Hanuman, like Sampson's foxes, runs through the city, over the cornfields, among the hay-ricks, and a horrible conflagration breaks out in all directions. Seeing what a blunder they have committed, they tear after the blazing beast, in the vain hope of extinguishing him. Away he scampers, climbing the highest tower in the city; after him hasten the hurrying giants, and when the tower is filled with them, he tumbles it down about their ears. Escaping from the crash and hurly-burly, he dips his tail in the ocean, extinguishes it, and returns to Rama. A huge army of monkeys is gathered together. They throw a bridge across to Lanka, and lay siege to the fortress of Ravana, who encounters them with his chariots of war. A battle follows, which makes the earth shake for seven days; Rama slays Ravana, frees the earth from giants, and rescues Sita, who proves her suspected innocence by a fiery ordeal. The whole world rejoices at the result, and the gods themselves express their rapture by applause. These deeds accomplished, our hero dismisses the monkey host, and establishes himself in his royal power. He attains to the height of felicity, and governs a happy people with paternal sway. Peace and prosperity reign throughout his dominions; no suffering, no death, disturbs the placid serenity of this golden age. When a hundred and ten thousand years shall have glided thus happily away, Rama shall leave his kingdom, and ascend to the world of Vishnu.

The grotesque, gigantic, and incongruous details into which the Oriental imagination runs, in these old epics, is sufficiently obvious from this slight sketch of the Ramayana. The narrative is frequently tedious and prolix; and the epithets, especially in describing illustrious personages, are numerous, pompous, and, according to Western notions, absurd. It runs out into episodes, of extravagant disproportion to the whole, considered as a work of art, but containing many of the most striking and poetical passages. The style of rhythmical composition is advanced beyond the Hebrew, but not to the stage of the Greek. It is founded on quantity; the epic measure being what is technically called a *sloca*, or distich of two lines, each sixteen syllables long, and only the last line subjected to any law of quantity. How fundamentally different all this was from the rigid practice of the Greeks, I shall have occasion hereafter to show.

Notwithstanding these defects of the Hindoo epic, judged by the severe rules of art, there are innumerable passages conceived in the most exquisite spirit of poetry, and executed with a simplicity and fineness of taste beyond which it is impossible to go. I quote a short passage translated by Rev. Mr. De Ward. It is the address of Sita to her husband, in which she declares her resolution to follow him into the wilderness.

"Son of the venerable parent! hear,
'T is Sita speaks. Say, art thou not assured
That to each being his allotted time
And portion, as his merit, are assigned,
And that a wife her husband's portion shares?
Therefore, with thee this forest lot I claim.
A woman's bliss is found, not in the smile
Of father, mother, friend, or in herself;
Her husband is her only portion here,
Her heaven hereafter. If thou indeed
Depart this day into the forest drear,
I will precede and smooth the thorny way.
O, chide me not; for where the husband is,
Within the palace, on the stately car,

Or wandering in the air, in every state,
The shadow of his feet is her abode.
. . . .
Forbid me not. For as a gay recluse,
On thee attending, happy shall I feel
Within this honey-scented grove to roam;
For thou e'en here canst nourish and protect.
A residence in heaven, O Raghuon,
Without thy presence would no joy afford.
. . . . . .
Pleased to embrace thy feet, I will reside
In the rough forest, as my father's house,
Void of all other wish, supremely thine.
Permit me this request, — I will not grieve, —
I will not burden thee, — refuse me not;
But shouldst thou, Raghuon, this prayer deny,
Know I resolve on death, — if torn from thee."

The Descent of the Ganges, from the first book of the Ramayana, has been often translated; best of all by Augustus William Schlegel, into German hexameters. It has been extremely well rendered into English, in long trochaic measure, by Professor Milman: —

"Up the Raja, at the sign, upon his glittering chariot leaps,
Instant Ganga the divine follows his majestic steps;
From the high heaven burst she forth, first on Siva's lofty crown;
Headlong then, and prone to earth, thundering rushed the cataract down.
Swarms of bright-hued fish came dashing; turtles, dolphins, in their mirth,
Fallen or falling, glancing, flashing, to the many-gleaming earth;
And all the host of heaven came down, sprites and genii in amaze,
And each forsook his heavenly throne, upon that glorious scene to gaze.
On cars, like high-towered cities, seen, with elephants and coursers rode,
Or on soft-swinging palanquin lay wondering, each observant god.
As met in bright divan each god, and flashed their jewelled vestures rays,
The corruscating ether glowed, as with a hundred suns ablaze;
. . . . . .
And in ten thousand sparkles bright went flashing up the cloudy spray,
The snowy flocking swans less white, within its glittering mists at play.
And headlong now poured down the flood, and now in silver circlets wound;
Then lake-like spread, all bright and broad, then gently, gently flowed around;
Then 'neath the caverned earth descending, then spouted up the boiling tide;
Then stream with stream, harmonious blending, swell bubbling up or smooth subside.

By that heaven-welling water's breast, the genii and the sages stood;
Its sanctifying dews they blest, and plunged within the lustral flood.
. . . . . .
The world, in solemn jubilee, behold these heavenly waves draw near,
From sin and dark pollution free, bathed in the blameless waters clear.
Swiftly King Bhagiratha drave, upon his lofty glittering car,
And swift with her obeisant wave, bright Ganga followed him afar."

I will read one passage more from the Ramayana, — the episode of the death of Yadnadatta, the only son of two blind recluses, accidentally slain by King Dasaratha while hunting. The bereaved parents are led to the body of their lost son, and the pathos of the scene falls scarcely short of the laments of Priam and Hecuba over the body of Hector.

"And she, the mother of the dead, his face kissed tenderly;
And while the tears flowed down her cheeks, in piteous accents cried:
'O Yadnadatta, am I not more dear to thee than life?
Why, then, thy long, last journey take, and speak to me no more?
Why art thou angry, O my son, and answerest not my word?'
And then his father mournfully the lifeless body touched,
And all unhappy to him spake, as he were yet alive:
'O son, did I not come to thee, with thy loved mother come?
Arise then, fold us in thine arms, embrace this neck, my son.
And when the shadowy night descends, whose honeyed voice shall I
Within this grove the holy word hear chanting from the Ved?
And who, when evening orisons and fiery offerings cease,
Shall glad my heart, with filial hands encompassing my feet?
And who shall bring the roots and herbs, the sylvan fruits shall bring,
To thy blind parents, O my son, by famine sore oppressed?
O stay awhile, nor yet depart to Yana's drear abode.
With me to-morrow thou shalt fare, shalt with thy mother go;
For both, with sorrow all forlorn, of help and strength bereft,
Full soon must yield the breath of life, descending to the shades."

I have already spoken of the enormous length of the other great Sanscrit epic, — the Mahabharata. It is somewhat more recent in its composition than the Ramayana, and is founded upon a great civil war between the Koravas and the Pandavas, collateral descendants of Bharata, an ancient king of Hastinapura, now Delhi. In this poem, again, we have an incarnation

of Vishnu, bearing the name of Krishna, at once a deity and the champion of the Pandavas. The date of the historical transactions on which the poem is founded has been fixed at the fourteenth century before our era. It is more episodic than the other; there is less coherence of parts, less of order and plan. Several of the episodes have been separately published, and form complete and very beautiful poems. One of these is the Bhagavat-Gita, a curious dialogue, on Fate and the condition of man, between Krishna and one of the heroes, Arjuna, on the field of battle. The conflict of the kindred nations is about commencing. The leader of the opposing host "thunders like a roaring lion," and blows his shell of battle, to which the conchs and all the warlike music of his host reply. Arjuna drives his chariot, drawn by white steeds, into the space between the armies, accompanied by the god Krishna. A feeling of sadness and sorrow comes upon him, and he addresses his Divine companion: —

"My kindred, Krishna, I behold, all standing for the battle armed;
My every quailing member fails, and wan and withered is my face.
. . . . . .
On every side, O fair-haired God, I see the dark, ill-omened signs;
My kindred when I 've slain in fight, what happiness remains for me?
For victory, Krishna, care not I, nor empire, nor the bliss of life;
For what is empire, what is wealth, and what, great king, is life itself,
When they for whom we thirst for wealth, and toil for empire and for bliss,
Stand in the battle-field arrayed, and freely peril wealth and life, —
Teachers, sons, fathers, grandsires, uncles, nephews, cousins, kindred, friends?
Not for the triple world would I, O Madhius! conqueror, slaughter them;
How much less for this narrow earth, though they would sternly slaughter me!"

Krishna argues in a reply which Mr. Milman describes as breathing "the terrible sublime of pantheistic fatalism."

"All undestructible is he that spread the living universe;
And who is he that shall destroy the work of the undestructible?
Corruptible these bodies are, that wrap the everlasting soul, —
The eternal, unimaginable soul. Whence on to battle, Bharata!
For he that thinks to slay the soul, and he that thinks the soul is slain,
Are fondly both alike deceived. It is not slain, it slayeth not;
It is not born, it doth not die; past, present, future, knows it not;

Ancient, eternal, and unchanged, it dies not with the dying frame.
Wherefore the inevitable doom thou shouldst not mourn, O Bharata!"

The argument is continued at great length; the compassionate reluctance of the mortal hero slowly yields to the mystical doctrines of the God; the carnage proceeds, the action ends with a battle which lasts eighteen days, and steeps the earth in prodigious slaughter. Victory declares in favor of the Pandavas.

Another remarkable episode embodies the Hindoo legend of the Deluge; but I have no time to dwell on this. It has been well translated into German by Bopp.

I close these considerations with a passage translated from M. de Chézy's somewhat extravagant eulogy of Sanscrit poetry.

"It is especially in epic poetry that the Sanscrit language appears to bear the palm from every other; and among the epic poets, the great Valmiki, in his Ramayana, appears to have best understood the art of unfolding all its beauties. Under his magic pencil, we see it lend itself, without effort, to every tone and all varieties of coloring. Are soft and melting scenes to be described? This beautiful language, sonorous as it is copious, furnishes him the most harmonious expressions; and like a tranquil stream, softly winding over moss and flowers, it smoothly bears our imagination along, and transports it gently into an enchanted world. But in subjects which require energy and force, — in the description of battles, for example, — his style becomes as rapid, as animated, as the action itself. Cars roll and bound; maddened elephants dash their enormous defences together; war-clubs strike against each other; darts whiz and break; death flies on every side; we no longer read, we are borne into the very midst of the horrid fray."

We have thus taken a rapid, and necessarily a superficial, survey of the literary culture of the remoter nations preceding Homer or contemporaneous with him. We have followed the track of poetry from the Egyptian temples and the banks of the Nile, among the primeval nations of Central Asia, to the Indus and the Ganges. We have seen the first germs of rhythmical composition putting forth in the sacred hymns of

the priests of Isis and Osiris, and that early form unfolded to its beautiful perfection in the Hebrew poet who sang the sorrows and the triumph of the man of Uz. Coming upon the direct line of the Indo-Germanic races, we have found a series of more copiously developed languages, more elastic adaptations of sound to thought, more plastic materials of rhythmical composition. Suddenly, after groping among the bricks of Babylon, the buried palaces of Nineveh, the ruined castles of Persepolis and Pasargadæ — after having paused to read the rocky page and sculptured heights of the consecrated mount of Bagistan, — we pass into the mysterious realm of Ormuzd and Ahriman, with their ministers of grace and ministers of evil. From the half discerned forms in that far-off land and primeval time, suddenly we emerge, at the eastern extremity of the Indo-European line, into the brilliant light of a literature commencing before any authentic date of European history, and pouring out its abundant streams through an unexampled series of centuries. Here we suspend our adventurous flight.

LECTURE V.

THE EARLIEST GREEK POETRY. — THE HOMERIC POEMS.

In my last lecture I gave a rapid view of that literature, which, in its several stages, bears the most striking resemblance to the Greek. Though the Sanscrit must be considered as the elder, both as a language and a literature; yet, for a large part of the literary age of both, they were contemporary. The brilliant era of Vikramditya was several centuries later than the culminating period of Athenian letters and art; falling a little before the Augustan age of the Romans. Outward circumstances and political institutions fully explain the contrasts that present themselves in the midst of general correspondence and agreement. The races that peopled Greece had a longer march from the common centre, and a harder struggle after they had reached their appointed seats.

The ante-historical periods of Greece are filled with a confused and confounding mass of traditions, which historians, antiquarians, philologists, in vain attempt to separate and arrange in any coherent order or intelligible system. The unsettled state of Greece is well described by Thucydides; but his view is limited to Greece itself. The causes of the commotions within the boundaries of the country he points out in that philosophical spirit which so largely characterizes his immortal work; but he does not trace their connections with the great northern and eastern world beyond.

If we examine a map of Greece, we see that not only are the northern regions marked off into defined physical sections, framed in by crossing chains of mountains that embrace the valley-basin of the rivers; but, as we proceed southward, their

size and regularity diminish, while their general conformation continues nearly the same. These framed valleys were filled by the earliest waves of migration that poured in from the North, on their western march from the centre of Asia. The migrations coming in at different periods each pressed upon its predecessor, and each brought a condition of language and of general culture more advanced than had belonged to those who had left their primeval abodes at an earlier period. At length the country, down to its southern extremities, is filled with a population of various stocks, and as dense as its scantily unfolded resources will support. When the arts of agriculture and the forms of civil life have made some progress, the characteristics of these physically severed communities begin to display themselves. Still the crowding from the North continues, and half-formed polities are uprooted by overpowering numbers, and seek other abodes beyond the mountains or across the sea. Meanwhile Phœnician mariners come with their fleets and merchandise to trade with the tribes and nations that have so long wandered through the forests, among the mountains, or along the river-sides. The names of these tribes and their chieftains, the traditions of their sufferings and achievements, the legends of their origin from some supernatural being, are handed down or rudely recorded; but so many tales of wonder gradually weave themselves into the tissue, that it loses its reality and passes into a myth. The traditions mostly rest upon a basis of fact; but to separate fact from fiction transcends the highest powers of criticism. I shall not undertake to say whence came the elder heroes of the mythical lines, or where dwelt each particular race, whose forms, magnified by the exaggerations of tradition, figure in poetry as supernatural beings, — as demigods and gods. These races and their leaders did, however, in the course of time, and at periods of indeterminate date, settle down in these definitely marked physical regions, and did therein unfold the societies, the mythologies, and the heroic tales, which lie in the background, behind and beyond the pictures of the Iliad and Odyssey.

To this primeval period belong those gigantic Pelasgian works, which are found not only in Greece, but east and west of this classic centre, proving the existence, the activity, and the civilization of European races whose monuments were antiquities in the days of Homer. I venture — despite the uncertainty that hangs over the origin and fortunes of the Pelasgians, who have given so much trouble to historians and antiquaries — to designate by this term all those migrations, whether by sea or land, and all those elements of language, art, religion, and social life which preceded the Hellenic proper, by which I shall denote the immediate basis of Greek culture, both before the line of ascertained history commences, and through the successive ages of Grecian letters and life. By some of the Greeks, the Pelasgic element was thought radically distinct from the Hellenic, and the Pelasgic language a barbarous speech wholly distinct from any form of the Hellenic. By others, some vague notion of the real and radical identity of the two was entertained. The broader views of the moderns place this identity quite beyond a doubt. The Pelasgians of Greece and those of the farther East, I believe it must be admitted, came often into conflict and collision by sea. The coasts of Asia Minor were visited by ships long before the earliest war of Troy recorded in the Iliad; and on the shores of Greece hovered many a fleet, long before the Phœnician sailors kidnapped and carried away the daughter of the Argive king, and so, according to the tradition recorded by Herodotus, laid the foundation for those hostilities out of which sprang the Trojan war, from which afterwards followed the Persian Invasions, and later still the campaigns of Alexander.

I draw the line, then, between the Pelasgic or primitive basis, and the Hellenic or historical superstructure of Greek life, nationality, art, letters, and poetry; and I am inclined to the opinion that even in those remote and primitive times corresponding with the older dynasties of Egypt, with the establishment of the Phœnicians on the east of the Mediterranean Sea, with the primitive patriarchs of the Arabian races, with the

first monarchs and earlier arts of the Brahmins and the Chinese, there existed on the soil of Greece religious centres, hymns and songs of temple worship, and a written language.

The Hellenic stage, in its earliest form, represents the migrations that left the Asiatic homes at a more advanced period of culture, and, blending with those which had preceded them, gradually wrought out a higher intellectual life and a nobler language, and laid the foundation of that poetical literature which has filled the world with its fame. To some extent I admit that this is a matter of speculation; but the view in its broad outlines is sustained by tradition, monuments, physical geography, and local relations.

Within the Hellenic period I include the establishment of those kingdoms and royal houses whose fates and fortunes are the theme of so many later tragedies; — the Theban race of Labdacus, whose sorrows are immortalized in so many stately strains of Æschylus and Sophocles; the races of Hercules, Theseus, Eurystheus, and Panthous; the line of the Pelopidæ, and all those other mighty names which fill the legendary and heroic ages of Greece, and dimly shadow forth the actions and events that finally shaped the Hellenic character. Even in those early times we find the Hellenic genius widely differing from the Oriental types, — from the Egyptian, the Arabian, the Zend, the Hindoo. The mythologies of the East, founded on the powers of nature, but rising to forms of monstrous shape and uncouth horrors of expression, have given place to more pleasing and imaginative creations, from which the poets afterward framed their Olympian deities, and the sculptors chiselled their marble gods. The system of caste has either disappeared, or left but faint traces in the princely and priestly families which stand at the head of those ancient tribes. The Brahmin has gone, and in his place has succeeded the singer, the moral teacher, or the giver of oracles from the shrine or tripod of the God. That terrific fate which crushed to the earth Arjuna's spirit on the battle-field no longer chains the moral freedom of man, but has yielded to a power, awful

and mysterious indeed, but lying far away, — vaguely conceived, at one moment, as controlling the course of the world, at another, as separated from human affairs by the interposing power of Zeus. In earthly life the seraglio in its thousand forms, and polygamy with its attendant wrongs and horrors, have been strangely supplanted by the idea of domestic life and the single marriage tie. Are not these changes wonderful? Do they not figure to our minds a great progress in moral and intellectual culture, beyond that of all the Asiatic branches of the Indo-Germanic stock, and in some respects beyond that of the Hebrews themselves?

Such, in a few words, I conceive to have been the condition of the tribes or nations that filled the peninsula of Greece, at the period at which we must place the events, whatever they were, that laid the basis of the Trojan war, and all the legends connected with that tale of wonder.

Contemporary, or nearly so, with the epoch of the Hellenic legends, we have the mighty monarchies of Assyria and Babylon, whose early splendors still amaze the world, in their architectural and sculptural monuments; the flourishing ages of Phœnicia, who gathered the wealth of the world in her magnificent cities of Tyre and Sidon, and carried her commerce to every quarter of the then known world; Egypt already an ancient kingdom, and perhaps drawing nigh the period of her decline; the states of Italy, with their Oriental types of civilization, consolidating into permanent forms of civil and religious polity; Thrace and Scythia crowded with tribes of roaming barbarians, assailing from time to time the growing civilization of the South; Asia Minor occupied by Trojan, Phrygian, and Lydian kingdoms; and along the Indus and the Ganges, those populous and ancient monarchies, even then embellished with letters and philosophy.

This period is filled with supernatural legends and the achievements of the demigods; and here, I think, we are to place the first establishment of those religious centres whence flowed the earlier streams of Grecian song in the North, — Olym-

pus, Dodona, and Delphi, — where the magnificent hexameter was first used, having been invented by Phemonoe, the priestess. Here we must place Orpheus, who drew after him animals and trees, and softened the inexorable deities of hell by the magic of his strains; and Amphion, who turned his lyre to the more practical purpose of building cities, forcing the blocks of stone to leap to their places as he touched the strings.

Advancing one period further, we find the armaments of Greece uniting to avenge the insulted honor of a royal house. The Trojan war has been usually placed, by a kind of compromise between extreme opinions, in the twelfth century before our era. I shall not venture to say how much of historic truth may be hidden in a story which some have considered a mere poetical invention; but it seems to me quite probable, if not certain, that the germ at least of this famous transaction is one of a series of expeditions, military or migratory, which brought the tenants of the opposite shores of the Ægean Sea into contact or collision; and as genealogical registers were carefully kept throughout the Oriental world, I see not why there may not have been a foundation of truth for the fates and fortunes of the leading personages.

In the Iliad there are allusions to a former war of Troy waged by the progenitors of the race of heroes then on the stage. This intimates a series of those movements, of which the Homeric war was one. While the South of Greece was pressed by the still inflowing tide from the Northern wave, a backward movement commenced by sea, and remingled, on the western Asiatic shores, Greeks with those from whom they had long been severed, and to whom they had become as strangers. At length, as we approach the historic day, those old Hellenes break upon us in three divided yet related nationalities, the Æolians, Dorians, and Ionians. With a common Hellenic bond, they still possess their peculiar characteristics in manners, language, and religion. They have been broken up, more or less, so that this threefold division is not wholly territorial; but, to speak in general terms, the Æolians on the

mainland hold the northernmost regions, the Ionians the middle, and the Dorians the southern; and when they returned again towards the old Asiatic homestead, the islands of the Ægean and the coasts of Asia Minor presented three tiers of colonies, standing in the same local relations, — the Æolians on the north, the Ionians in the middle, and the Dorians in the south. Thus we have three subordinate types of civilization, early forming themselves in those regions where the energetic races, trained to hardihood by their long wanderings in the North, were brought face to face with the arts and luxuries of Asia. The Greek colonial migrations here briefly described, which are placed a century or a century and a half after the Trojan war, I regard as belonging to a series of movements commencing long before, and distinguished from those that preceded them only by their greater extent and importance. They, however, furnished the basis for the earlier forms of authentic Greek literature.

I shall have another occasion to speak of their characters somewhat more in detail, and of the manner in which they were remoulded, as it were, by long contact with the vices of Asiatic civilization. At present, I content myself with the remark that the Ionians and Æolians had reached a higher point in culture than the Dorians; and of these two, the Ionians surpassed the Æolians. Doubtless they all brought with them essentially the same language; but the Ionians had found the means of drawing from it richer tones than their neighbors. The earliest poetical forms, on the Grecian mainland, were doubtless the religious teachings and oracular utterances of the priestly guides; the next, the songs of bards in honor of the warlike deeds of leaders and kings. For one class, we have the authority of tradition; for the other, the luminous representations of Homer. In this way the poetical resources of the language were unfolded; groups of heroic characters were gradually formed; and a body of poetical literature, like the popular ballads of Scotland, England, Germany, Modern Greece, came into existence, and had a wide currency, pass-

ing from mouth to mouth, and held in the memory of singers and listeners from generation to generation. One thing shows conclusively that such must have been the case. I mean the state of the language as it came to the hands of the first Chian bards; and this is a point which I have never seen illustrated. Its close resemblance, even in many of its minutest peculiarities, to the Sanscrit, shows that these were not unfolded among the Ionians, but long before, at a period of time much nearer to the original separation of the races. In the colonial societies, all the traditions of former times, and all the ballads of the Grecian mainland, were fondly cherished; and in the sudden splendor to which they rose in that heaven-favored climate, those national minstrelsies served to delight the listening multitudes, at the religious or popular assemblies, in the halls of nobles and princes, and on all occasions which brought men together. Here were revived the achievements of their ancestors, in a land to them far off, — at a time when, to their vivid imaginations, the gods came down and walked with mortals. In this sketch I make no allusion to the employment of writing; not because I suppose the art to have been unknown, but because I believe that the popular minstrelsies, at this stage of their progress, took precisely the same form, in precisely the same manner, with bodies of popular minstrelsy in historical times; and that, until the permanent settlement of the Ionian colonies, the state of no Hellenic race was sufficiently stable to permit the growth of a written literature.

In Ionia, the popular enthusiasm took a poetical turn, and the genius of that richly-gifted race responded nobly to the call. The poets — singers as they were first called — found in the orally transmitted ballads the richest mines of legendary lore, which they wrought into new forms of rhythmical beauty and poetical splendor. Instead of short ballads, pieces of greater length, with more fully developed characters and more of dramatic action, were required by a beauty-loving and pleasure-seeking race. The leisure of peace and the demands of refined luxury furnished the occasion and the impelling motive to this

more extended species of epic song. It was the rhythmical recital of these κλέα ἀνδρῶν — Lays of Men — and of hymns to the gods, performed in choral dances near the altars and shrines, at the panegyrical gatherings, which was to them theatre, opera, concert, sacred and secular.

Thus the Grecian epic was a species of story-telling, nearly as abundant as the modern novel, for the entertainment of assemblies of men, on festive occasions, in princely halls, at Amphictyonic gatherings, or at religious solemnities. It was delivered in a kind of musical *recitative*, with a slight accompaniment of the phorminx, like the minstrelsy of the Minnesingers and Troubadours, who sang to the cithern in the baronial castles of the Middle Ages.

This is the first, most racy, most original epic poetry. Its proper objects of comparison are the ballads of England, Spain, and Germany; one step farther in advance, the noble epic fragment in the old Spanish, called the Poem of the Cid; and in a more fully unfolded form of the epic spirit, — though encompassed with clouds and mist, and thus widely distinguished from the sunbright clearness of the Ionian epic, — the German lay of the Nibelungen. The elaborate works — called epic poems — of Dante, Milton, Tasso, Klopstock, great as they are, are not in this sense epic. They are the reflective products of strongly moved, impassioned natures, enriched with genius, creative power, and all human learning, working upon materials gathered from a thousand quarters besides the lore of popular tradition, — not upon ideas that touch the chords of instant national sympathy and the common heart. They are works written to be read, not created to be heard. They do not connect themselves closely with an unbroken series of minor minstrelsies, which they take up into themselves and transfigure by combining them into works of larger grasp, nobler plan, more skilful execution, — the bright consummate flower of the human mind in this particular field of its activity. It is not every nation that passes, in its epic stage, to the highest organic growth. To two languages only

has it been given to become vehicles of the true and national epic, — the Sanscrit and the Greek. To one alone has it been given to unfold the epic, in the highest perfection of taste, as well as the fullest and the deepest inspiration and the most refined execution; and that language is the Greek, — those epics are the poems of Homer.

There is a stage of society in which the influences are most favorable for poetical composition. It is when a race of men, following the instincts of civilization, have reached a state of social refinement, and have not yet become corrupted by luxury. It is at the stage of progress next following great struggles in the formation or preservation of the state. It is when the powers of intellect are keenly alive to the observation of human character and passion and the destinies of men, and before philosophers have arisen to take this lore out of its vital connection, and mould it into artifical systems of metaphysics. At this stage of culture, language has ceased to be rude and meagre, but is still marked by its primitive and picturesque significancy; for the numerous secondary meanings, which multiplied social relations and scientific abstractions in the course of time impart to words, have not yet confused or effaced the images which they at first presented. The works of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Massinger have a truth to nature, a clearness and graphic power, a directness, force, and freshness, more like the Homeric Greek than any other phase of our ever-enriching language. The Ionian, remoulded from the Asiatic forms and elements which had travelled through the North and recrossed the Ægean Sea, under the happy influences of a serene and beautiful heaven, amidst the most varied and lovely scenery in nature, by a people of manly vigor and exquisite mental and physical organization, of the keenest susceptibility to beauty of sound as well as of form, of the most vivid and creative imagination, combined with a child-like impulsiveness and simplicity, — this Ionian language, so sprung and so nurtured, had attained a descriptive force, a copiousness and harmony, which made it the most admirable instrument on

which poet ever played. For every mood of mind, every shade of passion, every affection of the heart, every form and aspect of the outward world, it had its graphic phrase, its clear, appropriate, and rich expression. Its pictured words and sentences placed the things described and thoughts that breathe, in living form, before the reader's eye and mind. It was vivid, rich, melodious; in its general character, strikingly concrete and objective; a charm to the ear, a delight to the imagination; copious and infinitely flexible; free and graceful in movement and structure, having at the beginning passed over the chords of the lyre, and been modulated by the living voice of the singer; obeying the impulse of thought and feeling, rather than the formal principles of grammar. It expressed the passions of robust manhood with artless and unconscious truth. Its freedom, its voluble minuteness of delineation, its rapid changes of construction, its breaks, pauses, significant and sudden transitions, its easy irregularities, exhibit the intellectual play of national youth, while in boldness and splendor it meets the demands of the highest invention and the most majestic sweep of the imagination, and bears the impress of genius in the full strength of its maturity. Frederic Jacobs says, fancifully, yet truly, that "the language of Ionia resembles the smooth mirror of a broad and silent lake, from whose depth a serene sky, with its soft and sunny vault, and the varied nature along its smiling shores, are reflected in transfigured beauty." In Ionia, to borrow the expressions of the same eloquent writer, the mind of man "enjoyed a life exempt from drudgery, among fair festivals and solemn assemblies, full of sensibility and frolic joy, innocent curiosity and childlike faith. Surrendered to the outer world, and inclined to all that was attractive by novelty, beauty, and greatness, it was here that the people listened, with greatest eagerness, to the history of the men and heroes, whose deeds, adventures, and wanderings filled a former age with their renown, and, when they were echoed in song, moved to ecstasy the breasts of the hearers."

At this age — about 1000 B. C. — and in this realm of the

lovely Ægean islands and the Asiatic shores, epic poetry passed from the ballad form to the completeness of the art in the Iliad and Odyssey. These two immortal poems, which embody the entire poetic life of the age, have come down to us with the accumulated admiration of all the intervening centuries. Antiquity paid divine honors to the name of Homer, and seven rival cities contended for the glory of having given him birth. Artists embodied in marble their conception of the features of that marvellously gifted man; and some of these noble portraits, worthily representing the blind old singer of Chios, have come down to our day. Whether there is anything of historical truth in them we cannot say. From these poems the ablest critics inferred the laws and cited the normal examples of poetical composition. The cities of Greece had their copies, under the authority of the state, which the treasures of kings could not buy. The greatest poets of succeeding times were proud to confess that they drank in their inspiration from the inexhaustible Homeric fountain. The most magnificent festivals of the most refined city in the world were graced by the public delivery, with suitable pomp of accompaniment, of these already ancient works. The most advanced minds acknowledged their fealty to the old master, by giving their best energies to the correction and preservation of his text.

Yet modern criticism has ventured to set aside all these unquestionable facts, and a famous theory of the origin and character of these poems, previously suggested in some of its outlines as by Battista Vico, but unfolded with marvellous learning and power by Wolf, the greatest of modern scholars, had for a time wide currency. It would be tedious to enter largely into this discussion now; but some of its leading features belong to my subject, and I will briefly state them. Certain Greek critics of later times expressed a doubt whether the Iliad and Odyssey were the works of the same author; but the overpowering weight of the best opinion was on the side of unity of origin. Again, there were traditions that, when these poems first became known to the continental Greeks, they

existed in a broken state, and were collected and rearranged, once by Lycurgus at Sparta and afterwards by Peisistratus at Athens. Another tradition was, that they were preserved in the memory of the rhapsodists, and not reduced to writing until a later period.

The basis of fact on which all these traditions rest has been immensely enlarged by modern scholars. Even Frederic Jacobs, led away by the Wolfian theory, says, in his eloquent manner: "Writing conquers speaking, and kills it dead. The lyre is silenced, and lives only as a figure of speech in written odes; song dies in the musical sign; and the written precept soars proud and cold over the surrounding scene, away to a remote and wide-extended world, and often beyond the present, directly to coming generations. . . . . Almost five centuries had gone, before the poems of Homer were imprisoned in written characters; and even then, mindful of their original destination, they flowed more sweetly from the tongue to the ear." The theory has been carried out to the extent, first, of denying the personal existence of Homer, and resolving his name into an etymology. Next, the Iliad and Odyssey are not whole works of Homer, or of any one else, but disconnected compositions, happening to be on such subjects that they were capable of being strung together, in something like connection. And finally, it is alleged that the art of writing was not known at all in Greece and Ionia in that age, or, if known, that the materials were so scarce, cumbrous, and costly that the art was unavailable for literary purposes, and employed, if employed at all, only for public inscriptions on wood and stone. Moreover, the possibility of keeping so large a mass of poetical composition in the memory alone is supposed to be proved by certain well-authenticated marvellous feats of that faculty. This view is supported by the non-existence of contemporary inscriptions or other documents, which might and would have proved the use of the art, had it been used in the age which is supposed to have produced the Homeric poems. The same view is supposed to be further sustained by

internal evidence, — by a want of coherent relation between the parts, by inequalities of style, by discrepancies in the descriptions of manners, by contradictions, and by numerous other minute indications, which the sagacity of criticism has traced out. This brief statement contains the substance of the Homeric question, as it has been handled by various writers. I do not wish to take up the subordinate distinctions it has assumed with particular schools of critics; as to whether, for instance, the Iliad was wrought out in this way, and the Odyssey was the work of one author of a much later date; and whether the Iliad is a series of disconnected rhapsodies, or a mass of accretions formed upon an epic nucleus, — the Achilleis, — until it reached its present extent. To consider all these aspects of the question would lead me into a labyrinth of discussion too intricate for this occasion.

To these arguments I answer: — 1. No person in the exercise of common sense would ever suspect, while reading the Iliad or Odyssey, a want of unity, completeness, or coherence. This is substantially admitted by Wolf himself, who eloquently describes the charm by which the continuity of interest hurried him along, whenever he gave up his critical questioning, and surrendered himself to the spirit of the poetry.

2. Contradictions, inequalities, and incoherences to an equal extent may be found, and have been found, in the best authors, and therefore prove nothing, or too much. The critical dogma, as stated by Hermann, is, "that no two passages of the same work, contradictory to or irreconcilable with each other, can be by one and the same author." Applying this to the Æneid of Virgil, there would be at least nine authors; about as many to Milton's Paradise Lost; more than a hundred to Don Quixote; and three or four to each of Walter Scott's novels. In "The Antiquary," the scene is laid on the eastern coast of Scotland; but in the adventure of the storm the sun sets on the sea. Either, therefore, the sun must set in the east in Sir Walter's astronomy, or this chapter is by a different hand.

3. Internal evidence of ungenuineness or genuineness, founded

on mere style, is the most deceptive in its nature, and the least to be relied upon, of every species of literary proof. It is not many years since a poetical work of high merit, "The New Timon," was published anonymously in London; and though written by an author whose style is very peculiar, its authorship long remained a secret, while internal evidence caused it to be ascribed to many writers widely different from one another. Here criticism was called upon to decide a question of authorship, in the mother tongue, in our own day, in a city where the writer was living among his literary compeers; and criticism, with the strongest possible internal evidence, failed to solve the problem. It is needless to remark, how much less tangible the problem becomes, when the question is transferred to an ancient language, a distant country, and a remote age.

4. The non-existence of documents proves only their present non-existence. The objection is, moreover, too absolutely stated. The poets of the seventh and eighth century B. C., allude to Homer and to writing. Pausanias describes an heirloom in the royal family of Corinth, — the chest of Cypselus, inscribed with hexameters and pentameters, *which he copies*, and which belong to a period as early as the eighth century B. C., and most probably considerably earlier; and there is now in existence a metallic plate, containing the Eleian treaty, a document belonging to the seventh century B. C. These facts not only show the use of writing in the time of their respective dates, but exhibit it as a long-practised and well-understood art, with a completed alphabetic character. But without these evidences, the facts I have given in a former lecture to illustrate the origin and progress of alphabetic writing in the East demonstrate that the Greeks of Ionia were in constant intercourse with nations, one of which certainly had completed the invention, and had an abundance of cheap and convenient materials, at least fifteen centuries before Homer was born, supposing him to have been born at all. If the Ionians were not sufficiently advanced in mechanic art to manufacture the materials and instruments for themselves, their relations

with Phœnicia and Egypt were sufficiently intimate to furnish them in commercial exchange. No one can believe for a moment that so intellectual a race as the Asiatic Greeks — a race capable of carrying the epic art to its highest perfection — would not have instantly adopted alphabetic writing from their neighbors, even if they had not, as I believe they had, already brought it with them from the Grecian mainland.

There is one kind of internal evidence, however, which has the greatest weight, and that is the unity of spirit and character; and this evidence exists in the highest degree in the Homeric poems: — first, in the broader sense of the term, when we look at the poems as a whole; and, secondly, when we examine the details, especially in the characters of the heroes who carry forward the action in the Iliad and Odyssey. The first species of unity is less conclusive than the second; for there is in every literary age a pervading spirit that marks all its literary productions; and it may be said, as it has been said, that this proves only that the Homeric poems belong to the same epoch, which after all may extend through several centuries. The other species cannot be set aside by this consideration. True, we may suppose that the subject of the Trojan war had been already handled by the ballad-singers, in the age immediately following that series of events, and in hexameter verse. We must suppose, too, that the names and exploits of the heroes had already been made familiar so far as the Grecian name extended. Characters, even, had by degrees assumed their legendary types, — like the Cid, in the ballads of Spain, — like Arthur and the knights of the Round Table, — like Charlemagne and his peers, — like Hagen, Gunther, and Siegfried in the mediæval poetry of Germany. But it is not in the nature of ballad poetry to develop characters with minute and careful study of the nicer shades. A few broad outlines present these creations of the popular fancy to the mind; but to work them out into finished details, as the sculptor chips his marble into the exquisite forms of a Venus or Apollo, is a work of trained poetic art under the guidance of principles which

have resulted from long study and mature experience. Thus Homer used the materials accumulated by his ruder predecessors. Thus Shakespeare, working in a kindred spirit, breathed his own immortality into traditions and characters whose outlines had been traced by the feeble hands of those who had gone before him.

A great poet is a rare bird. Whoever composed the Iliad and Odyssey shared in the richest gifts of knowledge and genius that have ever been showered upon mortal man. If one author gave them being, remarkable as is the fact, it is not without example elsewhere; if many authors combined, having in equal measure the poetical power, the combination were marvellous, unexampled, and incredible; but when we add to this the other necessary statement, that they not only had equal shares of the poetical gift, but worked in precisely the same spirit, — conceived not only the leading characters, but a vast number of subordinate ones, in precisely the same way, and marked their appearance, their actions, their speech, by precisely the same traits and turns of expression, so that each and all should on each and every occasion conduct themselves consistently, express themselves consistently, and give not only to the modern reader, but, so far as we know, to those who lived nearest the times of their composition, a deep impression of their unity, — to believe that these results should have been accomplished by a succession of poets of the highest order of genius, requires a degree of credulity on the part of the sceptical critics quite beyond my feeble power of comprehension.

Again, ballad-poetry may be transmitted by memory, and may be composed without the artificial aid of writing. Any kind of poetry may be learned by heart, to any extent, as we see by the example of players. But inventing ballads, with their simplicity of incident, is quite a different thing from composing long and comprehensive epic narratives, with the great variety of characters, so nicely discriminated, so carefully finished, so consistently sustained, as those of the Iliad and Odyssey. Moreover, preserving in the memory a vast mass of compositions,

laboriously committed to its charge, but from another source, is one thing; and carrying forward in the memory a splendid array of events and characters of one's own invention, keeping all the parts forever present to the mind, — incidents, personages, phrases, modes of action, places, previous history, surrounding scenery, — so that all shall cohere in one grand and brilliant picture, shall be so created by one surpassing genius, and by him transmitted through successive generations of rhapsodists, — to do all this is quite another. The former is possible, and has been done. The latter we do not know to have been done, and we believe it to be quite impossible.

The fundamental errors of the whole theory are these: — 1. The opinion that the art of writing, for literary purposes, was introduced among the Greeks at too late a period for the author or authors of the Homeric poems to have employed it. 2. The confounding of two widely differing stages of poetical development, — the ballad and the epic; the supposing that the Greeks failed to take the last step which led to the completion of the epic art, and the production of its highest models; the presenting of a very mutilated picture of a progress, perfectly natural and organic; the believing that the earliest steps were taken in this magnificent art, though not a single fragment of document remains to testify to the facts; and the disbelieving in the last, though its two immortal monuments — the Iliad and the Odyssey, more durable than the Pyramids of Egypt, more stable than the Alps and the Himalayas — stand there as fresh, as beautiful, as full of the glorious youth of the Hellenic genius, as when they were first built up in their fair proportions by the plastic hand of their creator. I believe, therefore, that the Wolfian theory has not an inch of ground to rest upon. I believe that the greatest of poets save one had a personal existence; that his name is not an etymology, and his being not an agglutination of fifty or a hundred ballad-mongers; that he who knew everything else known in his age knew his A B C, and how to write; and finally, that he, the man Homeros, did actually compose and write down his own poetical works.

LECTURE VI.

HOMER AND THE ILIAD.

We have followed the Hellenic races to their earliest settlements in Greece. We have seen the blending of migrations across the sea with the great tide by land. We have witnessed the conflicts between the opposite shores of the Ægean, after the vicissitudes of national childhood had passed, and neighboring monarchies, combining at times into extensive confederacies, had been established. We have gone with them to the Trojan War, — the ten long years of that distant strife. We have traced their changing fortunes, in the Æolian, Ionian, and Dorian re-migrations, a century or two later, to the Asiatic coast; the returning wave breaking again upon the primeval land. With them they carried that warlike minstrelsy, which had clung to their religious hymns from the mysterious oracular centres in the North.

The Ionians had from the beginning a superior natural endowment for literature and art; and when this most gifted race came into contact with the antique culture and boundless commercial wealth of Asia and Africa, the loveliest and most fragrant flowers of the intellect shot forth in every direction. They carried with them the traditions of their race and the war-songs of their bards, from the Grecian mainland to the very scenes where the famous deeds of their forefathers had been performed, — a neighborhood crowded with the traditions of the hardly less famous foes of their ancestry. These local circumstances awakened a fresh interest in the old legends, and epic poetry took a new start, a bolder character, a loftier sweep, a wider range. A general expansion of the intellectual powers

and the poetical spirit suddenly took place in the midst of the new prosperity and the unaccustomed luxuries of the East,—in the midst of the gay and festive life which succeeded the ages of wandering, toil, hardship, and conflict, like the Sabbath repose following the weary warfare of the week. The loveliness of nature on the Ionian shores and in the isles that crown the Ægean deep was soon embellished by the genius of Art. Stately processions; hymns chanted in honor of the gods; graceful dances before the altars, statues, and shrines; assemblies for festal or solemn purposes, in the open air under the soft sky of Ionia, or within the halls of princes and nobles, — these fill up the moments of the new and dazzling existence which the excitable Hellenic race are invited, here and now, to enjoy. Their first and deepest want — that which, in the foregoing periods of their existence, had been the first supplied — was the longing of the heart, the demand of the imagination, for poetry and song; and it would have been surprising if the bright genius of Ionia, under all these favoring circumstances, had not broken upon the world with a splendor which outshone all its former achievements. Poets sprang up, obedient to the call; and a new school of poetical composition rapidly developed itself, embodying the Hellenic traditions of the Trojan story, and the legends handed down from the Trojans themselves. Troops or companies of these poets, singers, ἀοιδοί as they were called, were formed, and their pieces were the delight of the listening multitudes that thronged around them. At last, among these minstrels who consecrated the flower of their lives to the service of the Muses, appeared a man whose genius was to eclipse them all. This man was Homer.

Who, what, when, and where was Homer? Several lives of the poet have come down to us; none of any critical value. They prove, however, amidst their mass of fabulous stories, the constant belief of the ancient world that he was an Asiatic Greek; and the tone and coloring of the Homeric poetry establish this fact beyond all rational question. I will not enter upon the details, — they are of no worth, except to the classi-

cal scholar. Thus much is certain, that the minstrel school of Chios was the most distinguished in that poetical age. On this fair island, probably, Homer was born; or if not, it was doubtless the place of his early resort and the favorite scene of his studies. Here, certainly, he lived a part of his life; and the name of Chios is forever linked with his fame. The traditions of Homer, the blind old beggar-bard, are the creations of later times, partly founded on the description of Demodocus in the Odyssey.

If we draw our conception of him from his poems, — and they are all we have of him beyond the two facts of his Ionian birth and his poetical profession, — we shall picture to ourselves the man and poet Homer in quite a different light from that of tradition. We may be sure that he was born in a condition of life which surrounded his childhood with favoring influences. We may be sure that he had the most exquisite organization ever bestowed on the finely organized Hellenic race; that the blood ran full, and free, and strong through his veins; that his eye was so keen and bright that no object, great or small, escaped its vigilant and roving glance; that his ear was attuned to all the melodies of nature and the harmonies of art; that his sensitive nerves vibrated to every breath of heaven, and every impulse of the spirit within; that his busy fancy was forever moulding and recombining what his eye had seen, his ear had heard, his heart had felt. We may be sure that he, an inspired boy, had listened with inexpressible delight to the songs of the bards, reciting the achievements of another age; that he had wonderingly and reverently gazed upon the stately processions, and listened to the solemn prayers of the priests, as the blessing of his country's gods was invoked. And when the restless period of youth arrived, we may well believe that he embarked with the Phœnician seamen, and visited the cities of the elder monarchies of Asia and Africa; that he floated on the bosom of the sacred Nile, and saw the royal Pyramids along its margin, and looked upon the sublime and awful temples of hundred-gated Thebes; that his watchful eye traced the hiero-

glyphs, the sculptures, the paintings of ancient kings; that he lingered with throbbing heart and fiery enthusiasm upon those battle-pieces which to this day record, on imperishable structures, the wars and conquests of Egypt's elder monarchs, — of Sesostris and Rameses the Great. We may be sure that every path upon the coasts of Asia Minor was familiar to his footsteps; that he had pressed the soil of every country in Greece, and knew by heart every famous city; that the field of war had witnessed his presence, as well as the quiet scenes of peace; that wherever he wandered, nothing in nature or the life of man passed unseen or escaped unremembered. At sea he knew every rope in the ship, — we read it in all his descriptions now, — and surpassed the sailors in nautical lore. Of every weapon of attack and defence his hand was master, and he knew from personal experience what there is of good and what of evil in the spirit of Ares. He had listened, through the watches of many a night, to the long stories — the Phœnician *yarns* — of those primeval tars; and their tales of wonder he had laid up in a memory the most fast-holding and capacious, to be afterward used for purposes he but little dreamed of.

And then — the frenzy of youthful adventure once appeased, his knowledge embracing all that was known in his age — the image of the beautiful Ionia once more arose to his vision, and a home-longing, like that of Odysseus, sitting on the rocky shore of Calypso's isle, yearning for Ithaca, the dwelling of his wife and son, compelled him to return. Again he listens to the lays of the bards, and his soul is stirred within him. No doubt his thoughts have, before this, voluntarily moved harmonious numbers, and found fit utterance in verse. The inspiration of the Muse has stolen upon him under the walls of Thebes, in the shadow of the Pyramids, on the bosom of the roaring sea, on the storm-lashed shore, under the blaze of day, in the crowds of men, in the deep silence of the starry night, at the rising of the sun, at the setting of the Pleiades. His genius has been long training itself, instinctively, if not consciously, for his fore-appointed but as yet unknown task.

He has searched the coffers of his native Ionian tongue round and round for the ample phrase and resounding line, into which his fervid spirit may freely pour the burning stream of its thought. The lesson has been practised in silent meditation or in rapt soliloquy; but he has never tasked his powers nor tried his skill in an assembly of men. As he listens to the favored minstrels, he feels that they have not yet touched the deepest chord. Be sure there is that in the appearance of the young man which excites interest and commands attention; — a mingled gentleness and power in the soul-speaking face; an expression, glancing and shifting with every emotion; a sweet modesty, like that of Shakespeare; and an inborn nobleness of manner, which, without arrogance, asserts itself in every presence.

At length, on some festal day, he comes forward and takes his place among the rival minstrels. He touches on the *phorminx* a few preluding notes, and sings a lay. And what is it? He is still in the bloom of early youth and the fire of manly passion. Of what, then, shall he sing, but the wrath of Achilles, — the boy-hero of the Trojan tale? A sudden sense that no common hand is upon the lyre hushes the tumultuous crowd to a stillness broken only by the rich and powerful voice of the new minstrel, as he invokes the Muse, *Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεά*. The strain rises and swells upon the ear, and the marvellous hexameters possess the souls and entrance the sense of the hearers. The story of the chieftain's quarrel is soon told, — too soon the rhapsody ends; while each of that mighty throng is bending forward, unconscious where he is, "for the godlike voice is still pouring around him." A moment more, and loud and prolonged applause, like the roaring of the waves upon the Hellespontine shore, goes up to the concave heaven. Prince and people, priest and worshipper, men and women, feel that here is one mightier than they. Musicians and minstrels now must own their master. Here is the great creative intellect, the wisest man, of his age. Henceforth, there is no doubt in Ionia, soon there is no doubt in the Grecian mainland, who is the light

and glory of the world. Wherever he goes, honor, obeisance, and popular enthusiasm wait upon his steps. The business of his life is made clear to him. Year follows year, and the circle of his fame enlarges. By degrees, in the course of his poetical task, scene after scene evolves itself, until the whole magnificent Iliad stands before him.

The outline of the tale — the characters and the incidents of the war of Troy — had been sung by other bards of lesser gifts; but he sees their larger poetical capability, and seizes, by the right of the strongest, the rich material out of which a new poetical creation shall arise. Story, character, and incident have already taken hold of the popular imagination; the issues of the great contest between Priam and his mighty pair of antagonists have sunk deep into the popular heart; but the picture kindles into new life beneath his glowing pencil. The actors in the Ilian tragedy come again upon the stage at his bidding, each with all the attributes of fine poetic individuality. And now, in conducting the fable through its varied and contrasted scenes, by land and by sea, his manifold experience and abundant wealth of knowledge crowd the song, and gather into it the whole world of action and art, thought and passion. Midway in the poet's life the creation of the Iliad — the organic growth of long and studious, but practical years — has reached its natural termination, has expanded to its completed form, has received from the fusing and ordaining and overmastering genius its unity of spirit, of continuous and uninterrupted development.

In this wonderful work, to use the comparison of Longinus, Homer is the sun at his meridian height. In the practice of his noble art for so many years, he had combined the epic elements of heroic tradition which had been forming for centuries, achieving thereby a twofold result, — breathing fresh life into ancient forms, and a vital force before unknown; and bringing the several parts of the Ilian story into such intimate connection and harmony, that they no longer appeared as ballad minstrelsies, serving the poet's turn for brief rehearsals, at the

gatherings of the people, or in the halls of the princes, but embodied in one magnificent panorama, partly by direct narration, partly by allusion and recapitulation, all the essential features of the great national adventure. The time filled up by the action of the Iliad extends only to a few days, — between forty and fifty; but a knowledge of the rest is to a certain extent implied, — a knowledge, that is, of what preceded and followed it in the national traditions. This, of course, might be presumed to exist on the part of the Ionian audiences for which the poem was intended; and this again shows that the unity of the Iliad is the unity of continuous composition, and not of a previously concerted plan, — a unity springing from the ordaining action of high and thoroughly trained creative genius, and not conceived at the outset by deep premeditation.

But Homer was a singer and an actor. His profession was, not the writing and publication of poems to be circulated like the books of a library, and to be read by gentlemen and ladies, at their leisure, by the fireside and the evening lamp. He rehearsed them in person, he acted them as Shakespeare acted in his plays; for in his age the minstrel's art consisted in delivering the poetical numbers in a musical cadence, preluded and partly accompanied by notes struck upon the lyre. The poet not only practised this art himself, but trained up the actors, so that troops and schools of performers were established, like the theatrical companies of later times. Those schools, the most renowned of which was that of the Homeridæ, at Chios, were the characteristic literary feature of that age. This style of action or representation, having its origin in the old Ionian times, lasted in the hands of the rhapsodists far into the flourishing period of Attic literature.

In all this practice, the art of writing — long since brought in from Phœnicia — was doubtless employed in the preparation, teaching, and transmission of these compositions. Poet and performers had their copies, which they carried with them, as they strolled from city to city, from festival to festival, from *panegyris* to *panegyris*, just as the player now takes his Shake-

speare; but the public recitals of these poems were, like the performances of actors, from the memory alone. And in this way the Homeric poems were first diffused among all the Hellenic communities on either side the Ægean Sea.

The story of the Iliad is very simple. It begins with the quarrel of Agamemnon and Achilles about a captive girl, in the ninth year of the war. Achilles in anger withdraws from the Grecian camp. A series of battles follows, in which the Greeks, deprived of their swift-footed champion, suffer defeat and slaughter. In the mean time the secondary heroes press forward, and become the leading figures in the martial picture. In separate chants the valiant deeds of Diomedes, Ajax, Menelaus, Agamemnon, are commemorated. But the Trojans, led on by the crested Hector, drive the Greeks down to the very ramparts of the ships. One by one the heroes are wounded and disabled, and the prospect of disastrous overthrow stares the army in the face. Agamemnon, at length, convinced of his fatal error, and anxious to recall the angry hero, sends an embassy with the offer of ample reparation. The proposal is haughtily rejected. The war again proceeds, with varying fortune. The Greeks are driven within their walls, and the Trojans, led on by Hector, threaten to fire the ships. The battle wavers; Hector is wounded, and the Trojans are driven back. Achilles at length consents that Patroclus, his brother-in-arms, shall put on his armor, and go forth to battle. The appearance of this champion, clad in the complete steel of the son of Thetis, at first strikes terror into the hosts of Troy, and gives heart to the Argives. But he is slain and spoiled of his arms by Hector, and fierce combats for the possession of the dead body follow. The Greeks prevail, and bear the slain hero back to the camp. Achilles, overwhelmed with sorrow, abandons himself to unrestrained lamentation. This calls his mother, Thetis, up from the sea. She finds him prostrate with grief, yet eager to exact a bloody vengeance from Hector and the Trojans; but Hector has the armor. She goes to the smithy of Hephaistos, who readily forges a new shield of divine workmanship, a breast-

plate brighter than the blaze of fire, a strong-wrought helmet with a golden crest, and metal greaves. Achilles receives the arms, becomes reconciled with Agamemnon, who sends him precious gifts, and restores the captive Briseis. After lamenting over the dead Patroclus, he mounts the car and rushes to the field, careless of life, and longing only for vengeance. And now the war comes to its terrible turning-point. The Trojan and Grecian champions are arrayed in deadly strife, and the divided deities share, according to their several likings, in the battle. As the action approaches a close, the description rises in grandeur. At length both armies are withdrawn from the field, and Achilles and Hector alone remain. A single combat follows, and Hector falls. Achilles insults the body of his foe, lashes him to his car, and drags him down to his tent, in the sight of Priam and the Trojans, who gaze heart-stricken from the walls upon the dreadful spectacle. The Greeks returning to the camp, funeral games are performed in honor of Patroclus, and twelve Trojan youths are slaughtered to appease his shade. Thus twelve days are consumed. Priam resolves to visit the hostile camp, and to implore of Achilles the restoration of his dead son. An auspicious omen inspires him with hope. He departs, taking with him costly gifts, by which he thinks to appease his vindictive enemy. He is met by Hermes, in the form of a young man, who guides him to the tent of Achilles. The Grecian hero, astonished at his sudden appearance, gives him a hospitable reception, and, overcome by pity for his unequalled woes, consents to surrender the body of Hector. It is borne back to the city; the inhabitants receive it with loud lamentations; funeral rites are performed; and so the poem closes.

Now, from this slight sketch, it must be evident that one spirit, one mind, runs through the whole; that in this sense it has unity and completeness; that the central figure is Achilles, and that every important turn in the fortunes of the war depends upon his presence or absence. On the other hand, the preceding events — the mustering of the hosts of Greece,

the voyage, the landing, the battles of the first eight years, the struggle that followed the death of Hector, the taking of Troy, and the departure of the victorious fleet — are dealt with only by implication and allusion; and it is a very remarkable fact, that precisely these omitted portions of the Trojan story were taken up by the poets that immediately followed the Homeric age, who thus confessed that Homer had made whatever his hand had touched his own forever.

Homer's mode of dealing with the divine agencies in his works was objected to as irreverent by some of the more serious among the ancients. This objection can have no weight now, whatever it might have had in the time of Plato. To us the gods are like the fairies of modern poetry; and considering the manner in which the heroic conceptions of supernatural beings were formed, from the personified phenomena of nature and passions of man, the management of this machinery is highly felicitous. They have their favorite heroes, by whose side they stand in battle, and from whom they avert the arrow eager to taste of human flesh. With their shields they interpose to protect them from the edge of the sword, or snatch them, shrouded in a dark cloud, from defeat. Nay, the gods themselves are driven in dishonor from the field, gashed with wounds, and covered with blood. Ares gets a thrust that makes him outroar nine thousand troopers. Aphrodite is wounded by Diomedes, and flies to her mother's arms to be protected and cured. Even the fierce quarrels that disturb the festivities and vex the domestic circle of Olympus, the sarcasms of Zeus, and the downright scolding of Hera, are not unnatural, if we bear in mind that, according to the early conception of the Greeks, the divine life, morals, and manners were only human life, morals, and manners carried out upon a grander scale.

I have already alluded to the clearness and consistency with which the characters in the Iliad are managed, — not merely the leading, but the subordinate persons. But Homer rarely describes his characters, as a second-rate poet would have been

likely to do. The dramatic element enters largely into the whole texture of his works; it is action that brings his heroes out, and gives them such poetical life. And this makes it necessary to follow them through all the scenes in which they appear, as we would study the characters of living men by watching them under every variety of circumstance. Achilles, in the rudely outlined figures of the ballad-makers who preceded Homer, was a fierce, vindictive, overbearing, intolerable bully; but when Homer took him in hand, though he preserved, while softening them, all the essential points of the popular tradition, he civilized him by adding others which are unfolded in the progress of the action, beautifully rounding and completing the character; so that the Homeric Achilles is the type of youthful bravery, — his fierce passion and lust of revenge counterbalanced by the deepest sensibility to friendship, and a generous readiness to yield to the impulses of pity. A similar analysis, with the same result, might be made of each of the other important characters; and we should find that they are so naturally developed, that, while different scenes bring out different qualities, these qualities harmonize together, and serve to finish off the Homeric conception of the persons.

Again, the Trojan characters are discriminated with equal fineness of art, and admirably contrasted, as Oriental and Asiatic, with the Greek. Homer deals with both sides impartially, while, however, he remains faithful to the ethical views of his Hellenic origin. Troy is a rich, sensual, extravagant Asiatic city. Priam is the Sultan, — his palace containing his harem and the apartments of his numerous sons and daughters. Paris is a handsome young voluptuary, — half pirate, half dandy, not destitute of courage when driven to the wall, but showy and profligate, liking better to polish his arms than to use them. His original crime of violating the sacred rites of hospitality has brought the impending doom over the royal city; and this is hastened on by the treachery, falsehood, and sensuality by which he shows his haughty disregard of justice, and his scorn of the avenging Nemesis. But

here the poet has relieved the general darkness of the picture by the exquisite beauty of the half-repenting Helen, the patriotic deeds, words, and character of Hector, and the unrivalled pathos of the parting scene between him and Andromache. With such refined art has this great poet managed the various scenes of his story, and the play of contrasts between man and man, between nation and nation.

We have seen with what clearness of poetic life the human characters are drawn by Homer. Humanity is the proper quality by which, like the great creations of Shakespeare, they rouse a fellow-feeling in all men of all ages. They are not mere embodiments of peculiarities and humors, such as artificial society often unfolds; but they are flesh-and-blood men, whose physical life is full of energy and fire, and whose passions are not schooled to uniformity by the laws and insincerities of fashion. They think fearlessly, and speak plainly, calling a spade a spade. If they get angry, out it comes, sometimes rudely enough, with no mincing of phrase, and no Pickwickian or Congressional explanations afterwards. If they are hungry, they eat with no fastidious selection of delicate morsels, but like hearty men, earnestly bent on doing the work conscientiously. At table respect is shown to superior rank or bravery, not merely by helping it first, but by giving it twice or three times as much. Thus Agamemnon honored Ajax with a whole sirloin of roast beef after his fight with Hector, while the other guests were helped to not more than five or six pounds apiece. When they were thirsty they drank, not water alone; for the water of the Hellespont was not good, and tea and coffee and lemonade were as yet unknown. "Set forth a bigger mixer," says Achilles to Patroclus, when Agamemnon's ambassadors visit his tent; "draw it stronger, and hand each man a beaker, for much-beloved men are beneath my roof." Homer was not only a poet, but a practical man; and, in all the operations before Troy, he kept an eye upon the commissariat. Some think that cooking, eating, and drinking are vulgar, and quite beneath the notice of the Muse; and the

consequence is, that in poems and other literary works the heroes and heroines are often carelessly placed in positions, for weeks together, where they could not possibly get a morsel to stay the hungry edge of appetite, or a drop of water or anything else to quench their thirst, or a change of linen even; so that the wonder is, how they survive the hardships of the first volume. But Homer felt the great truth which he puts into the mouth of one of his heroes, that men cannot fight upon an empty stomach. That even grief grows hungry, Achilles proves to Priam, by the example of Niobe. He took his measures accordingly. Some of the troops were employed in tilling the fields of Troy; others, in the less honest business of pillaging the neighboring towns; and a brisk trade for wine, in exchange for brass and iron, hides, cattle, and slaves, was carried on with Lemnos and other islands, — the Maine law not having yet been enacted. On one occasion, when Agamemnon had received a thousand measures,

> "All night the Greeks enjoyed the plenteous feast;
> The Trojans and their aids, in Ilion too,
> Were feasting; but throughout that gloomy night
> The sire of gods his wrathful thunders rolled, —
> Dread sign of coming woes. Pale terror shook
> The knees of all; and from their bowls they poured
> Libations large; presuming none to drink
> Before they poured to Jove omnipotent."

Another point in Homer's natural delineation is the openness and candor with which his heroes confess it, when they are afraid. Even Hector, on one occasion, after discussing the question at some length with his own magnanimous spirit, very honestly admitting that he is horribly frightened, fairly takes to his heels and runs. The point of honor, which requires a man to be afraid of seeming to be afraid of what he is afraid of, formed no part of the Homeric idea of heroism.

The style of Homer possesses the transparent clearness which is common to poets of the highest order. The same quality is found in Chaucer; it is found, embellished, perhaps, by excess

of ornament, in Spenser; it is found pre-eminently in Shakespeare; and is characteristic of the ballad-minstrelsy of all nations.

It has been alleged that the ancient poets had no genuine love of Nature. I confess I do not understand the meaning of this strange assertion. Wherever men have eyes to see, ears to hear, and hearts to feel, Nature is to them a living presence. She speaks to them in her myriad voices, and they hear. She looks upon them smilingly or sternly, and they understand the eloquence of her mute appeal. She gazes down upon them with the starry eyes of Night, and they feel a solemn calm under the august silence of her inspection. She speaks in the thunder, in the frantic ocean, and they listen with awe. The pictures of Nature are the first to stamp themselves on the memory, and the last to be blotted out. The assertion cannot be true; least of all is it true of Homer, to whom every aspect of Nature was intimate and dear. What a picture is this, to be drawn by one who had no true feeling for the beauty of Nature!

> "As when the stars of the night, encircling the moon in her brightness,
> Glitter on high, and the winds of the air have sunk into silence;
> Bright are the headland heights, and bright the peaks of the mountains,
> Bright are the vales, and, opening deep, the abysses of ether
> Sparkle with star after star, and the heart of the shepherd rejoices."

Hundreds of such passages might be selected, showing not only the truest and deepest sensibility to Nature that ever poet had, but the most brilliant power of reproducing whatever is striking in her forms.

Our language has several translations of Homer, possessing various degrees of excellence, but marred by great defects. Chapman's is quaint and vigorous, but rough. Pope's is deliciously smooth, but modern, dainty, and unfaithful to the local coloring. Cowper is truer to the word, but wanting to the spirit. Sotheby is laborious; but his management of the English couplet utterly fails to reproduce the effect of the Homeric hexameter. Mumford's blank-verse translation is unsur-

passed in passages; but he has not been able to give sufficient variety to the divisions and pauses to save it from monotony. The Germans have several times translated Homer, as they have every other classic, into the measure of the original, or, I should rather say, a measure analogous to the original; for the hexameter of the modern languages is only an accented one, while the classical measures were all constructed upon the principle of quantity, setting accent, in the Latin as well as in the Greek, wholly aside; and there is all the difference between the two methods that there is between chanting and reading.

Some of the earlier attempts at English hexameters were not quite so successful as could be desired. These lines from Stanyhurst's Virgil, published in Queen Elizabeth's time, are contained in the famous description of Ætna: —

"Neere joinctlye brayeth with rufflerie rumboled Etna.
Soomtyme owt it bolcketh, from bulck clouds grimly bedimmed
Like fyerd pitch skorching, or flash flame sulphurous heating:
Flownce to the stars towring, the fire like a peller is hurled,
Ragd rocks up raking, and out of the mounten yrented
From roote up he jogleth; stoans huge, slag molten he rowseth,
With route snort grumbling in bottom flash furie kindling."

Look on this picture; now look on this from Longfellow: —

"Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
. . . . . .
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!"

Some attempts have been made to render Homer into English hexameters, and I think with fair success. The following passage is from a specimen-version in Blackwood's Magazine.

"Sing, O Goddess, the wrath unblest of Peleian Achilleus,
Whence the uncountable woes that were heaped on the host of Achaia;
Whence many valorous spirits of heroes, untimely dissevered,
Down unto Hades were sent, and themselves to the dogs were a plunder,
And all fowls of the air; but the counsel of Zeus was accomplished;

E'en from the hour when at first were in fierceness of rivalry sundered
Atreus' son, the Commander of Men, and the noble Achilleus."

Here are two striking passages as translated in hexameters by Shadwell: —

"Burning with fury the God came down from his high habitation;
Full quiver hung by his side, and elastic bow from his shoulder;
Loud at his side was the clanking of darts, as he sped from Olympus
Swift as the Night through the sky, deep vengeance silently brooding;
Nearer arrived to the fleet, then he stayed; and the silvery bowstring
Fearfully twanged, as the shafts flew abroad, death dealing amongst them.
First on the mules and the dogs fell thickly the murderous shower;
Next on themselves the destructive darts, wide-wastefully wounding,
Light; and the funeral piles were daily and nightly rekindled.
Nine days long through the camp raged fiercely the shafts of Apollo."

"As when a sea runs high, which a westerly wind hath awakened,
Wave upon wave to the land rolls in with a boisterous uproar,
Gathering a crest on the water afar; some, noisily roaming,
Break on a deep, bold shore; some again, on a bluff-lying headland
Dashed up aloft, curl over and fling spray wildly to leeward;
So then advanced to the battle, in wave-like order, Achaia's
Host, rank following rank."

Part of the scene in the tent of Achilles is thus rendered in Blackwood: —

"All unobserved of them entered the old man stately, and forthwith
Grasped with his fingers the knees, and kissed the hands of Achilles, —
Terrible, murderous hands, by which son upon son had been slaughtered.
. . . . . .
And Achilles was dumb at the sight of majestical Priam,
He and his followers all, each gazing on other bewildered.
But he uplifted his voice in their silence, and made supplication:
'Think of thy father at home,' he began, 'O godlike Achilles!
Him, my coeval, like me within age's calamitous threshold.
Haply this day there is trouble upon him, some insolent neighbors
Round him in arms, nor a champion at hand to avert the disaster.
Yet even so there is comfort for him; for he hears of thee living.
Day unto day there is hope for his heart amid worse tribulation,
That yet again he shall see his belovéd from Troja returning.
Misery only is mine; for of all in the land of my fathers,
Bravest and best were the sons I begat, and not one is remaining.
. . . . . .

But one peerless was left, sole prop of the realm and the people,
And now at last he too, the protector of Ilion, Hector,
Dies by thy hand. For his sake have I come to the ships of Achaia,
Eager to ransom the body, with bountiful gifts of redemption.
Thou, have respect for the gods, and on me, O Peleides, have pity,
Calling thy father to mind; but more piteous is my desolation, —
Mine, who, alone of mankind, have been humbled to this of endurance, —
Pressing my mouth to the hand that is red with the blood of my children.'
Hereon Achilles, awaked to a yearning remembrance of Peleus,
Rose up, took by the hand, and removed from him gently the old man.
Sadness possessing the twain, — one, mindful of valorous Hector,
Wept with o'erflowing tears, low-laid at the feet of Achilles;
He, some time for his father, anon at the thought of Patroclus,
Wept, and aloft in the dwelling, their long lamentation ascended."

From the beautiful scene of the lamentations over the body of Hector, after the return to the city, I take the wail of Helena: —

"Hector, dearest to me above all in the house of my husband!
Husband! alas that I call him! O better that death had befallen!
Summer and winter have flown, and the twentieth year is accomplished,
Since the calamity came, and I fled from the land of my fathers;
Yet never word of complaint have I heard from thee, never of hardness;
But if another reproached, were it brother or sister of Paris,
Yea, or his mother, (for mild evermore as a father was Priam,)
Them didst thou check in their scorn, and the bitterness yielded before thee,
Touched by thy kindness of soul, and the words of thy gentle persuasion.
Therefore I weep, both for thee, and myself to all misery destined;
For there remains to me now, in the war-swept wideness of Troja,
None, either courteous or kind; but in all that behold me is horror."

The poem ends with these lines: —

"Swiftly the earth-mound rose; but on all sides watchers were planted,
Fearful of rush unawares from the well-greaved bands of Achaia.
Last, when the mound was complete, and the men had returned to the city,
All in the halls of the king were with splendid solemnity feasted.
Thus was the sepulture ordered of Hector, the Tamer of Horses."

LECTURE VII.

THE ODYSSEY. — THE BATRACHOMYOMACHIA.

Much that we have said of the Iliad is equally true of the Odyssey. So far as concerns unity of plan and of character, — especially the former, — the proofs of homogeneousness are more conclusive in the Odyssey than in the Iliad. I do not mean to assert that no changes have been made, in the course of time, in the text of both. When we consider the vicissitudes through which these works have passed, first, in the hands of the Homeridæ, the earliest actors who represented them; secondly, in the hands of the rhapsodists, or strolling singers, of a subsequent age; thirdly, in the editions or copies possessed by numerous cities for public use; fourthly, in the revisions made at Lacedæmon, at Athens, and elsewhere; fifthly, in the copies prepared under the critical supervision of the Alexandrian scholars; and, finally, in the copies made by professional transcribers from Homer's own time down to the multiplication of editions by the art of printing; — when we look at this long history, we see ground for two general views, not inconsistent, but supporting each other. First, the immediate and universal fame which placed these works at the head of their class, and caused them to be so widely diffused and so carefully preserved by public authority throughout the Grecian world, was also a guaranty for the substantial purity of the text. But, secondly, numerous verbal alterations, not materially affecting the sense, yet giving rise to various readings, could not well have been avoided, as they passed through the hands of so many copyists. Hence arose the necessity, in the age of grammar and criticism, when the elder literature of

Greece came to be the subject of scholarly study under the munificent patronage of the Ptolemies, of comparing the readings and establishing a critical text. The text which we now possess is founded upon manuscripts which are themselves derived at a longer or shorter remove from the Alexandrian copies. As these poems were originally composed to be sung or performed, rather than to be read, and as the copies were chiefly in the hands of the troops of players, it would naturally follow that the particular orthography, the division into books marked by the letters of the alphabet, and many other minute external details of the text, are the work, not of Homer, but of critics and editors since his time. With these qualifications and exceptions, I have no doubt that we have the Homeric poems as their great author sang and wrote them.

The plan of the Odyssey is more complicated than that of the Iliad, and the materials present a richer and more beautiful variety. If the Iliad, with all its simplicity, could not have resulted from the accidental coherence of different minstrelsies, bound together only by unity of subject and tradition, for much stronger reasons is it impossible to conceive, on rational grounds, that the vastly more complicated structure of the Odyssey should have been wrought out in the same manner. I believe that the view of Longinus — one of the ablest critics of antiquity — was the right one, that the Iliad was the work of the poet's fiery youth and early manhood, and the Odyssey, of his serener age, — the one the glory of the mid-day, the other that of the setting sun. The plan of the Iliad grew upon him as he proceeded with the composition of its parts; and when he had reached its completion, he paused in his creative work, and gave years, perhaps, to retouching, recombining, and harmonizing its varied elements and characters. His occupation as a professional singer, also, took him, with his great poem, from island to island, and from city to city, until the whole Hellenic world had grown familiar with every passage of the Iliad, and had stamped it upon their minds. But, after a time, the overmastering impulse to create

comes upon him again, and, his master-work already moulded and remoulded until its immortal scenes can receive no higher finish even from his plastic hand, he looks about him for some new subject. This readily suggests itself from among the innumerable legends of the return of the heroes from Troy, their detentions, sufferings, adventures by sea and land, after the great revenge has been exacted, the great trial held, the sentence passed, and judgment executed. Among the leaders, the wise Odysseus, and his long wanderings before he trod again the shore of rocky Ithaca, are among the favorite themes of the singers. His ready counsel, that fine eloquence which in the Iliad is aptly described as "falling like the snow-flakes of winter," his prompt device in every difficult emergency, and, I must add, the little scruple he had in resorting to diplomatic disguises of the truth when they served a useful purpose, made his character and fortunes a subject on which the Greek imagination always loved to linger. The adventures of Odysseus, therefore, naturally fixed the attention of the poet, and formed a centre around which the second great epic action revolved. The poet had passed the fiery years of youth; he had exhausted all the poetical resources of martial achievement, and now the calmer aspects of life rose before him with more attractive charms. It is true that even in the Iliad he had drawn occasional pictures of home and its affections, which afforded the sweetest contrast to the clang of war, and the din of embattled squadrons; but there were few bright openings in the general tumult of strife and death. The return of Odysseus reversed the picture. The war was over, and the scenes of home and the quiet of peaceful pursuits resumed their pre-eminence, and stood in the foreground of the picture of life.

Looking at the Odyssey as a work of art, it exhibits much more of careful premeditation in its general plan and outline than the Iliad; so much more, that no one can read it without feeling that here certainly is the work of one mind. All the parts so cohere together, and are so artfully arranged about a common centre of interest and action, that its accidental

growth out of an accumulation of minstrelsies from different authors and times would be little less than miraculous. The explanation of this difference between the Iliad and the Odyssey is quite natural, I might almost say inevitable. The poet had already arrived at the conception of a great epic, which should carry the ballad-composition up to the highest form, and in the years of labor spent in the gradual elaboration of the Iliad he had perfected the execution. When, therefore, the Odyssey — the return of Odysseus — first presented itself to his thoughts, it appeared to him, not as the subject of a song, not as a brief minstrelsy for the amusement of the passing hour, but in the outlines of another great epic plan, which is distinctly recognizable in the very first line. The different ways in which the poems open have never been remarked upon in relation to this view of the growth of epic poetry. They seem to me, however, highly significant and important. The Iliad begins, "Sing, O Goddess, the wrath of Achilles," — which in the first conception seems to be the only theme present at the moment to the poet's mind, although it connects itself naturally and dramatically enough with all that follows. The Odyssey begins, "Tell, O Muse, of the much experienced man, who wandered far and wide, after he had sacked the sacred town of Troy"; as if the whole world of adventures that befell the wily hero had been distinctly drawn, at the opening moment, on the imagination. In the former, the Goddess is invoked to *sing* the *wrath;* in the latter, the Muse is invoked to *tell* the *wanderings:* it being thus implied that the former was designed to be chanted, the latter to be narrated; in fine, that the Iliad began in a ballad, and ended with becoming an epic poem; while the Odyssey was an epic poem in its first conception.

The general characteristics of the Odyssey are the same with those of the Iliad, if we make allowance for the difference of subjects, and the natural changes which take place in a man's style of thinking and writing, as he passes from one period of life to another. The scene of the Iliad is laid in Asia, though descriptive passages with reference to Greece

and allusions to its local peculiarities frequently occur, all marked by such vivid truth to nature, that they have stood the test of modern scrutiny by learned travellers, and are as faithful at the present moment as they were three thousand years ago. Asiatic nature and life are represented with the most graphic fidelity. The battle of Achilles with the Rivers, suggested by the violent rushing of the spring-torrents as they came down from the neighboring mountains, and inundated the Trojan plain, resembles in its whole conception, its spirit, and its local coloring, the Descent of the Ganges. The scene of the Odyssey, on the other hand, is chiefly laid in continental Greece, and so minute and faithful are the panoramic pictures which it successively presents, that the Odyssey is said to be even now the best guide-book the traveller can take with him over those classic regions. In some respects it is a finer poem than the Iliad. There is perhaps no single portion equal to such tragic passages as the parting of Hector and Andromache, or the lament over Hector, or the supplication of Priam in the tent of Achilles. But over the whole Odyssey grace and amenity reign, shedding a poetic charm upon the commonest scenes and conditions of life. The house of the old swineherd Eumæus is delineated in the most natural manner, with all the homely circumstances around it; and yet so felicitous and tasteful, as well as true, is the Homeric management of the details, that it is transfigured into one of the most affecting conceptions in poetry.

I have already alluded to the opinion which was started by some of the ancient critics, that the Odyssey is not from the same author as the Iliad. Certainly there would be no impossibility in this, though a considerable improbability that two poets of the highest order of genius should have flourished in the same country in the same age. Nature does not bring forth her Homers, her Davids, her Dantes, her Shakespeares, in pairs. Many great poets may dwell together at the same time, but only one greatest; many great artists may be contemporaries, but only one greatest; many great orators may entrance

the listening multitudes, but only one greatest can at the same moment fulmine over Greece. The best critics of the ancient schools thought that the opinion of the *chorizontes*, or *separatists*, had here nothing to stand upon, and rather laughed at it as a piece of word-catching than respected it as the conclusion of a sound judgment. Modern criticism has, however, attempted the same process of dismemberment as with the Iliad, though the task of the carver has been found more difficult, because the plan of the Odyssey is much more complicated and artful. There are several distinct threads of adventure, all leading to the same point, the proper adjustment and right management of which required, not only more of previous reflection, but a more constant and careful arrangement in the imagination, and a more subtile power of organizing, to carry them out, and to keep them always subordinate to the general design.

The story opens with a description of Odysseus, detained on Calypso's Isle, where he has already been for seven years, the other heroes having reached their homes or perished. Now the gods resolve that he shall return to Ithaca. Athene is sent in the form of Mentes to his son Telemachus, to urge him to visit Pylos and Sparta for the purpose of gaining information concerning his long absent father. He commands the suitors, who have long been devouring his estate in revelry while awaiting the decision of Penelope, to leave the house; but they scornfully refuse. He arrives at Pylos, where he is received with hospitable entertainment by the old but still hearty Nestor. Thence, accompanied by the son of Nestor, he travels onward to Sparta, where he is recognized by Menelaus and Helen, now living amicably together, and at this moment celebrating the marriage of their children.

"From her perfumed chamber wending
Did the high-born Helen go;
Artemis she seemed descending,
Lady of the golden bow;
Then Adraste, bent on duty,
Placed for her the regal chair;

Carpet for the feet of beauty
Spread Alcippe, soft and fair.

. . . . .

Throned then, and thus attended,
Helena the king addressed:
'Menelaus, Jove-descended,
Knowest thou who is here thy guest?
Shall I tell thee, as I ponder,
What I think, or false or true,
Gazing now with eyes of wonder
On the stranger whom I view?
Shape of male or female creature
Like to bold Odysseus' son,
Young Telemachus, in feature
As this youth I seen have none.
From the boy his sire departed,
And to Ilion's coast he came,
When to valiant war he started, —
All for me, — a thing of shame!'
And Atreides spake, replying:
'Lady, so I think as thou.
Such the glance from eyeball flying;
Such his hands, his feet, his brow;
Such the locks his forehead gracing;
And I marked how, as I told
Of Odysseus' deeds retracing,
Down his cheek the tear-drop rolled.'

. . . . .

Nestor's son then answered, saying,
'What thou speakest, king, is true.
He who at the board is sitting
Is of wise Odysseus sprung.
Modest thoughts his age befitting
Hitherto have stilled his tongue.
Many a son feels sorrow try him,
While his sire is far away,
And no faithful comrade by him,
In his danger, prop or stay.
So my friend, now vainly sighing
O'er his father, absent long,
Finds no hand, on which relying,
He may meet attempted wrong.'

Kindly Menelaus spake him,
Praised his sire in grateful strain;
Told his whilom hope to take him
As a partner in his reign.
All were softened at his telling
Of the days now past and gone;
Wept Telemachus, wept Helen,
Fell the tears from Nestor's son.

. . . . .

Then to banish gloomy thinking,
Helen, on gay fancy bent,
In the wine her friends were drinking
Flung a famed medicament, —
Grief-dispelling, wrath-restraining,
Sweet oblivion of all woe;
He the bowl thus tempered draining
Ne'er might feel a tear to flow,
No, not e'en if she who bore him
And his sire in death were laid,
Were his brother slain before him,
Or his son, with gory blade.
In such drugs was Helen knowing;
Egypt had supplied her skill,
Where these potent herbs are growing,
Some for good, and some for ill."

Menelaus then relates his own wanderings, and tells all he knows of Odysseus. Meanwhile, the suitors, having learned the departure of Telemachus, lay a plot to murder him on his return. Calypso now receives from Hermes the command of the gods to let Odysseus go; and reluctantly she obeys. Odysseus builds a ship and sails away; but on the eighteenth day, in the neighborhood of Scheria, his vessel is shattered by a storm. After swimming and floating for two days, he reaches the island of the Phæacians, and, being somewhat wearied, covers himself with leaves and falls asleep. Here he is found by Nausicaa, the daughter of the Phæacian king, who with her maidens has come from the city to wash the garments of the household in the flowing stream. This gives occasion for one of the most delightful descriptions in the book. She takes

pity on the forlorn condition of the shipwrecked and naked wanderer, and gives him food and clothes; and then he follows her to the grove of Athene, whence she returns alone to the city. Concealed in a cloud he enters the town and the palace of the king, whose queen he supplicates to help him on his homeward way. He relates his departure from the Ogygian Isle. Alcinous assembles the Phæacian princes, requires them to furnish a ship for the stranger, and invites them to a banquet. There Demodocus, the bard, sings of the fall of Troy. Odysseus betrays himself by weeping.

> "So sang the rapt minstrel the blood-stirring tale;
> But the cheek of Odysseus waxed deathly and pale.
> While the song warbled on of the days that were past,
> His eyelids were wet with the tears falling fast,
> As wails the lorn bride, with her arms clasping round
> Her own beloved husband laid low on the ground.
> From the town, with the people, he sallied out brave,
> His country, his children, from insult to save.
> She sees his last gasping, life ready to part,
> And she flings herself on him, pressed close to her heart;
> Shrill she screams o'er the dying, while enemies near
> Beat her shoulders and back with the pitiless spear.
> They bear her away; as a slave she must go,
> Forever a victim of toil and of woe.
> Soon wastes her sad cheek with the traces of grief.
> Sad as hers showed the face of Ithaca's chief.
> But none saw the tear-drops which fell from his eye,
> Save the king at the board, who was seated close by."

The king, now informed who his guest is, invites him to relate his adventures after his departure from Troy. Through four books or cantos the story runs; and a more varied, graceful, and wonderful narrative poet never invented. Here, I think, the bard found space to interweave his own travels and adventures, and the seamen's stories he had picked up from the Phœnician mariners in his early youth; — the Ciconians; the Lotophagi; Æolus and his bag of wind; Læstrygonians, big as mountains, whose king ate up a Greek alive; Circe and her enchanting, bestializing cup; the gloomy, but most

striking scene with the spirits of the dead; the Sirens, and his crafty escape from their fatal charm; Scylla and Charybdis; the slaying of the oxen of the Sun, which, in the opening lines of the poem, is alluded to slightly, but with consummate art; the destruction of the ship and crew in consequence, and the escape of the hero alone to the island of Calypso, where we found him at the beginning. So far nothing can exceed the skill which the conduct of the complicated action displays.

> "Thus he spake; and they all remained in silence,
> And they were entranced by the charm through all the shady halls."

Loaded with presents, and furnished with a ship, he departs at evening from the island of the Phæacians. He is landed on the shore of Ithaca asleep. Athene appears, informs him of the absence of his son, changes his form into that of a beggar, gives him a staff, and bids him go to Eumæus the old swineherd, while she departs for Lacedæmon, to look after Telemachus. Eumæus now describes to Odysseus the insolence of the suitors, and declares his incredulity as to his master's return.

The story now turns to Sparta, where Telemachus is warned in a vision to beware of the snare set for him by the suitors, and on returning to Ithaca to visit the swineherd. He goes first to Pylos, and thence embarks for his native island, stopping, according to the direction of Athene, at the hut of Eumæus. Odysseus there makes himself known to his son, and they consult upon the means of slaying the suitors. Telemachus, the next day, enters the city, followed by Odysseus in the beggar's garb, who is met by the suitors with contumely and rude insult. The riot and insolence of the suitors increase, as if madness had seized upon them while the shadows of fate were coming down. The beggar is sent for by Penelope, who has been told that he has news of Odysseus. She explains to him the device of the Web by which the suitors have been put off. The old house-nurse recognizes him, while washing his feet at night, by the scar of a wound he had re-

ceived in hunting. A trial of archery is planned for the next day, on which the feast of Apollo is to be celebrated, and the winner is to claim the lady's hand. Odysseus retires to a rude couch in the outer court, like the beggar that he appears. In the restless wakefulness of the night, he hears the mirth and laughter of the faithless women of his household, who share in the debaucheries of the suitors.

> "As growls the mastiff standing on the start
> For battle, if a stranger's foot approach
> Her cubs new-whelped, so growled Ulysses' heart,
> While wonder filled him at their impious deeds."

He hears also the lamentation of his wife from her chamber, as she wakes from a dream, in which her long-lost Odysseus seemed to be at her side. He prays for a favorable omen, and for propitious words from some one in the house. Thunder greets his ear; and the voice of a belated woman at the mill, plying her task for the service of the rioters long after the rest are asleep, is heard supplicating that their feast this day may be

> "the last that in Ulysses' home
> The suitors shall enjoy, for whom I drudge,
> With aching heart and trembling knees their meal
> Grinding continual."

The next day the suitors assemble, and prepare to celebrate the New Moon, — the festival of Apollo. The trial of the bow of Odysseus is to decide the fortune of the suitors. Penelope ascends to the chamber where it is kept, —

> "With lifted hand aloft, took down the bow
> In its embroidered bow-case safe enclosed;
> Then sitting there, she laid it on her knees,
> Weeping aloud, and drew it from the case.
> Thus weeping over it long time she sat,
> Till, satiate at the last with grief and tears,
> Descending by the palace steps she sought
> Again the haughty suitors, with the bow
> Elastic, and the quiver in her hand
> Replete with pointed shafts, a deadly store."

The suitors try in succession the mighty bow, but not one can bend it. Meantime Odysseus makes himself known to two of his retainers, of whose fidelity he has become assured. He demands to make trial of the bow, in turn, and his demand is scornfully rejected; but the noble swineherd bears it to him, by preconcerted agreement, and the doors of the palace-hall are secured.

"But when the wary hero wise
Had made his hand familiar with the bow,
Poising it and examining — at once —
As when, in harp and song adept, a bard
Unlaboring strains the chord to a new lyre,
With such facility Ulysses bent
His own huge bow, and with his right hand played
The string, which in its quick vibration sang
Clear as the swallow's voice. Keen anguish seized
The suitors, wan grew every cheek, and Jove
Gave him his rolling thunder for a sign."

He draws the arrow-head home.

"Right through all the rings
From first to last, the steel-charged weapon flew."

Now the struggle begins. One after another the insolent rioters fall, pierced by the arrowy shower. All are slain except Phemius the singer, and Medon the herald; the faithless maid-servants are hanged, and then the hall is cleared of the dead bodies. Odysseus reappears in his proper form, and is recognized by his wife; and they relate their adventures during their long separation of nearly twenty years.

"She told him of the scorn and wrong
She long had suffered in her house,
From the detested suitor throng,
Each wooing her to be his spouse, —
How, for their feasts, her sheep and kine
Were slaughtered, while they quaffed her wine
In plentiful carouse.
And he, the noble wanderer, spoke
Of many a deed of peril sore, —
Of men who fell beneath his stroke, —
Of all the sorrowing tasks he bore.

She listened with delighted ear;
Sleep never came her eyelids near,
Till all the tale was o'er.

. . . . .

So closed the tale. Then balmy sleep,
The healer of all human woes,
Did their relaxing members steep
In soft oblivion of repose."

The next day Odysseus leaves the city to visit his father, the aged Laertes. The singular passage in which Hermes conducts the souls of the slain suitors occurs here. The friends and relatives of the victims form a conspiracy against the victorious hero; the rebels are attacked by Odysseus and his friends; but the battle is arrested midway by the interposition of Athene, and Odysseus grants peace and pardon to the foiled conspirators.

This outline shows, not only the complication of the structure, but the coherence of the parts. A careful examination, of course, brings out more conclusively the unity of plan and the premeditation which that plan implies. A comparison of the language with that of the Iliad, and of the characteristic features of the acting personages, — making due allowance for difference of subject, of time, of scenery, and of circumstance, — shows the strongest ground for believing that this poem also came from the master mind of him who wrought the Iliad. This train of argument has been very ably carried out by Mr. Mure, in the second volume of his unfinished work on Greek Literature.

Among the most striking passages in the Odyssey is the following description of Argos, the old dog, who alone recognizes his master — and dies. This beautiful incident is commented on by Professor Wilson with a depth of poetical feeling, and a gushing richness of expression, such as only Christopher North, and he only in his best days, could command.

"Then as they spake, upraised his head,
Pricked up his listening ear,
The dog whom erst Odysseus bred, —
Old Argos lying near.

He bred him, but his fostering skill
To himself had naught availed;
For Argos joined not in the chase, until
The king had to Ilion sailed.
To hunt the wild-goat, hart, and hare,
Him once young huntsmen sped;
But now he lay, an outcast there,
Absent his lord, to none a care.

. . . .

But when by the hound his king was known,
Wagged was the fawning tail,
Backward his close-clapped ears were thrown,
And up to his master's side had he flown;
But his limbs he felt to fail.
Odysseus saw, and turned aside,
To wipe away the tear;
From Eumæus he chose his grief to hide,
And 'Strange, passing strange, is the sight,' he cried,
'Of such a dog laid here.
Noble his shape, but I cannot tell
If his worth with that shape may suit,
If a hound he be in the chase to excel,
For fleetness of his foot;
Or worthless as a household hound,
Whom men by their boards will place,
For no merit of strength or speed renowned,
But admired for shapely grace.'
'He is the dog of one now dead,
In a far land away;
But if you had seen,' the swineherd said,
'This dog in his better day,
When Odysseus hence his warriors led
To join in the Trojan fray,
His strength, his plight, his speed so light,
You had with wonder viewed;
No beast that once had crossed his sight
In the depths of the darkest wood
'Scaped him, as, tracking sure and right,
He on its trace pursued.
But now, all o'er, in sorrows sore,
He pines in piteous wise;
The king upon some distant shore
In death has closed his eyes;

And the careless women here no more
Tend Argos as he lies;
For slaves who find their former lord
No longer holds the sway
No fitting service will afford,
Nor just obedience pay.
Far-seeing Jove's resistless power
Takes half away the soul
From him who of one servile hour
Has felt the dire control.'
This said, the swineherd passed the gate,
And entered the dwelling tall,
Where proud in state the suitors sate
Within the palace hall.
And darksome death checked Argos' breath
When he saw his master dear;
For he died, his master's eye beneath,
All in that twentieth year."

Several other poems were attributed to Homer. Among these was the Margites, a satirical work upon some famous dunce, of which only three or four lines are preserved.

"Many the things that he knew, but in all things his knowledge was worthless.
Him nor a digger of earth, nor ploughman, the Immortals created.
Only a dunce was he, and he blundered in all he attempted."

The Battle of the Frogs and Mice — the Batrachomyomachia — is always included in the collections of the Homeric poems. It is, however, without doubt, a much later production. The composition is in the style of travesty, which hardly belongs to the age of heroic minstrelsy. Satire, epigram, humorous delineation, and the mock-heroic imply the manners and the contrasts of character of dissipated, not to say fashionable society. I certainly do not mean to deny to Homer the possession of wit, but only the exercise of it in this particular manner. The spirit of his age was not inconsistent with a humorous view of life, or with touches of satire in the portraiture of individual characters. I doubt not Homer had many a hearty laugh at the whims of opinion, and absurdities of conduct, in all the societies he fre-

quented. The description of the malicious buffoon Thersites — the ugliest man that went to Troy — shows no feeble power of ludicrous delineation; the trick played by Odysseus upon the one-eyed Cyclops was brought about by a pun; and even the immortal gods break into a fit of inextinguishable laughter, as they see the halting Hephaistos putting on the airs and graces of a cup-bearer.

But though Homer could not have been insensible to the humorous side of life, his was not the time nor his the temper to make it a prominent element in poetry. Burlesque and travesty come after the mind of man has gone the round of earnest sentiment and natural expression. They require, not only the whims and humors that grow out of a state of society that has long since passed this stage, but the previous existence of a literature and a language fitted for all the quips and quibbles of witty perversion and bantering conversation, — conditions not fulfilled in Homer's time. Nor, had they been, was it likely that he would have made his own gorgeous creations, wherein he had poured the treasures of his heart and brain, the theme of ludicrous play, of perversion, banter, and parody. These considerations, aside from the internal evidence, on which I do not lay so much stress, convince me that, though the poem is a happy imitation of the style of an earlier age, it was the production of some Athenian wit, and belongs to a late period even of Attic literature. It is certainly a very fine specimen of the burlesque.

The drollery consists in a witty application of the hexameter to such a subject; in parodying the long and somewhat boastful speeches of the warriors in the Iliad, their prolix genealogies and the minute description of their arming; and, lastly, in the significance of the names. In the Iliad, the father of Achilles is *Peleus;* the author of this little poem chooses to derive it from *Pelos* (mud), and gives it to the father of the principal hero among the frogs. All the other names are compounded in such a way as to express the characters and qualities of those who bear them, and to make a ludicrous contrast

between their meaning and the sonorous loftiness of their sound.

The story is this. A mouse, running away from a weasel, quenches his thirst at the margin of a lake. A frog comes up and politely offers to take him on his back and show him the wonders of the deep. The invitation is accepted, and all goes on *swimmingly* until the splashing of the water frightens the mouse and his ally. A water-snake rears his head, and the frog in terror dives to the bottom, leaving the poor mouse to sink into a watery grave. He struggles for a time, but, finding his fate inevitable, utters a horrible denunciation of the false and cowardly frog, and gives up the ghost. The father of the deceased is the king of the mice, and rallies his martial forces to the field to avenge so dire an injury.

"'Three sons had I, three, wretched three; — and now not one is left to me.
Out of his hole the watching cat dragged one, — a curst mishap;
And monster man, with cunning fraught, my second in an engine caught,
A new-invented mouse-destroying engine, called a trap.
We had this third, our darling, sad to me and to his mother sad.

. . . . . .

But let us arm, and arm with speed, — for this the villain frog shall bleed;
Arm, arm, be clad in mail complete, and let us vengeance take,'
He said. At once to arms they flew, and Mars himself their weapons drew.
Split bean-shells green served them for greaves, which they were nibbling at
Deftly all night; a cat's stout hide their breastplates happily supplied,
Strengthened with interlacing reeds; right glad they skinned the cat;
The oval of a lamp their shield; the needle for a lance they wield,
Long, piercing keen, nor Mars a sharper weapon sported;
Nor helmet fitted e'er so well as on their heads the walnut-shell."

The frogs also arm themselves, and meet the enemy on dry land.

"All arm, and straight the mallow leaves they wrap their legs for greaves;
Before their breasts the broad beet-leaves for breastplates they advance;
The colewort leaf supplied the shield, nor weapon wanting was to wield;
Each a tough-pointed bulrush held before him for a lance;
And for their helmets furbished well, they simply wore a cockle-shell."

The gods, meanwhile, resolve on neutrality, or non-intervention; Minerva being enraged with the mice for having nibbled

one of her dresses, and with the Frogs for keeping her awake by their croaking. A terrible battle begins; incredible deeds of valor are done on either side, and many a hero of world-wide fame bites the dust. Just as the Frogs are about to be utterly cut off from the land of the living, Jupiter breaks his neutrality. He first tries to stop the battle by thunder and lightning; but, finding this means unavailing, he orders a platoon of cuirassiers to assail the flanks of the victorious Mice. They execute the manœuvre.

"Sudden they take the field, — crook-clawed, round, anvil-backed, and pincer-jawed,
Lob-sided, marching all awry, shell-clampt, and bare, and bony;
Shining-shouldered, broad in back, grasping close though hands they lack;
With their eyes below their breasts, looking stern and strong, —
Called Crabs, — with purpose firm and fixed, they march the combatants betwixt,
Discomfiting the furious Mice, who would have soon turned tail,
But tails they 'd none, — the Crabs bit through tails, hands, and feet."

The Mice, thus mutilated and sore beaten, make for their holes, and the Frogs croak over their irreparable losses.

I have ventured to put some of the opening lines into such hexameters as my creeping Muse allowed.

"First I invoke the chorus of Muses, from Helicon's mountain,
Into my breast to descend, and inspire the melody tuneful,
Which upon tablets outspread on my knees I lately have written, —
Endless contention and war-rousing action of Ares;
Hoping to bring it to hearing of all articulate mortals,
How the hosts of the Mice on the Frogs their valor displaying,
Equalled the deeds of the Giants, the earth-born monsters aforetime.
So ran the tale among mortals, and such the beginning of battle.
Once on a time a mouse, from the chase of a weasel escaping,
Came to the margin athirst, and dipped his soft chin in the wavelet,
Drinking the honey-sweet water; and him then espied there
Pond-grace, the far-famed, and thus a brief salutation delivered.
'Stranger, who art thou, and whence to the shore comest? Who is thy father?
Tell me the truth and the whole truth, lest I detect thee in lying.
For should I find thee my friendship deserving, home I 'll conduct thee;
Gifts will I give thee many and noble, with fair entertainment.

I am Puff-jaw, the Prince, who, all the pond over
Held in high honor, am king of the Frogs, sole ruling in power.
Mudkin the sire who begat me, my mother was Damp-queen the famous,
Wedded in love on the banks of Eridanus, far-flowing river.
Thee, too, I see to be handsome and mighty, far above others,
Royally sceptred in peace, and a fighter in war-fields.
Come then and tell me at once thy name and thy lineage.'
Him then Snatch-crumb answered, and these were the words that he uttered:
'Why dost thou ask me my race, O friend? It is known unto all men,
And to the Gods on high and the winged birds of the heavens.
Snatch-crumb my name is; I boast to be Bread-biter's offspring, the valiant;
Lick-meal, my mother, was daughter of King Bacon-nibbler the mighty;
And I was born in a hole, and fed with almonds and dried figs,
Sweetmeats of all kinds and toothsome in taste, such as mouselings are fond of.
How canst thou make me thy friend who in nothing am like thee?
Thy life and dwelling are under the waters; but my way of living
Is to eat all that man does; nor 'scapes me the thrice-kneaded bread-loaf
Packed in the well-rounded basket, nor gingerbread seasoned with spices;
Ham, too, I like in thick slices; and liver, white-robed in fat caul;
Fresh-curdled cheese, made of rich new milk from the dairy;
Honey-cake nice, too, which even the immortals long to devour; —
Whatso cooks prepare for the revels of word-speaking mortals,
Tables adorning with delicate dishes from all the world over.
Nor did I ever fly from the terrible shout of the battle;
Always I rushed to the onset, and mingled with foremost champions.
Man is no terror to me, though huge is the body he carries;
Creeping up over his bed, I nibble the tip of his finger;
Seizing his heel, I bite it, but he is unconscious of smarting;
Sweet is his slumber; nor flies it away, so neatly I nibble.
Two things, however, I fear, of all that this earth-ball inhabit, —
Hawk and the cat, who cause me great sorrow forever;
Traps, too, so doleful where false Fate watches in ambush.
Horribly fear I the cat, Grimalkin, most crafty of mousers,
Chasing one into a hole, and clawing him out in a twinkle.
Radish I eat not, nor cabbage, nor pumpkin so plump and so yellow.
Pale-green horehound I hate, nor pick up my living on parsley.
Dishes like these are for you, who live submerged in cold water.'
Smiling, Prince Puff-jaw replied, and these were the words that he answered:
'Stranger, thou braggest too loud of thy stomach. We too have something;
Many the marvels by water, and wondrous on land, to be looked at;
Double the forage to Frogs was given by mighty Kronion;
Leaping on land, or hiding our bodies under the water,
Dwell we amphibious; in elements twofold our houses

Wouldst thou all this see with thine own eyes? Handy the way is
Mount on my back, fast-holding thereon lest thou shouldst perish,
Then shalt thou joyfully come to my well-furnished mansion in safety.'
So then he spake, and gave him his back, and swiftly he mounted,
Clasping the Frog's soft neck with his arms, and jauntily leaping.
First he was pleased as he saw the neighboring bays and the inlets,
Gratified, too, with the swimming of Puff-jaw; but all of a sudden,
Splashed with the purple waves that were roaring around him, he blubbered,
Vainly lamenting his folly and tearing his hair out by handfuls.
Under his belly he drew up his feet, and his heart in his bosom
Beat at the scene unaccustomed, and longed to return to the dry land.
Dreadful the groans that he uttered by compulsion of terror that froze him.
Spreading his tail like an oar at first he paddled the waters,
Praying the gods to help him ashore from the waves that were surging;
Shrilly he squeaked, and such was the speech that he spluttered."

LECTURE VIII.

THE HOMERIC HYMNS. — HESIOD. — GREEK MUSIC.

Besides the Iliad and Odyssey, the genuine works of Homer, and the Margites and the Frogs and Mice, which are unquestionably the productions of a later age, there is a considerable body of poetical compositions, bearing the name of Hymns, which also pass under his name. I have already mentioned the temple songs ascribed by tradition to the priestly bards, Olen, Orpheus, Linus, Musæus, and others, long before the Ionian age. This species of composition lasted through the epoch of Homer, and came down into the later times, even as far as the era of Alexandrian culture. The oldest pieces now preserved are the Homeric Hymns, so called, written mostly in a gay and festive spirit, and not showing the most profound reverence for the deities in whose honor they were composed. They are of various lengths, and amount to nearly fifty in number. In language they are marked by the same free-flowing and beautiful rhythm which is the charm of the Homeric hexameter; and from their whole tone, we can hardly place them much later than Homer; for they are perfectly Ionian in spirit, and quite free from the plaintive, egotistical expression which runs through the elegiac poets of Ionia, at a later period, when public and private life had lost the exuberance of youth, and the shadow of impending disaster had fallen upon the land.

The longest, and perhaps the most beautiful, is the Hymn to Apollo. This is particularly interesting, because the poet, whoever he was, speaks of himself, his blindness, and his home in Chios; and these verses of personal history have been applied to Homer.

"Virgins, farewell! and O, remember me
Hereafter, when some stranger from the sea,
A hapless wanderer, may your isle explore,
And ask you maids, of all the bards you boast
Who sings the sweetest and delights you most, —
O, answer all, — 'A blind old man and poor, —
Sweetest he sings, — and dwells on Chios' rocky shore.'"

The Hymn to Hermes is a good example of the laughing manner in which the writers of these Hymns sometimes dealt with the history and character of their deities. It has also its antiquarian value. The god is born at daybreak; at noon he has constructed a lyre out of the shell of a tortoise he had caught at the mouth of his native cavern; at evening he steals a herd of Apollo's cows, which he forces to walk backward to baffle pursuit; two of them he kills and cooks, and before dawn the next morning gets into his cradle. Apollo discovers the theft, finds the young rogue pretending to be asleep under the bed-clothes, and charges him with the crime. The infant phenomenon replies in a most ingenious defence. I quote a few lines from Shelley's spirited translation: —

"An ox-stealer should be both tall and strong,
And I am but a little new-born thing,
Who, yet at least, can think of nothing wrong: —
My business is to suck, and sleep, and fling
The cradle-clothes about me all day long, —
Or, half asleep, hear my sweet mother sing,
And to be washed in water clean and warm,
And hushed and kissed and kept secure from harm.
O, let not e'er this quarrel be averred!
The astounded Gods would laugh at you, if e'er
You should allege a story so absurd,
As that a new-born infant forth could fare
Out of his house, after a savage herd.
I was born yesterday, — my small feet are
Too tender for the roads so hard and rough: —
And if you think that this is not enough,
I swear a great oath, by my father's head,
That I stole not your cows, and that I know
Of no one else who might, or could, or did.
Whatever things cows are I do not know;
For I have only heard the name."

When the matter is laid before Zeus, the young rascal has the face to say: —

> "Great father! you know clearly beforehand
> That all which I shall say to you is sooth;
> I am a most veracious person, and
> Totally unacquainted with untruth."

Zeus laughs heartily to hear his hopeful progeny

> "give such a plausible account,
> And every word a lie,"

but tells him to make restitution. Hermes complies, and gives to Apollo, by way of *douceur*, the stringed shell; and then, as with the romantic damsels in the play, a sudden thought strikes them, and they swear an eternal friendship.

Many other poems, of which the titles alone have come down to us, were ascribed to Homer. The two or three centuries between Homer and the lyrical poets were filled with a series of epic compositions, by poets of Asia and the Grecian mainland. They are called the Cyclic Poets, and are described by an ancient scholiast "as those who treated, in a circle round the Iliad, the events of previous or subsequent history, or those derived from or connected with Homer's own immediate subjects of celebration." They ranged, in truth, from the creation of the world down to the return of the heroes from Troy. Titles, epitomes, and short passages are all we have to show for this immense mass of literature, which, in the dates of its composition, extends from the period immediately following Homer to the seventh century before Christ, or even a little later. A remarkable fact, to which I have already alluded, in regard to this long series of epics, is that their authors passed by the subjects of the Iliad and Odyssey, thus recognizing, not only the superiority of their author, but his indefeasible right to the ground he had occupied; and this is what the scholiast refers to when he speaks of the "circle round the Iliad."

The Homeric poetry was the bright, consummate flower of a poetical existence under favorable circumstances. The mind

of its author grasped all the knowledge of his age, and saw the picture of human life in its heights and depths clearly revealing itself. He had measured the strength of human passion, and sounded the abysses of the heart. Over all the varied and contrasted scenes which his genius touched, he poured the illumination of a poetic spirit, which still draws to the heroic age of youthful Greece the fiery heart of kindred youth, wherever the love of song and the passion for literary culture have rooted themselves. The reign of Homer lasted through the whole existence of the Greeks, and his supremacy is still undisputed. The wonderful beauty which he breathed into the Ionian speech consecrated it forever in its several stages as the chosen language of what was loveliest and loftiest in thought. In Athens, his works were the basis of literary education, and were learned by heart at school. Lyric and dramatic poets drew from him as from an inexhaustible fountain. Æschylus said that his own works were only the crumbs which he had thankfully gathered up from the Homeric banquet. Plato's genius was enriched by the overflowing tide of Homeric thought; but he wisely chose to be the first of prose-writers, rather than the second of poets. The sculptors and the painters reproduced the fair and august forms which the inward vision of the Chian singer had first seen in their terror and their beauty. When the constructive genius of later times crowned the hill-tops of Hellas and Ionia with those temples, wherein grace and grandeur, massiveness and lightness, solid strength and delicate proportion, are so exquisitely blended, that their fallen and broken remains are our best teachers, — then the forms of men and gods which adorned the outer walls, or dwelt in the marble shrines, were the heroes and gods as Homer had conceived and moulded them. At Olympia, where all of Hellenic lineage assembled every four years, the statue of Zeus, wrought in ivory and gold by the hand of Pheidias, was the Homeric father of gods and men, from whose head the locks ambrosial waved, and who shook great Olympus with his nod. The Acropolis of Athens, the

central point of religious observance and æsthetic culture, was an earthly Olympus, peopled with the creations of Homer. Thus vast was the influence over every form of human thought and every region of imagination — song, painting, plastic art, eloquence, education — of that one transcendent mind, which rose with the dawn of European poetry, and filled with its light the morning sky of Ionia.

If we compare these works with the great poems of the Ganges, we see how strangely the rigid laws of Hellenic taste contrast with the exaggeration, the mysticism, the gigantic impersonation of an overwhelming Nature, the monstrous conception of divine things and supernatural beings, which swell in the current of Sanscrit thought; and with the loose varieties of rhythmical structure, the languid flow of indeterminate measure, the weak connections, careless transitions, countless episodes, and desperate length, which mark the epic style of the Sanscrit. Here, the powers of nature are brought out of chaos, and overmastered by the spirit of order; they are freed from the deformities of unbridled imagination, and clothed in the serenest attributes and most graceful forms; and the scheme of epic composition is brought within those limits of law — so well traced out by Aristotle in another branch of poetic art — which neither confuse nor exhaust our powers of conception and comprehension.

If we turn westward, the terms of the comparison change. Rome had her early ballads, as Niebuhr has shown, and Macaulay has beautifully reconstructed them; but Virgil, a great poet, was not a Homer. Mediæval Europe was vocal with epic minstrelsy; but the last step was not taken, because the learned and vulgar languages were separated by impassable barriers. While the ballad-monger — how like and yet how different from the ἀοιδός of Ionia — was entertaining his rude peasant circles, or cheering the barbaric splendors of the feudal castle with songs in his native dialect, the scholar meditated, in his retirement, some canticle in the forgotten tones of the Roman tongue, and the monk relieved the grim solitude of his

cloister by turning into uncouth hexameters the tales of fight or foray which he had picked up in his occasional sallies into the fresh air of the outer world. In this separation of knowledge and action, of clerical and lay, of learned and popular, of the cloister and the castle, no Homer could be born. And when the vulgar dialects had fought their way through the obstacles of antiquated Latinity, and had given to the world the singular, but short-lived beauty of Provençal song, when ballad poetry bloomed among the mountain fastnesses of Greece beyond the reach of the Turk, through the forests of Germany, through the fair fields of Italy and Sicily, over sunny France and romantic Spain, in merry England, and through the whole North of Europe, with an affluence of poetic spirit and of epic elements which astonishes us in the great collections of the popular poetry of these countries and languages, still the growth of epic art was broken, and no Homer rose to combine the scattered parts, and to stamp upon them the impress of his uniting and organizing mind. Italy had her Dante, and, later, a long line of great poets of chivalry; Spain had her Poem of the Cid; Germany, her Nibelungen song; England, her Anglo-Saxon Beowulf, rude, strong, and terse, and in her English age, Spenser and Milton, famous poets and illustrious men; but a Homer was not among them, standing at the head of a line, giving to a living art its last consummate finish, and teaching, alone and unapproached, the race of kindred men that should follow him.

The peculiarity of the Iliad and Odyssey may be summed up in a few words. They hold their place in the natural growth of a popular poetry, embodying in the richest rhythmical forms the heroic life of the ancestry of the poet's own contemporaries, — a life not then too old to come within the range of the popular sympathy; and they stand, in spirit and substance, in subject and form, in the closest relations with the popular poetry of the Greeks in after times.

One man only, and he in another form of art, holds an equal eminence with Homer. The Greeks seem almost to have

had a forewarning of the mighty rival who should take the still vacant height of the double-crested Parnassus, and forever stand by his side. Homer and Shakespeare have alone the right to hold those heaven-kissing stations, inaccessible to other mortal footsteps.

Thus far we have considered poetical culture among the Asiatic Greeks alone. We are not, however, to suppose that the mainland of Hellas was during all this time without the solace of song. No doubt the nations and tribes that remained at home were far behind their brethren in Asia in all that embellishes life. Still they had the same character, the same language, the same ethical ideas. Outward nature was less favorable. A less genial climate, a harder soil, greater distance from the old civilizations, retarded the growth of the arts at first, although finally a more healthy harvest, of longer duration, was reaped there. At any rate, the epic poetry of Ionia reached the mainland, and circulated wherever the Hellenic race was found. Not long after the age of Homer, there sprang up a style of composition called Epic, mainly because it was written in the epic style and language, but widely differing in substance from both the Iliad and the Odyssey. Hesiod of Ascra, in Bœotia, represents this school or group. His works consist of a poem called the Theogonia, a history of the origin of the Gods and the creation of the world; the Works and Days, a didactic poem on the duties and occupations of life; and a Calendar of lucky and unlucky days, for the use of farmers and sailors. Aside from their intrinsic merit as poetical compositions, these poems are of high value for the light they throw on the mythological conceptions of those early times, and for the vivid pictures presented by the Works and Days of the hardships and pleasures of daily life, the superstitious observances, the homely wisdom of common experience, and the proverbial philosophy into which that experience had been wrought. For the truthfulness of the delineation generally all antiquity vouched; and there is in the style of expression

and tone of thought a racy freshness redolent of the native soil. Another short poem, the Shield of Hercules, is in express imitation of the Shield of Achilles, in the Iliad, and is therefore more epic in spirit as well as in form than those already mentioned. The titles of several other of Hesiod's poems have been preserved.

Upon a general survey of these works, we must place their author high among the poets of original genius, but far below Homer, to whom he himself appears to have looked up as to his master. He was a man of keen practical observation, and had drawn from both observation and experience large stores of ethical and religious wisdom. He showed at times great brilliancy of imagination and copiousness and vigor of expression; but he had not that instinctive sense of the beautiful and that natural perfectness of taste which rarely deserted Homer. The Ionian epic, again, is wholly objective; the poet or singer never appears personally, but the subject is all in all. The Bœotian epic is subjective; the poet's individuality is brought frequently and prominently forward. From this peculiarity we know various special facts of the life of Hesiod; we know something of his family relations; something of his circumstances; something of the neighborhood in which he lived, and a good deal of the troubles to which his life was exposed. Sheep-feeding, farming, and poetry were the three employments in which his days were passed. He was a terrible grumbler; he grumbled at the climate of Bœotia, which was intolerable in winter and not to be endured in summer; he grumbled at the hard soil, which gave such scanty returns to labor; he grumbled at his brother Perses, with whom he had a lawsuit, and the verdict went against him; he grumbled at judges and jury, whom he accused of corrupt motives in helping his brother chouse him out of a part of his inheritance. All parties in this famous dispute owe their immortality to his grumbling hexameters, which contain the only report of the case. Yet when Perses, like the prodigal son, had wasted his ill-gotten substance in riotous living, the grumbling poet did

what grumbling elders always do, helped him, not only with money, but with good advice.

Hesiod was not much of a traveller. The only voyage he made was across the Euripus to Chalcis, — over a stream about as wide as Charles River at Brighton Bridge. Of this he says (I use Elton's translation) : —

"Ne'er o'er the sea's broad way my course I bore,
Save once from Aulis to the Eubœan shore.
From sacred Greece a mighty army there
Lay bound for Troy, wide-famed for women fair.
I passed to Chalcis, where around the grave
Of King Amphidamas, in combat brave,
His valiant sons had solemn games decreed,
And heralds loud proclaimed full many a meed.
There, let me boast that, victor in the lay,
I bore a tripod eared, my prize, away.
This to the maids of Helicon I vowed,
Where first their tuneful inspiration flowed.
Thus far in ships does my experience rise;
Yet bold I speak the wisdom of the skies;
The inspiring Muses to my lips have given
The lore of song, and strains that breathe of heaven."

Women are especially a favorite theme of complaint with Hesiod. He never spares their extravagance, their giddiness, their love of dress and of gossip. He delights in the story of Pandora and her box. On this topic his tone deepens into the earnestness of personal experience ; and one cannot help thinking, either that he had been jilted by some Bœotian coquette, or that his life had been made discordant by some Ascræan termagant. The creation of Pandora is thus described : —

"The Sire who rules the earth and sways the pole
Had said, and laughter filled his secret soul.
He bade famed Vulcan with the speed of thought
Mould plastic clay, with tempering waters wrought;
Inform with voice of man the murmuring tongue, —
The limbs with man's elastic vigor strung, —
The aspect fair as goddesses above,
A virgin's likeness with the brows of love.
He bade Minerva teach the skill that sheds
A thousand colors in the gliding threads;

Bade lovely Venus breathe around her face
The charm of air, the witchery of grace;
Bade Hermes last implant the craft refined
Of thievish manners and a shameless mind."

They proceed with their work: —

"Then by the wise interpreter of heaven
The name Pandora to the maid was given;
Since all in heaven conferred their gifts to charm,
For man's inventive race, this beauteous harm."

Notwithstanding our poet's misogamy, — such is the power of truth over the most obdurate mind, — he relents, and gives some very good advice about the choice of a wife. The proper age for a man to be married is, according to him, thirty, and for the bride sixteen. He concludes this topic by saying:

"No better lot has Providence assigned
Than a fair woman with a virtuous mind."

But, apparently remembering his inconsistency, he adds:

"Nor can a worse befall, than when thus fate
Allots a worthless, feast-contriving mate."

Some of his didactic passages are worth repeating.

"Now haste afield: now bind thy sheafy corn,
And earn thy food by rising with the morn.
Lo! the third portion of thy labor's cares
The early morn anticipating shares.
In early morn the labor swiftly wastes;
In early morn the speeded journey hastes;
The time when many a traveller tracks the plain,
And the yoked oxen bend them to the wain."

Among the maxims of good manners, he says you must not pare your nails at table, enouncing it with a sort of Pythagorean and oracular solemnity.

"When in the fane the feast of gods is laid,
Ne'er to thy five-branched hand apply the blade
Of sable iron; from the fresh forbear
The dry excrescence at the board to pare."

On the somewhat ancient subject of industry he says:

"Love every seemly toil, that so the store
Of foodful seasons heap thy garner's floor.
From labor men returns of wealth behold;
Flocks in their fields, and in their coffers gold.
From labor shalt thou with the love be blest
Of men and gods; the slothful they detest.
Not toil, but sloth, shall ignominious be;
Toil, and the slothful man shall envy thee.
. . . . .
The idler never shall his garners fill,
Nor he that still defers and lingers still.
Lo! diligence can prosper every toil;
The loiterer strives with loss, and execrates the soil."

Of evil speaking he says:

"Lo, the best treasure is a frugal tongue;
The lips of moderate speech with grace are hung.
The evil speaker shall perpetual fear
Return of evil ringing in his ear."

The description of winter is not inappropriate to the passing season.

"Beware the January month; beware
Those hurtful days, — that keenly piercing air
Which flays the herds, — those frosts that bitter sheathe
The nipping air and glaze the ground beneath.
From Thracia, nurse of steeds, comes rushing forth,
O'er the broad sea, the whirlwind of the North,
And moves it with his breath; then howl the shores
Of earth, and long and loud the forest roars.
He lays the oak of lofty foliage low,
Tears the thick pine-trees from the mountain's brow,
And strews the valleys with their overthrow.
He stoops to earth; shrill swells the storm around,
And all the vast wood rolls a deeper roar of sound."

With one passage more I close my citations from Hesiod. It is a part of the battle between the Gods and the Giants, which Milton imitated and improved in his description of the conflict with the fallen angels.

"And now — the Titans in close ranks arrayed —
What hands and force could do, each host displayed.
The illimitable ocean roared around;

Earth wailed; the shaken heaven sent forth a sound
Of groans; while huge Olympus from his base
Rocked with the onset of the immortal race.
E'en shadowy hell perceived the horrid blows,
Trembling beneath the tumult as it rose; —
Such rushing of quick feet, such clanging jar
Of javelins hurled impetuous from afar,
As soared the din of conflict to the skies,
And hosts joined battle with astounding cries.
And Jove incensed no longer brooked control;
He put forth all his might, full filled his soul
With valiance, and at once from heaven's bright road
And dark Olympus' top he thundering strode;
Lightnings and bolts terrific from his hand
Flew swift and frequent, wrapping sea and land
In sacred flames; — all-bounteous earth, amazed,
Howled burning, while her mighty forests blazed.
Forthwith began the land and sea to steam;
The fiery breath of ocean's boiling stream
Involved the Titans; flames rose through the skies
To blast with splendor dire the Titans' eyes;
And when at last the light through chaos gleamed,
Such the concussion, such the uproar seemed,
As if the earth and heavens together blending —
The one torn up, the other down descending —
Had met; whereat, upsprang the winds of air,
And whirled the dust-clouds 'mid the lightning's glare.
Wind, thunder, lightning, from the hand of Jove,
Their track of ruin through mid-battle drove.
Loud and stupendous thus the raging fight,
Whilst warred the Titans with an equal might.
At length the battle turns. Cottus the fierce,
Gyges and Briareus, through mid-ranks pierce;
From their strong arms three hundred rocks they throw,
And with these monstrous darts o'ercloud the foe;
Then forced the Titans deep beneath the ground,
And with afflictive chains the rebels bound.
Despite their pride, beneath the earth they lie,
Far as that earth is distant from the sky."

Numerous other poems, genealogical or local in their subjects and character, fill up the century after Hesiod, but fall not within the range of either the Homeric or the Hesiodic school,

as they relate to individuals or the legends of particular places. They belong, however, to the same great and prolific period of Hellenic poetry, the productions of which may be distributed under six heads: — 1. The earliest form, the religious poetry, of which nothing remains; 2. Epic ballads before Homer, of which we have traces in Homer, and perhaps a specimen in the song of Demodocus at the court of King Alcinoüs, in the Odyssey; 3. The Iliad and Odyssey, which fortunately remain; 4. Hymns and other minor poems, of which a considerable number remain; 5. The Cyclic epics, filling out the circle in which the Iliad and Odyssey stood, of which the titles, some passages, and some brief summaries are preserved; 6. The Hesiodic poems, or those of the Bœotian school, — didactic, mythological, and heroic; 7. Genealogical, local, and individual narratives, in the epic manner, of which considerable notices remain. The period commences at an indefinite antiquity, and extends to the middle of the seventh century before Christ.

In all discussions of the poetry of the Greeks in the next great period (the lyrical), the subject of Greek music holds a prominent place. As Mr. Pickwick said of Chinese metaphysics, it is a very abstruse subject to one who is not favored with what is called a musical ear, and equally so to one who is. It is doubted whether the art of music among the ancients was founded on the deep scientific principles which underlie that of the last fifty years; and yet its influence was held to be so important, that philosophers and legislators regarded it as entering deeply into the structure of political society. The musical element of time largely influenced the common pronunciation of the language, and poetical rhythm was wholly founded upon it; so that between language and music there must have been a closer connection than can exist in our modern systems. In this combination of power, the overruling element was the language through which the idea was conveyed. The separation of the two was regarded as a corruption of art, most pernicious to morals. And when, in the

process of time, the instruments were multiplied and their compass enlarged, and the exact sense of poetic speech began to lose itself in floods of vague sentiment, excited by voluptuous sound, then the conservative philosophers, statesmen, and poets set themselves against these innovations, and punished with heavy penalties the innovators as the corrupters of youth. The old airs of the Homeric rhapsodists, and the tunes which nerved the heroes who fought at Marathon, were placed in contrast with the enervating compositions of Phrynnis. The moral degeneracy which marked the later periods of Greek history was traced, by philosophers and satirists alike, to the corruption which had glided into the heart through the melting tones of a luxuriant and over-refined music. Plato and Aristophanes, agreeing in few other things, agree in this. But the new men carried the day; and in the public delivery of lyric and choral poetry, all the resources of the art, and all the varieties of instrumental accompaniment which the inventive genius of that age had devised, were carefully and ingeniously combined; so that the exhibition became quite a different affair from the simple arrangement of the old Homeric masters and the earlier Doric choruses.

The Oriental nations have always been deeply susceptible to musical influences; but I suppose their music would not now be highly esteemed by the composers of Europe. The germs of the art came into Hellas with the first settlers, who brought also the simplest instrument, — the four-stringed lyre, the only accompaniment of the epic song. Three strings were added by Terpander; and the lyre was finally enlarged to two or even three octaves. This and the flute were the principal instruments of the Greek orchestra. Most of the changes came in from Asia Minor in the seventh, sixth, and fifth centuries before Christ, and were contemporaneous with the changes in the form and spirit of Greek poetry. The different styles of music were thought to express the qualities of the races which respectively affected them; and they were artfully and systematically adapted by the poets to the classes and kinds of emotion intended to be expressed in their compositions.

One finds it hard to understand the power attributed to music by the ancients. Athenæus relates that Cleinias the Pythagorean, when he felt himself moved to anger, touched the cithern, and said, πραΰνομαι, *I appease myself.* According to Plutarch, Terpander was sent for to quell a sedition by his music. Solon roused the Athenians to renew the war against the Megareans by singing a few verses. Pythagoras prevented an indignant young gentleman inflamed with wine from setting fire to the house of his mistress, who had jilted him, by making a flute-player perform a spondaic rhythm in the neighborhood. The Dorians moved to battle, as Milton says, to the sound of flutes and soft recorders. In the war with the Messenians, Tyrtæus restored the flagging fortunes of the Lacedæmonians by playing a Phrygian air. Music was also used as a medicine. Asclepiades cured deafness by the sound of a trumpet. Thaletas cured the plague, and Xenocrates restored maniacs to reason, by the sound of instruments. Theophrastus asserts that music is a remedy for dejection, mental disorder, and the gout. Galen proposes that the flute should be played upon the aching part. The Tyrrhenians, tender-hearted souls, flogged their slaves to the sound of the flute. Quintilian says that music is the gift of nature, to enable man the more patiently to support the ills of his condition. And poets, from Pindar down to Shakespeare, have denounced in unmeasured terms the unfortunates who are not musical.

> "The wretches whom immortal Jove
> Deigns not to honor with his love,
> Hear in confusion the Pierian strain
> On earth or in the mighty main."

Shakespeare — or rather the lovesick Lorenzo sitting in the moonshine — says:

> "The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
> The motions of his spirits are dull as night,
> And his affections dark as Erebus.
> Let no such man be trusted."

Pretty words these for a young gentleman who has just robbed a doting old father of his daughter and his ducats!

The details of Greek music are given to some extent by the ancients themselves. The subject was very ably touched upon by Aristotle; Aristoxenus, a contemporary of his, wrote a work in three books, called the Elements of Harmonics; Euclid, the mathematician, treated the subject geometrically; Nicomachus wrote a Manual of Harmony; Alypius, a later writer, a Musical Introduction, chiefly occupied with a technical account of the modes, intervals, and scales; Gaudentius, also a late writer, wrote a Musical Introduction; Baccheius, an Introduction to the Art of Music, a sort of catechism on the subject; and Aristeides Quintilianus, three books concerning Music. Plutarch, also, has on the subject a very interesting, though somewhat confused dialogue, valuable for recording many curious historical facts. If we do not understand Greek music, it may be our own fault; but at all events, I know from personal experience — having read the authors conscientiously through — that it is emphatically the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

It was generally supposed that not a note of the old Greek music had been preserved, except some faint reminiscence of it, perhaps, in the four styles of chant in the Greek Church, unquestionably handed down from a high antiquity. But in the sixteenth century three Greek hymns were found in an old manuscript, with a musical notation, in the diatonic kind and Lydian mode. A fourth scrap was published in the seventeenth century by Father Kircher, having been found by him in a Sicilian monastery. It contains the first eight verses of the first Pythian Ode of Pindar, with the musical arrangement, in the Lydian mode. It has been reduced to the modern notation by Burette, Burney, Marpurg, Forkel, and lastly by Boeckh, the learned editor of Pindar, and author of an admirable and most incomprehensible essay on that poet's music. Anxious to form some idea of those effects which had alarmed philosophers and controlled the policy of sovereign states, I

persuaded a skilful hand to try it on the piano. The musical world has gained little by disinterring from their sepulchre these unearthly notes. The result of the experiment was like that of the classical banquet in Peregrine Pickle. The listeners were all reminded of the old hymn, —

"Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound."

I have no idea that it would be fair to judge of the music of the Greeks by these doubtful fragments. They must have attained a comparative excellence in the art, or all the ancients who have touched upon the subject were under a delusion. It is doubtful whether they possessed *harmony*, in the modern sense, though the word constantly occurs in their treatises. Yet they played with both hands on stringed instruments of considerable compass; they united many voices of different qualities, and combined several kinds of instruments; but they fell far short of the modern orchestra in variety and power.

Intimately connected with the musical accompaniment, in the representation of the lyric composition and the choral part of the drama, was the orchestric, or rhythm and harmony of motion. This, too, like the music of the cithara, dates from the earliest times, and is elaborately described by Homer. When they appease the wrath of Apollo, it is done with music, song, and dance. On the shield of Achilles, a prominent group represents a chorus of youths performing a Dædalian dance. The suitors of Penelope soften the rigors of delay with music and the dance. Odysseus is entertained at the court of Alcinoüs by a beautiful exhibition of dancing. Dancing was connected with religion, with festivity, with public celebrations of every kind, all over the ancient world. David danced before the ark, though his wife upbraided him for such an unseemly exhibition; and Sophocles danced round the altar, in the pæan composed in honor of the victory of Salamis. This art, cultivated by all nations, was most cultivated by the Greeks. It was carefully adapted to express the varying emotions of the mind, by the application of well-defined prin-

ciples of art. To famous dancers golden crowns were decreed, and to some even statues were raised. Lyric poetry had all these accompaniments, and was set off by all these ornaments. It was written to be represented in this threefold manner. The poetry, however, always held the first place, and possessed the highest dignity. The others were ancillary arts, never wholly emancipated from the supremacy of the elder and more illustrious child of the imagination. The poetry of the ancients we still feel as a living presence; but their music and dancing have passed away, with the vibrations which their momentary existence impressed upon the air.

There were certain general ideas which the ancient teachers and philosophers included in their conception of music, giving it an extension quite beyond the modern meaning of the term. They considered man as placed in the centre of an harmonious universe. As he looked upon the objects of nature, their colors not only pleased him by their variety, but combined in an harmonious effect upon his organs of vision. The sounds of nature, the song of birds, the voices of the winds and the waves, filled his ear agreeably, and impressed his mind with an indefinite sense of harmony. Forms also — the varying surface of the earth, the outlines of the hills, the myriad varieties of trees, animals, and men, the ever shifting, ever beautiful clouds, flitting across the sky — stirred within him a rhythmical perception which did not wholly distinguish itself from the harmony of sound. These objects, too, are in life and motion; and this motion, indeterminate as it may be, has a regularity and a rhythmical progress; while some of the objects of nature which strike the senses the earliest and the most deeply — the stars, for instance — move on in their silent courses in such solemn order, that the imagination of man, in the primitive ages, conceived an unheard music of the spheres, which the philosophers themselves did not refuse to believe; and the moral adaptation between man and the world constituted an ethical harmony, never to be lost sight of when we endeavor to reproduce to our minds the thoughts, feelings,

and speculations of the ancient world. On these primitive harmonies the fine arts were built. Harmony of form ripened into sculpture, architecture, and plastic art generally; harmony of color, combined with form, was embodied in painting and the arts of design; harmony of sound found its artistic expression in music, poetical rhythm, and impassioned expression in oratory; harmony of motion was brought into order and system in the rhythmical and modulated movements of the dancer, and in the refinements of the orchestric art.

But there was a deeper harmony still, that blended all these special rhythms into one, and constituted that music which the ancients conceived of as the basis of civilization and the essence of instruction. To them the natural man was not the savage running naked in the woods, but the man whose senses, imagination, and reason are unfolded to their highest reach; whose bodily forces and mental powers are in equipoise, and in full and healthy action; who has the keenest eye, the surest hand, the truest ear, the richest voice, the loftiest and most rhythmical step; whose passions, though strong, are held in check; whose moral nature runs into no morbid perversions, and whose intellectual being is robustly developed; whose life moves on in rhythmical accord with God, nature, and man, with no discord, except to break its monotony, and to be resolved in the harmony of its peaceful and painless close. This is the ideal being, whose nature is unfolded without disease, imperfection, or sin, to perpetual happiness and joy. This is the ideal education, such as the ancient teachers conceived it. This is the ideal music into which all the harmonies of the world were blended. This is the ideal man, the musical man, of whose possibility the ancient philosophers dreamed.

LECTURE IX.

IONIAN LYRIC POETRY.

The period of Greek poetry on which we are now entering is a brilliant one; but the numerous works which filled it exist, with few exceptions, only in fragments. In time, it extends from the eighth century B. C. down to the flourishing age of Athenian letters. It has usually been called the lyrical period, — a designation sufficiently accurate for general use.

With the exception of Pindar's works, the poetry of the Greek lyrists is found only in passages quoted by other writers, — rhetoricians, grammarians, scholiasts, and especially in the work of Athenæus, a learned Greek of Naucratis in Egypt, who lived in the third century after Christ. As we are indebted to this scholar for many curious particulars relating to the ancients, as well as for passages from about eight hundred authors, a brief notice of his work will not be out of place here. It is called the Deipnosophistæ, or Philosophers at Supper, and is cast in the dialogue form, which, as is well known, was a favorite species of composition with the ancients. It professes to be an account of an entertainment given at the house of Laurentius, a noble Roman, among whose guests are Athenæus, Galen the medical writer, and Ulpian the lawyer. The conversations and the plot in general are managed with none of the dramatic skill and lifelikeness that belong to Plato's works; and to make the whole scheme more clumsy still in point of art, the dialogues purport to have been related to Timocrates, a friend of the author. It extends through fifteen books — some of them preserved only in epitomes — and fills more than a thousand octavo pages; yet it gives the conversations at

a single feast. The entertainment itself embraces the products of every season, country, and climate; and the interlocutors must have thought of each other, as Eve thought of Adam, — "With thee conversing, I forget all time." The discussions are as various as the dishes. Athenæus was at once a scholar and an epicure. He was familiar with the old literature and the recent science of the Greeks. He had the works of the authors at his tongue's end, and knew the criticisms of the Logotheroi — the word-hunters — of the Alexandrian schools, who, however they quarrelled with one another, were on the best terms with a man who kept so good a table. He was equally learned in all the qualities of the juice of the grape, he knew the fish of the sea, the birds of the air, the game of the woodland, fen, and mountain, and the denizens of the farm-yard, in their zoölogical and gastronomical relations. His book, therefore, is a vast assemblage of racy anecdotes, and quotations from poets, historians, philosophers, physicians, — upon the fine arts and the art of cookery, — upon poetry and natural history, — upon fish, crabs, oysters, comedy, and tragedy. In one department alone, that of the middle comedy, he had made extracts from eight hundred plays; and as he wrote at a time when ancient literature had as yet sustained no heavy losses, his book contains fragments of many authors whose works but for him would have utterly perished. It is to him that we are indebted for the anecdotes of the illustrious glutton Apicius, who embarked for Africa in search of lobsters, but, having ascertained, as he drew near the coast, that African lobsters were no larger than those he had eaten in Italy, returned without landing.

As the three great leading nationalities came separately forward in the lyrical period, and stamped themselves upon their poetical works, it seems natural to divide these works according to the national characteristics, and to the dialects which now asserted severally an independent existence and a classical rank. These subdivisions then will be: 1. The Ionian poetry; 2. The Æolian poetry; 3. The Dorian poetry. A correspond-

ing subdivision of styles should also be made. The characteristic form of the Ionian of this period is the elegiac distich, or alternate hexameter and pentameter, — differing from the epic versification by taking one foot from every alternate line. The characteristic form of the Æolian poetry is the strophic composition, that is, the combination of several different verses, and their regular recurrence in the same order, so that the antistrophe always corresponds with the strophe. The characteristic form of the Doric poetry is the choral composition, in which to the strophe and antistrophe of the Æolians a third part, called the epode, was added, closing the measure. The elegiac composition admitted no further variety of form than the alternating hexameter and pentameter. The other two kinds were susceptible, within the form of art assigned to them, of a great variety. The Doric, with its three rhythmical elements, and its four or five musical modes, gave scope for the greatest variety of all, in the permutations and combinations by which these elements and modes could be interlaced. The elegiac form is the oldest; the Ionian poets who employed it coming directly after the epic age, and being closely connected in language and style with the poetry of that age. The Æolian has a less direct relation to the parent stem, and is wholly independent of it in dialect and in rhythmical form. The Dorian begins at a considerably later period, and is even more broadly marked as to structure and language, — as to rhythmical form and dialectic peculiarity. But all three — speaking in general terms — may be regarded as contemporaneous for a considerable part of their literary existence. The Doric, however, outlived the Æolian, passed into the age of Athenian literature, and came to be considered in a special manner as the language and the form of lyric poetry, consecrated peculiarly to that department of the art.

In the heroic times, a system of monarchy or hereditary rule, embracing within itself the germs out of which sprang the complex variety of later constitutions, had been established; the orders of society being kings, nobles, freemen, and slaves. The

first two orders in the state underwent many changes, and in the historical democracies were finally abolished; the last two remained undisturbed. The long absence of so many chieftains in the Trojan war, and the extensive migrations which took place in the two following centuries, tended to overthrow the anciently universal system, although the traditions of the old heroic authorities were carried across the Ægean, and the political forms were renewed with diminished strength in the islands and on the Asiatic shore. Aristocracies, oligarchies, and tyrannies ensued; the heads of these shifting polities being generally self-made men, or descendants of the old houses who had gone over to the popular party. The history of this period is obscure in its details, for want of documents. But through the general darkness we discern some brilliant points, whence light is thrown abroad; here and there a splendid capital and court; centres of literature and art; places illumined by renowned names of poets and their patrons, as Samos by that of Polycrates, Corinth by that of Periander, Mitylene by that of Pittacus, Athens by that of Peisistratus. Commercial wealth had brought in all the ministers of luxury, and furnished the usurpers with the revenues that enabled them to support the troops of poets of which their retinues and private circles consisted. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Homeric style of dealing with poetical subjects became a little old-fashioned; that literature and language underwent numerous and important changes, branching out into novel forms, modes, and tastes, revelling, as it were, in a lavish luxuriance of manifold expression. These political changes tended on the one hand to democracy, and on the other to aristocracy and monarchy, as individual freedom or despotic will became the prevailing element. The former ended in the legislation of Solon and the democratic constitution of Athens; the latter, in the iron legislation of Lycurgus and the double-headed royalty of Sparta. The Ionian race cherished a political freedom, extending to the liberty of the individual citizen. The Dorians contemplated freedom in relation to the body politic, but

wholly sacrificed the individual to the general good. The Æolians, politically speaking, were absorbed by the other two. These diverging tendencies were not strong enough to destroy the consciousness of a common bond in the Hellenic spirit, and a sense of difference which broadly separated all from the outside barbarian world. With the increasing development of these nationalities, the feeling of Hellenism, of an affinity which united them all together, became deeper and more intense. A general idea of the geographical relations of these races or nationalities, on the Grecian mainland and the Asiatic shore, has been already given. Their colonies, however, extended along the shores of the Propontis, the Euxine, Thrace, and Macedonia; and passed over to Lower Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, and the coasts of Africa, Spain, and Gaul. But however important this colonial extension was in a political point of view, it had little bearing on poetical literature. I mention it now, only to show in a word the great sweep which the Greek language and culture were taking over the world, preparing for that universal empire over literature which Athenian genius finally asserted.

Another general remark should be made here. Each dialect was consecrated to a special kind of poetical composition. The old Ionic was the language of the epic; the later, of the elegiac; the Æolic, first cultivated for a particular species of lyric poetry, namely, the strophic, continued the special language of that species; the Doric, first refined for literary purposes in choral composition, remained ever after the language of that poetical style; and neither the Doric nor the Æolic was ever used for epic composition, though poets of all three races wrote in all the poetical forms. Thus the poetical literature actually existing in these three dialects is not in all cases the work of the nations speaking them.

These three types, while agreeing in those qualities that made them all Hellenic, had each its own moral and intellectual physiognomy. The causes of these varieties — analogous to what we see around us every day and everywhere — lie

beyond the limits of our investigation; the facts and results are all that we can pretend to fathom. Ionian life, under the lovely skies of Western Asia and on the isles that crown the Ægean deep, has already been in part described. The senses of the Ionian were keen, and his sensibility to beauty, whether of nature or of the human form, was ever vivid. His clear and sunny spirit was kindled by an insatiable curiosity, which made him, on the one hand, a patient listener to the long-drawn stories of the epic singers, and, on the other, an acute observer of the phenomena of nature which were witnessed around him in their fullest beauty and splendor. His external prosperity — until it was overshadowed by the Lydians and Persians — and the freedom he enjoyed in his political relations gave full scope to the natural and national expression of his heart and his passions. In the later period of decline, the joyousness of the Ionian was tempered by the pale cast of introspective meditation. He became a sorrowful egotist and a sentimental voluptuary. He was a good observer of the actions of men, and readily fathomed their motives. The expression of the individual sentiment, therefore, and of ethical or political wisdom, or of plaintive woes, and despair most musical, most melancholy, took the place, in Ionia, of that unconscious reflection of the world of nature and the world of man which so marked the elder epic. To adopt the German phrase, the Ionian passed from the *objective* to the *subjective.*

The original Ionian of Attica — removed at first from the blandishments of Asia, and afterwards from the crushing weight of Asiatic despotism, living on a soil which required labor to till it, and made commerce needful to supply the deficiency of its scanty productiveness — laid the foundation of his culture in deeper qualities, built up a prosperity of a slower growth, but on a more solid basis, and grew into a hardier and stronger style of man than the Ionian of Asia. The Athenian character resembled that of the Ionian of Asia in its general outlines, especially in taste for beauty and genius for art; but it added the element of stability, gathered from longer and

harder struggles with a less bountiful Nature. The poetry of the Ionian belongs partly to Asia, and partly to the mainland; and while it is all Ionian, it has shades of variety in tone, spirit, and style, borrowed from the influences of nature and of political condition. The earliest rhythm, I have said, was the elegiac; but the trochaic, iambic, and anapæstic were changes which the Ionian rhythmical systems underwent in rapid succession, and all these were used by most of the Ionian writers on either side the Ægean Sea.

I will name one or two of these poets, quoting a few specimens of the fragments which remain. The first is Callinus the Ephesian, who belongs to the latter part of the eighth century before Christ. The invention of the elegiac distich is attributed to him. An invasion of Asia Minor, and the destruction of several of the most flourishing Ionian cities, are the events alluded to in the few passages — four fragments in all — which we have. The longest is part of a fine war-elegy, much in the style of Tyrtæus. I read the translation by H. N. Coleridge.

"How long will ye slumber? when will ye take heart
And fear the reproach of your neighbors at hand?
Fie! comrades, to think ye have peace for your part,
Whilst the sword and the arrow are wasting our land!
Shame! grasp the shield close! cover well the bold breast!
Aloft raise the spear as ye march on the foe!
With no thought of retreat, with no terror confessed,
Hurl your last dart in dying, or strike your last blow.
O, 't is noble and glorious to fight for our all, —
For our country, our children, the wife of our love!
Death comes not the sooner; no soldier shall fall,
Ere his thread is spun out by the sisters above.
Once to die is man's doom; rush, rush to the fight!
He cannot escape, though his blood were Jove's own.
For a while let him cheat the shrill arrow by flight;
Fate will catch him at last in his chamber alone.
Unlamented he dies; — unregretted. Not so,
When, the tower of his country, in death falls the brave;
Thrice hallowed his name amongst all, high or low,
As with blessings alive, so with tears in the grave."

Archilochus, the Parian, stands next in point of time, his life extending from 728 B. C. to 660, — sixty-eight years. Next to Homer, he was the most celebrated poet of the early Greeks. A Delphic oracle foretold to his father his future fame in song. An epigram, still extant, says it was fortunate for Homer that Archilochus gave his genius to the inferior kinds of poetry. Longinus speaks of his divine inspiration. But his malice and evil temper were as famous as his poetical gifts; and the circumstances and mishaps of his life gave unusual scope to these unamiable qualities. He has the bad eminence of having been the first to degrade literary talent to the slander of private character. Though belonging on his father's side to one of the noblest families of Paros, his mother, Enipo, was a slave. Early in his life a fair daughter of Lycambes, a Parian citizen, named Neobule, had captivated the fiery heart of the poet. She was promised to him in marriage, but for some unexplained reason the promise was not kept. When he found himself in the unpleasant situation of a rejected lover, instead of making the best of it, and affecting to congratulate himself on his fortunate escape, as a sensible man would have done, he fell into a horrible passion, and attacked the whole family in a series of iambic and epodic invectives, — some of which were publicly recited at the festivals, — charging father and daughters with every conceivable vice and crime, and keeping up the accusations with dogged and diabolical pertinacity.

In one of his fragments he says: —

> "One great thing I know, —
> The man who wrongs me to requite with woe."

He kept his word. Under this extraordinary and till then unheard-of style of persecution, Lycambes and his daughters, finding life a burden too heavy to be borne, made a family party and hanged themselves; the lady of his love choosing the alternative of a noose without him rather than with him. If her choice lay between these extremes, she chose wisely; but it seems an extraordinary compliment to pay to the power of a venomous pen. In that age, however, literary invective

against private character was a novelty; and when the shafts were winged by poetic fancy, they seemed as terrible and inevitable as the fatal arrows of the silver-bowed Apollo.

His native island shared in his invectives, whether because Neobule had lived there, or because he was not held in the estimation he thought he deserved, — a very common source of hatred in such minds. "Away," he says, "with Paros, her figs and fishy life." From Paros he went to Thasos, and, taking part in a battle there against the invading Thracians, he incurred the disgrace of losing his shield. Instead of hushing the matter up, he must needs proclaim it to the world in a poem, imitated afterwards by Horace, to whom the same accident happened at Philippi: —

> "Some Saian triumphs that he has the shield
> I dropped while running from the battle-field, —
> Unwilling dropped; but let the bull-hide go, —
> Another shield will do as well, I trow."

But, after all, he did not feel quite right towards an island that had witnessed his disgrace, and he thus avenged himself: —

> "Like the sharp backbone of an ass it stood,
> That rugged isle, o'ergrown with shaggy wood;
> No leafy grove, no lawn for poet's dream
> Is there like those by Siris' pleasant stream."

When he visited Sparta, the authorities, taking a different view of shield-dropping, — as was shown by the Spartan mother, who said to her son as she handed him his shield, "Either with this or on it," — ordered him to leave the city in an hour. He was a restless vagabond, wandering about wherever Greeks were to be found, and making himself and others unhappy everywhere. Finally he returned to his native island, and was killed in an affray with the neighboring Naxians. His poetical genius was remarkable for richness, strength, and versatility. His style reached the highest degree of force and elegance. As an iambic writer, he held undisputed the foremost rank. The severity and caustic satire which filled his works with their poison are justified by Dion Chrysostomus, who says that

they were intended to make men better, and were more effective in accomplishing this purpose than the eulogistic spirit that warms the poetry of Homer.

As an artist he was one of the most distinguished intellects of that great age. His inventive power was shown, not only in the splendor of his imagination, but in the many exquisite rhythmical forms with which he enriched the language. The ancient critics arranged his writings under seven classes. About two hundred fragments of them are found scattered through more than a hundred authors, some of a few words only, and the longest of only a few verses. The following seven trochaic verses, in which the poet addresses his own soul, and braces himself to bear the ills of life, show his better side: —

"Soul, my soul, with helpless sorrows overladen and distraught,
Bear thee firm, to hostile hosts a manly heart opposing;
When the foeman's shafts fall thickest, motionless thy post maintain;
If victorious, yield thee not to open triumph overmuch;
Nor, if conquered, cast thee down, at home thy doleful lot bewailing;
But in pleasures take thy pleasance, and in evils bear thy sorrow,
Nor too much, but understand the rhythm that governs mortal men."

The following trochaics, apart from their poetry, have an interest, as showing the effects of an eclipse, a then unexplained phenomenon, on the imagination of the poet: —

"Naught can now be unexpected, nothing with an oath denied,
Nothing fill our hearts with wonder, since the Olympian father Zeus
Night hath hung for noonday brightness, hiding all the glorious light
Of the blazing sun in heaven, and on man hath terror fallen;
All things henceforth credence find, wonders all surprise no more.
Nor let any mortal, seeing, marvel at the unwonted sight,
Though the wild beasts with the dolphins their sea-pastures interchange;
And to them who loved the mountain and the woodland wilds to haunt,
Dearer have the sounding billows of the surging sea become."

Three verses have been preserved from the description of a storm, said to be part of a poem on that Thracian war in which the poet lost his shield: —

"Glaucus, look! the deep sea heaves already with its yeasty waves,
And, around the headlands bending, stands the pile of thunder-clouds, —
Sign of storm, — and sudden terror overspreads the land and sea."

Like all the poets of his time, — indeed, like all Greek poets of all times, — Archilochus had steeped his mind in the poetry of Homer, whose thoughts and turns of expression here and there shine out in the texture of the Parian poet's composition, but not in such a way as to impair the vivid effect of his originality. For there is little resemblance between the wise equability of the spirit of Homer, whose mighty heart lovingly embraced every form of life and every joy and sorrow of man, and the imperious will, the violent inconsistency, the gusts of passion shifting from fierce love to fiercer hate, and driving the objects of both to despair and self-murder; between the pervading cheerfulness that gladdens earth, sea, and sky in the Homeric world, and the moody gloom that avenges wounded pride and thwarted will, by loading the fair islands of Greece, the witnesses of the poet's fancied wrong and real shame, with bitter taunts and contemptuous epithets; between the calm sense of enjoyment, the judicious but hearty moderation, which Homer everywhere sets forth, and the desperate rush to the drunkard's bowl, draining it to the bottom, the frantic plunge into the abyss of sensuality, the self-inflicted tortures, which wasted so much of the life of Archilochus. Yet sometimes the unrest of his spirit was calmed by the bland influences of the enchanting nature around him. The sudden contrasts and shifting pictures of that half-oriental sea and earth and sky drove out the evil demons that haunted his spirit, and furnished it with the superb imagery in which his better moods are clothed. The unalterable march of destiny in the affairs of the world sometimes overcame him with a sacred awe; and his verse, seized with befitting earnestness, rises to a dignity worthy of the stately theme. This is the aspect of his poetical character which has an interest for us.

Another noted poet of Ionia was Mimnermus the Colophonian. He flourished later than Archilochus, being a contemporary of Solon the Lawgiver, who, in one of his extant fragments, addresses him by name. Little is known of his personal history, except that he had, or professed to have, a

passion for a flute-player named Nanno, to whom some of his poems were addressed. In the hands of Mimnermus the elegy became less warlike, and more exclusively the expression of sorrow and lamentation. The gloomy circumstances of Ionia at this time, and gloomier forebodings for the future, had their share in producing this result, by acting on the nervous temperament of the poet. It often happens that public calamity overwhelms private virtue, by breaking the bonds that hold society together. In war and pestilence, while death is stalking through the land, men strive to drown the sense of overhanging doom by snatching a fearful joy from reckless voluptuousness, while there is yet left a breath of life. It is only after the storm is past, and men, returning to their senses, reflect on the moral of the disaster, and seek to repair the ruin, that the law of God reasserts its supremacy. In the mean time, literature breathes the spirit of sensuality, unsatisfied desire, impatience of the present, and weariness of life under its accumulating load of evils. It was under just these circumstances that Mimnermus appeared in Ionia. He was extremely susceptible to outward influences, — plunging into the gayety of the hour, but with a constant feeling of its vanity, — drinking deeply of the cup of pleasure, but knowing well the disappointment and dreariness that were sure to follow. His constant topics were the helplessness of man, the uncertainty of his happiness, and the wretchedness of old age. For all these, love and wine are the only solace; and when the time for these is gone, life is no longer worth the keeping. The contrast between him and Solon is well drawn in this fragment of a dialogue: —

MIMNERMUS.

"O that my days, free from disease or woe,
On placid waters down life's stream may flow;
And when their course shall reach its sixtieth year,
Death's friendly sleep may close my sojourn here."

SOLON.

"Bear with me, gentle Colophonian friend,
If I one sentence of thy wish would mend;
The life of man, on terms like these begun,
Its prosperous course full eighty years may run."

The following specimen will give some idea of the poetical character of Mimnermus: —

"We are like leaves that are thickly put forth in flowery spring-tide,
When in the beams of the sun gorgeously grow they anew;
Like to these for a span, with blossoms of earliest manhood,
Take we our pleasure and joy, taught by the gods neither ill,
Neither good, while close by our side the black fates are standing;
One is holding the end, gloomy and sorrowful age;
Death's term holdeth the other; the fruit of our youth swift decayeth,
Swift as over the earth speedeth the light of the sun.
When already is past and gone the sweet prime of our being,
Then, O, then is to die better than longer to live!
For to the heart many agonies come; at one time possession
Vanishes wasted away; sorrows of want take its place.
One is unblest with offspring, the chiefest desire of his bosom,
And to the regions below, childless to Hades descends;
Life-wearing sickness another endures, nor is there a mortal
Unto whom Zeus giveth not manifold evils to bear."

This specimen may represent the poet's general turn of thought, but not that grace and elegance of style which were celebrated among the ancients.

Simonides of Ceos belongs both to the Doric and to the Ionic poets. His name fills a large space in the literary annals of this age. He was born about the middle of the sixth century B. C., and his literary labors embrace every species of composition known in his time. Early in life he was a favored guest in the brilliant circles of Peisistratus and Hipparchus at Athens; later he went to Thrace, and was welcomed there by the princely families of the Aleuadæ and Scopadæ. He returned to Athens about the time of the Persian invasion, where he was employed in celebrating the victories of the Greeks over the Barbarians. He was the successful rival of Æschylus for the prize in an elegy on those who fell at Marathon, a few lines of which are quoted by Lycurgus the orator in the trial of Leosthenes. But the most famous of his minor compositions is the inscription on the tomb of the three hundred who fell at Thermopylæ, consisting of two verses, of which Professor Wilson says: "All

Greece, for centuries, had them by heart. She forgot them, and Greece was living Greece no more."

> "Stranger, the tidings to the Spartans tell,
> That here, obeying their commands, we fell."

Afterwards he went to the court of Hiero, the tyrant of Syracuse, by whom he was held in the highest honor. He became one of the most distinguished of a poetical society which numbered among its members Pindar, Bacchylides, and Æschylus. He died at the age of ninety, B. C. 467. His personal character seems to have been free from the vices that stained so many of the Ionian poets; and his conduct was marked by temperance, regularity, self-command, and reverence. The rules by which he lived were to enjoy the pleasures of the present moderately, and to make its cares as light as possible. He sometimes indulged in pungent sayings. To a person who preserved a dead silence during a banquet, he said, "My friend, if you are a fool, you are doing a wise thing; but if you are wise, a foolish one." He has been pronounced the most prolific and popular of all the lyric poets; but his works exist only in fragments, of which about two hundred have been collected from the authors that quoted them. Wordsworth says: —

> "O ye who patiently explore
> The wreck of Herculanean lore,
> What rapture, could ye seize
> Some Theban fragment, or unroll
> One precious, tender-hearted scroll
> Of pure Simonides!"

The poem on Danaë, quoted by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, has been translated ten or twelve times. The subject is drawn from the mythical age. Danaë is exposed on the sea, with her infant son Perseus, her father Acrisius having been warned by an oracle that he was to be slain by his grandson. Bryant's translation is a tender and exquisite poem, but not sufficiently close to the original. Professor Norton's is equally poetical and more faithful: —

"When the strong ark which Danaë bore
Was tossing 'mid the water's roar,
While rising winds her soul dismay,
She bent o'er Perseus as he lay,
Gazed with wet cheeks, and placed her arm
Around him, as to shield from harm.
'My boy,' she said, 'what woe I bear!
But thou sleep'st sweetly, free from care,
An infant's sleep in this drear room,
Dim lighted, 'mid a night of gloom.
Though the high waves are dashing by,
As yet thy clustering hair is dry;
Wrapt in thy purple mantle warm,
Thou, darling, dost not heed the storm;
But were this dreadful scene to thee
As dreadful as it is to me,
Then wouldst thou turn a quickened ear,
Thy mother's troubled words to hear.
Sleep, sleep, my child, in slumber deep;
Would that the waves and I might sleep!
May there some change of purpose be,
Disposer of my fate, with thee!
Grant me — a bolder prayer I make —
Grant justice for this infant's sake.'"

If we now turn our attention for a few moments to the Grecian mainland, we find the same species of Ionian poetry flourishing there, but breathing a more manly vigor. I shall limit my present view to two examples, Tyrtæus and Solon, — the former the author of the famous war-elegies written for the Spartans in their contests with the Messenians, and the latter employing verse in aid of his political and legislative labors. Military poetry, I mean that which is founded upon mere fighting, is not much to the Christian taste. But it connects itself with so many feelings deeply planted in the human heart, that in one form or another it has been a favorite species with all nations. Much of the lyric poetry of the Old Testament breathes this spirit; it runs through the Greek poetry of every age; and within the present century we have witnessed an extraordinary outburst of war-poetry, in the songs of Körner, Fol-

len, and the other German poets of the War of Liberation. Liberty, love of country, and the firm resolve to maintain her rights and her honor, are, perhaps, indissolubly connected with the idea of fighting; and these transcendent and all-inspiring themes clothe with a glory not his own the blood-stained Mars, the shaker of walls and sacker of cities.

The flourishing period in the life of Tyrtæus fell between 680 and 660 B. C. According to the ancient accounts, the Spartans, hard pressed by the Messenians, sent to Athens, in obedience to a response of the Pythoness, requesting from their neighbors a general to take command of their armies. They selected for this purpose Tyrtæus, a lame schoolmaster of Aphidnæ, who was forthwith adopted with public formalities as a citizen of the state, and clothed with the powers of commander-in-chief. It has been supposed — I know not why — that the Athenians intended to play a practical joke on their neighbors by this selection. But it seems to me that they could not have made a better choice; for his lameness would only be a hinderance to running away, and this, as a Spartan said to a lame soldier who asked for a horse, was not the Spartan fashion; and no training, I am sure, is a better preparation for the duties of a general in the field than the administration of a school. The result, at any rate, showed the wisdom of taking the schoolmaster. The ability of his measures was so great, and the enthusiasm roused by the martial poetry of his appeals to his adopted countrymen was so overwhelming, that the tide of battle was turned, civil discord quelled, the supremacy of Sparta restored, and the tarnished glory of the Dorian name illumined with fresh lustre. His works — numerous in their day, but now existing only in a few fragments — were publicly recited on marches, in the camp, and on the battle-field; and during the whole subsequent history of Sparta they were honored in public and in private, as expressing, with Laconic terseness and vigor, the spirit of martial bravery and heroic self-devotion so dear to the heart of the nation. I shall give a single fragment, line for line, in hexameter and pentam-

eter, without changing a thought or scarcely a word; preferring this literal rudeness to the style of translation in which all that is characteristic vanishes. It is an exhortation to bravery, and contains a picture of the horrors of exile consequent on defeat. On this point, the history and poetry of Greece, from Homer to the Tragedians, contain numerous, emphatic, and most affecting testimonies. Neither rank, age, sex, nor character saved the conquered from the extremities of want, servitude, and every species of personal degradation. In this respect we have certainly risen to a nobler humanity than the noblest of the ancients.

"Glorious is it to perish, among the foremost expiring,
When the brave-hearted man dies for his dear native land;
But from his birthplace banished, and leaving rich acres behind him,
Poverty's burden to bear, O, that is saddest of all!
Wandering abroad with his mother beloved, and his gray-headed father,
Children of tender age, and with the wife of his youth,
Hateful, in sooth, shall he be unto whom his footsteps have led him;
Bearing the foulness of want, bowing to penury's yoke.
Friends he dishonors, and covers with shame his figure resplendent;
Follows him every disgrace; insult and evil pursue;
Honor is none for the wretch who roams a beggar in exile,
Nor respect for his name afterwards cherished by men.
Gallantly, then, let us fight in the warfare for country and offspring;
Willingly pour out our blood, lavishly risking our lives.
Strike then, young champions, each by the other courageously standing;
Never in base flight lead, never in cowardly fear;
But in your bosoms arouse a strong, invincible spirit,
Loving not life overmuch, while with the foeman ye fight.
Old men, too, whose knees no longer are nimble in battle,
Leave not alone on the field, leave not the elders to die.
Shameful to all would it be, in the foremost ranks of the battle,
If in front of the young perished the elder in years, —
Whitened already his head, and his chin with snowy beard covered,
Gasping his brave soul away, lying outstretched in the dust;
Wounded and bloody the members his arm is vainly protecting,
Shameful for eyes to behold, dreadful for heart to conceive;
Naked of armor his corse. But all to the youthful is seemly,
While in his gracious prime lasts the bright flower of youth, —
Gazed at by men with wonder, and dear to the hearts of the women,

Long as he lives, and fair, fallen 'mid ranks of the foremost.
Firmly, with feet well parted, let each then stand to his duty,
Planting him strong on the ground, biting his lips with his teeth."

Solon belonged to the most ancient and illustrious family in Athens; but he lived at a time when the old aristocracy and the popular body were in a state of hopeless strife and discord. Instead of looking back with longing and regretful eyes upon the departed grandeur of his caste, he betook himself to practical life, and retrieved by skill and honor in commerce the dilapidated fortunes of his house. In the course of time, he gained so strong a hold upon the confidence of the citizens, that he was clothed with the august charge of giving them a new constitution, and so appeasing the dissensions of the state, holding in his hands for a time the sovereign power. How well this confidence was deserved, the history of the Athenian republic and the administration of justice ever since throughout the civilized world attest. Perhaps no one man has exercised so wide an influence over human affairs as Solon. Merchant, traveller, legislator, poet, he was illustrious and memorable in all aspects. In early life he amused his leisure hours by the composition of love-songs and convivial pieces, after the fashion of the day. He, too, sighed over the ephemeral happiness of man, and sang of love and wine as the best alleviators of the cares of life. But the earnest business which the distracted state laid upon him forced him out of these fantastical lamentations, and made the poetic art to him a secondary matter, subservient to political aims; though nature, as well as study and experience, had made him a poet of distinguished ability. In his famous Salaminian ode, of which only two or three verses remain, he is thought to have equalled Tyrtæus. In the fragments of his other poems his language and versification are correct and elegant, and sometimes his verses are nervous and pointed, and not without admirable poetical images. His morality is pure and lofty; and his expression of religious feeling is marked by humble submission to the Divine will. Among legislators he was the greatest

poet; among poets, the greatest legislator; and his only fault was that of setting the bad example of remaining a bachelor through a life of eighty years. I give two short passages. The first is on justice.

"Short are the triumphs to injustice given.
Zeus sees the end of all; like vapors driven
By early spring's impetuous blast, that sweeps
Along the billowy surface of the deeps,
Or, passing o'er the fields of tender green,
Lays in sad ruin all the lovely scene,
Till it reveals the clear celestial blue,
And gives the palace of the gods to view.
Then bursts the sun's full radiance from the skies,
Where not a cloud can form, or vapor rise.
So Zeus avenges; his no human ire,
Blown in an instant to a scorching fire,
But slow and certain; though it long may lie
Wrapt in the vast concealment of the sky,
Yet never does the dread avenger sleep,
And though the sire escape, the son shall weep."

My second extract is the fragment of a poem, seemingly written to warn the people against the arts of aspiring demagogues, probably at the time when his kinsman — his second-cousin — Peisistratus had commenced the course of intrigue which ended in his usurping the government, with the support of the military and of the body of needy citizens, whose favor he had secured by scattering money among them.

"Out of the cloud the snow-flakes are poured, and fury of hail-storm;
After the lightning's flash follows the thunderbolt;
Tossed is the sea by the winds, though now so calmly reposing,
Hushed in a motionless rest, emblem of justice and peace.
So is the state by its great men ruined; and under the tyrant
Sinks the people unwise, yielding to slavery's thrall;
Nor is it easy to lower the ruler too highly exalted,
After the hour is gone. Now is the time to foresee."

I have omitted Anacreon in speaking of the Ionian poets, because the pieces which now pass under his name are amorous and bacchanalian compositions of a much later age, —

written, it may be, in something of his spirit, but bearing no resemblance to the style of those brief snatches which are all of his poetry that has survived. In the character of Anacreon, as delineated by the ancients, there is nothing which deserves to be dwelt upon for a moment. A parasite at the table of princes and tyrants, careless of the great interests of country and of the welfare of private life, so that he could drink and revel to his heart's content, sober only long enough to record his tipsy jollity, he reached the dishonored old age of the voluptuary, and died an appropriate death, — choked by a grape-stone. In all the other lyric poets, faulty as they were in some respects, there was earnest and deep feeling.

In looking back over this department of Greek poetry, we are struck with the variety of the pictures which its imperfect fragments present, and with the scenes of change and revolution which they bring dimly before us. The compact system of the heroic and Homeric times is broken in pieces; but the long accustomed trains of thought and modes of expression occasionally reappear. Gleams of the old epic spirit here and there flash out; but generally the passing interests — the agitations caused by the downfall of ancient forms and the uprising of new societies — have disturbed the calm of the old impersonal and picturesque delineation, and substituted the individual feeling, the reflection, the suffering, of the person and the moment. Old institutions, old principles, old prosperity, have gone to decay; old families have died out, or sunk into imbecility or poverty; tradition and antique reverence have lost their vital force; stability is no more, and vicissitude is the order of the age. The thoughts of men flow no longer steadily in the ancient channels of reverend authority, but sweep over the stormy surface of life, nowhere finding rest. Driven back, they take refuge in egotism and sensual indulgence. Then comes the reaction, — the sentimentality, — the satiety, — the despair. Able and bold usurpers, leaguing with the oppressed commons, grasp at tyrannic sway, then are toppled down by the outburst of popular passion. Brilliant displays of intellect-

ual life illumine distant points, — Lesbos, Samos, Sicily, Athens, Thessaly; but the hurricane and the swelling seas dash from their base the beacon-lights which for a few brief seasons had shot their rays across the storm, the surge, and the night. In Ionian Asia the prospect darkens, as the overhanging cloud of the Barbarians draws nigh; but on the mainland of Hellas the old Ionian stock exists, not yet wakened to the full conciousness of its life, though at times displaying its vigor, in contrast with the growing decrepitude of the early unfolded and early dying culture of Asiatic Ionia. It is preparing a new career of bolder enterprise, greater tenacity, more varied beauty. The seeds of liberty have been sown in the soil of Attica, — a barren soil indeed; but it shall be fruitful in noble men, in brilliant poetry, in exquisite and unapproachable art, in the loftiest as well as the most exact philosophy, in immortal eloquence.

LECTURE X.

ÆOLIAN AND DORIAN LYRIC POETRY.

We pass now to a brief consideration of the second of the three subordinate types of the Hellenic character, as manifested in the lyrical ages, — the Æolian. The Æolians were widely spread over the continent of Greece, the Ægean Islands, and the Asiatic shore. Accordingly, they showed many local varieties of language and character; yet, taken together, they exhibited peculiarities of ethical notions, of poetic style, and of music, which distinguished them clearly, not only from the distant Dorians, but from the Ionians on whom they bordered. The Æolians had less of mental vigor than either the Dorians or the Ionians. Incapable of strong political activity, they never dreamed of establishing the institutions for which their neighbors were celebrated; and the traditions of a great and heroic past had but little weight in steadying the levity of their public and private character. The present and its enjoyments overpowered all consideration for the future, and the luxuries of home drowned all care for the public good. They were addicted to self-indulgence, and liked not to be disturbed at the moment of enjoyment by the struggling world and the warfare of life.

But a distinction is here also to be made between the Æolians of Asia and those of the Grecian mainland. The former rapidly fell from the primitive virtues which early gave a high pre-eminence to the race; the latter retained more of manly vigor, and formed a character which longer withstood the storms of vicissitude and the wear of ages. On the Æolian Islands, life surrounded itself with every allurement that ad-

dressed the passions and kindled the senses to the delights of animal existence. Their physical organization was perhaps finer than that of the Ionians; but their sensuous temperament often ran into sensuality. The Attic comedians, from whom the popular impressions have been drawn, give exaggerated representations of their depravity, which are not sustained by contemporary evidence; and in some particular cases they indulged in a vein of calumny, for which literary history has not yet held them to a sufficiently stern account.

Lesbos was the principal seat of Æolian culture, described in the Iliad as a well-inhabited island, whose maidens surpassed in beauty all the tribes of woman-kind. Here lyric poetry began very early to flourish; hence proceeded Terpander, the heir of Orpheus, to lay the foundation of the improved Greek music; here were early established temples, shrines, and altars, and the joyous festivals, in which the worship of Artemis, Apollo, and Dionysos was celebrated. Here maids and matrons were not restrained to the privacy of domestic life. They shared in all the amusements, and were active in all the intellectual occupations of their countrymen, especially in the cultivation of music and poetry. Whether they assumed the dress, too, of manhood, we are not informed. Nearly the whole body of the poetical literature of Lesbos is the work either of Lesbian poetesses, or of those who were trained under their influence and instruction. They had societies or clubs for friendly, social, and literary objects; and even public competitions were instituted for the prize of beauty. All these things, combining with the genial temperament of the Æolians, developed in them a mad love of beauty, especially of the human form, which expresses itself in a frantic, intoxicated enthusiasm, in nearly all the fragments of their literature. Even the Theban Æolians illustrated this bias of the national passion by enacting a law imposing a fine upon any sculptor or painter who should not represent the beauty of the human form as greater than the reality, however great that might be. This passionate love of beauty lent a glow to their language, which, among

a people of less sensitively attuned nature, and of a hardier cast of thought, would have implied great dissoluteness. Their language was never widely used as an instrument of literary composition; and never became the idiom of philosophy or history. It was originally one of the rudest dialects, and it remained in its unpolished state, the language of many rustic communities, down to a very late period. Those of the Æolian race who distinguished themselves in literature abandoned the language to which they were born, and adopted one of the other dialects, except in the species of lyric poetry cultivated by Alcæus and Sappho. In this style it was marked by a very peculiar grace, made up of naïve simplicity and piquant turns of phrase. The omission of the rough breathing, the reduplication of the liquids, and the throwing back of the accent, gave it a soft and yet spicy vivacity, in which it has been not unaptly compared to the Castilian. I would rather compare the entire poetical literature of the Lesbians — the influence of women, the courts of beauty, and the brief duration of its blooming period — with the gay science of the Provençal Troubadours, the short-lived flower of whose song blossomed in the spring-time of the Romantic poetry of the South. In the midst of all these blandishments, under the soft sky of the fairest Ægeân islands, within the sound of the flashing waves of the midland sea, the lisping, liquid, and passionate language of the Æolians was moulded to strophes of delicate beauty; and Sappho and Erinna mingled the melting tones of voice and lyre with the subduing harmonies of nature. To them

> "All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
> All are but ministers of love."

Setting aside Terpander the musician, and Arion, whose ride ashore on the dolphin's back is the subject of one of the pleasant stories in Herodotus, the proper beginning of the Lesbian poetry is with Alcæus. He lived towards the end of the seventh century B. C. He seems to have played not a very creditable part in the political agitations of the island,

being at one time a warm supporter of Pittacus, and at another his bitterest enemy, writing against him the coarsest and vilest slanders. But the wise prince — he was reckoned one of the seven sages — hanged neither himself, as Lycambes did, nor Alcæus, as he might have done. He set him at liberty, with the magnanimous remark, that "forgiveness is better than revenge." In a battle with the Athenians, Alcæus was seized with the epidemic tendency of the ancient lyric poets, took to his heels, dropped his shield, and ran away. Like Archilochus, he thought the event worth recording in a poetical epistle to his friend Melanippus of Mitylene, whom he informs, in a very rhythmical line, that "Alcæus is safe, though his arms are lost." The Athenians hung them up as a trophy in the temple of Athene, at Sigeum. Notwithstanding this little accident, he passed with the ancients as a model of bravery. They judged him more by his words than by his deeds. He had a great deal to say against tyrants, and talked wonderfully well of patriotism and the love of liberty; but it does not appear that his labors in this direction conferred any social or civil blessing on his native island. He was a hater of poverty, and a lover of money. This sentiment appears in several of his fragments, as in the following: —

"The worst of ills and hardest to endure,
Past hope, past cure,
Is Penury, who with her sister-mate,
Disorder, soon brings down the loftiest state,
And makes it desolate.
This truth the sage of Sparta told,
Aristodemus old, —
'Wealth makes the man'; on him that 's poor
Proud Worth looks down, and Honor shuts the door."

The war-poems of Alcæus were very famous for vigor of style and brilliancy of imagination. His convivial songs were favorites with the topers of Greece and Rome. Here is what he thought of drinking in summer: —

"Glad your hearts with rosy wine,
Now the dog-star takes his round.

Sultry hours to sleep incline,
Gapes with heat the sultry ground.
Crickets sing on leafy boughs,
And the thistle is in flower,
And men forget the sober vows
They made to the moon in some colder hour."

And here is what he thought of drinking in winter: —

"Zeus descends in sleet and snow;
Howls the vexed and angry deep;
Every stream forgets to flow,
Bound in winter's icy sleep.
Ocean wave and forest hoar
To the blast responsive roar.
Drive the tempest from your door,
Blaze on blaze your hearthstone piling,
And unmeasured goblets pour
Brimful high, with nectar smiling."

And here is what he thought of drinking in general: —

"Why wait we for the torches' lights?
Now let us drink, — the day invites;
In mighty flagons hither bring
The deep red blood of many a vine,
That we may largely quaff, and sing
The praises of the god of wine, —
The son of Zeus and Semele,
Who gave the jocund grape to be
A sweet oblivion of our woes.
Fill, fill the goblet, one and two;
Let every brimmer, as it flows,
In sportive chase the last pursue."

We cannot wonder at any madness or folly in the life of a man so devoted to the god of wine.

The longest piece remaining of this poet is his brilliant description of the martial furniture with which he had embellished his own habitation; and this piece of military foppery is a proof that it was the show and gauds of war, and not its hard blows, to which he was addicted.

"From floor to roof the spacious palace-halls
Glitter with war's array;

With burnished metal clad, the lofty walls
Beam like the bright noonday.
There white-plumed helmets hang from many a nail
Above, in threatening row;
Steel-garnished tunics, and broad coats of mail,
Spread o'er the space below;
Chalcidian blades enow and belts are here,
Greaves and emblazoned shields, —
Well-tried protectors from the hostile spear
On other battle-fields.
With these good helps our work of war 's begun;
With these our victory must be won."

A fine fragment of this poet was paraphrased by Sir William Jones, in the noble lines so often quoted, "What constitutes a State?"

Upon a careful examination of the life and genius of Alcæus, as they appear in the fragments of his works, we must admit the correctness of the high estimate the ancients placed upon his poetical merit. We cannot respect his personal character, which was stained by boastfulness, excess, and perhaps profligacy. He was an unscrupulous and bitter hater of men who had in any way offended him, and he slandered them without stint or decency. But his poetical powers were brilliant and versatile. His works perfected the Æolic style; and though he never departed from the strophic order of composition, yet he enriched that with new rhythmical forms, which were afterwards happily reproduced in the Latin by Horace, who confesses his indebtedness to his Lesbian prototype.

But the literary history of the Lesbian poetesses, and of those who were formed in that school, is by far the most interesting and characteristic chapter in Æolian literature; and the central figure in this lovely group is Sappho. She was called the Lesbian nightingale, and lived contemporaneously with Pittacus and Alcæus. By universal consent, as well of the moderns as of the ancients, Sappho has always been held to be the miracle of her sex. Homer was called "the Poet," and Sappho "the Poetess"; and she is placed by the grave authority of

Aristotle in the same rank with Homer and Archilochus. Ælian says that Solon, on hearing one of her poems recited, prayed the gods that he might not die until he had had time to learn it by heart. Plato called her the tenth Muse. An epigrammatist describes her as the nursling of Aphrodite and Eros, the delight of Hellas, the foster-child of the Graces. The time in which she lived, and the leading facts of her life, are established on fair authority, some of them on contemporary fragments. Her family seems to have belonged to an Æolian colony in the Troad, and to have removed, perhaps in her father's lifetime, thence to Lesbos. The names of her parents and of three brothers are preserved; some notices of two of the brothers are given by Herodotus, and there is a fragment of a poem addressed to the other by herself. She was married to a good sort of rich man, from the neighboring island of Andros, named Cercolas, whose only distinction, as is generally the case with the husbands of famous women, was that he was the husband of Sappho. In such cases the wives are celebrated *per se;* the husbands, *per alias*. She had a daughter named Cleis — after the name of her own mother — whom she addresses in one of the preserved fragments. Her fame and her brilliant genius drew around her a circle of women whose tastes and pursuits were akin to her own, and who constituted a sort of poetical academy or school devoted to music, poetry, and every elegant pursuit. According to the scandal of later times, the art of love was one of the fine arts taught to the younger members of this sisterhood. Cercolas is not heard of in these agreeable occupations, being probably engaged in taking care of his property over in Andros. These are all the facts positively known, from contemporary authority, of this celebrated woman. There is an obscure allusion to a flight from Mitylene to Sicily, to escape some unexplained danger, between 604 and 592 B. C. She must have lived to a somewhat advanced age, since she calls herself γεραιτέρα, an *elderly person*, which, of course, implies in a woman a considerable number of years.[1]

The peculiarity of her social position, and the freedom of manners generally allowed to the Lesbian women, joined to the warmth and tenderness of her own poetry, presented tempting subjects of malicious innuendo and exaggerating satire to the unscrupulous wits of the Athenian comic stage three centuries later. With them Sappho became a stock character. They converted an old fable of Phaon into a fact, and the hero of it into a reality, and so wove out of these fictions, which are never alluded to by any writer until a century after Sappho's death, the celebrated story of the Loves of Phaon and Sappho. From another ancient myth, they concocted the story of the Lover's Leap from the Leucadian cliff. On this promontory was the site of an early temple of Apollo, where human sacrifices were performed by throwing the victims into the waves below. In the course of time, the worship of Aphrodite took its place, and there grew up a superstitious notion of the remedial agency of the waters under the cliff, especially as a water-cure for disappointed love. It was generally tried, however, with the precaution of attaching bladders or other buoyant substances to the body, as well as stationing life-boats near at hand. An Epeirot named Machatas — the Sam Patch of the classic ages — tried it four times with perfect success, and was known, from this circumstance, as Leucopetras, or Whitestone. Suicide was, however, sometimes committed in this way. Several well-authenticated examples occur, as Artemisia of Halicarnassus and Diodorus.

The Phaon of the fable was a young man of surpassing beauty and irresistible command over the affections of all who fell in his way. In consequence of these inconvenient gifts of Venus, he was constantly exposed to what old Mr. Weller calls *inadwertent captiwation*. To avoid the importunate claims of his Lesbian admirers, he fled to the distant wilds of Acarnania, and there built the temple of Apollo Leucas. They, however, found him out; — for what savage hiding-place will not Love explore? — and, reduced to despair by his obdurate coldness, threw themselves into the sea. These myths

and traditions were fastened upon Sappho by the Athenian comic poets. Menander in a fragment says: —

> "Where yonder cliff rears high its crest in air,
> White glittering o'er the distant wave,
> There Sappho, headlong in a briny grave
> Entombed, with frantic plunge, her love and her despair."

The story was echoed by the Roman poets, particularly, six hundred years after her time, by Ovid, from whom the common notions of the character of the poetess are directly drawn. His epistle of Sappho to Phaon — one of the eloquent infamies by which that great poet, but weak and bad man, disgraced the literature of the Augustan age — was translated by Pope, and imitated, in its poetical as well as objectionable features, in his epistle of Eloisa to Abelard.

Byron says in Childe Harold: —

> "Childe Harold sailed and passed the barren spot,
> Where sad Penelope o'erlooked the wave;
> And onward viewed the mount, not yet forgot,
> The lover's refuge, and the Lesbian's grave.
> But when he saw the evening star above
> Leucadia's far projecting rock of woe,
> And hailed the last resort of fruitless love,
> He felt, or deemed he felt, no common glow."

Thus Sappho has come down to our day as the type of love-lorn, despairing, suicidal damsels. On this count in the indictment against her, I say: — 1. There is not a single mention of the name of her supposed enchanter in her works. 2. The epithet *elderly*, which she frankly applies to herself, is against the story. 3. Though there is passion enough in her poems to burn a whole Troubadour's court of love, there is not the slightest intimation of any desire to make way with herself, or even to cure the distemper, certainly not by cold water. In one of those fervent fragments, as Moore calls them,

> "Which still, like sparkles of Greek fire,
> Burn on through time and ne'er expire,"

she says: —

"Come, Aphrodite, come
Hither with thy golden cup,
Where nectar-floated flowrets swim;
Fill, fill the goblet up!
Thy laughing lips shall kiss the brim, —
Come, Aphrodite, come."

I submit that the woman who wrote this did not, as the grave-digger in Hamlet says, "drown herself wittingly": "*argal*, she that is not guilty of her death shortens not her own life."

Two other charges, somewhat inconsistent with that of having drowned herself, have been brought against her by the ancient libellers, and too hastily believed by modern copyists: — 1. That her life was immoral. 2. That she was short, black, and ugly. To sustain the first, her husband, that good man, is reduced to an etymology. The two great solvents in modern criticism to put out of the way any person whose existence is incompatible with a theory are myth and etymology. Sappho has suffered by this and the reverse process. They have not only vaporized her husband into an etymology, but have consolidated a myth into a lover. Her husband thus put out of the way, she was next represented by the comedians as engaged in disreputable intrigues with Anacreon, Hipponax, and Archilochus. A fancy sketch, by Hermesianax, a writer in the age of Philip, is very picturesque, but entirely without foundation: —

"With her the sweet Anacreon strayed
Begirt with many a Lesbian maid;
And fled for her the Samian strand, —
For her, his vine-clad native land,
A bleeding country, left the while
For wine and love in Sappho's isle."

Professor Volger, who published an historico-critical essay upon this subject in 1809, takes sides against her, but considers the charges of no consequence when compared with the lustre of her genius. He was followed by two German Professors, who, with a transcendental gallantry worthy of the scholarship

of their erudite nation, and of the reverence for woman cherished by the ancient Germans in the time of Tacitus, have broken lances in defence of the calumniated poetess who has been in her grave these five and twenty centuries. The work of one of her defenders is called "Sappho freed from a Prevailing Prejudice"; and that of the other, "Sappho and Erinna, described according to their Lives, and the Fragments of their Works." The vindication set up by these able and chivalrous Professors has been very generally acquiesced in; but recently the whole subject has been reconsidered by Mr. Mure, who examines the evidence with the metaphysical acuteness of a Scotch advocate, and draws a strong conclusion against the poetess. He scrutinizes every expression in her poems, for the purpose of detecting autobiographical intimations and confessions of guilt; pries into all the circumstances and conditions of her life, and deals with her as austerely as John Knox dealt with poor Queen Mary. It almost seems as if Scotch Presbyterians had an invincible antipathy to handsome women. Professor Volger believes the story of her being in love with Phaon, and throwing herself in despair from the Leucadian cliff; though he admits that she must have been at least forty years of age, since she had been married, had already a grown-up daughter, and was now a widow. As to the improbability of her having been so desperately enamored at that sober and respectable age, he says, we are not without examples of old ladies in love with young gentlemen, and of young gentlemen not in love with old ladies.

As to the other lovers, Archilochus died before Sappho was born; Hipponax was born after Sappho died; and Anacreon was two years old when Sappho was forty-eight. There is, therefore, what the logicians call a violent improbability that any unbecoming relations could have existed between Sappho and either of these distinguished poets; and theirs are the only names specified by the ancient libellers.

As to the charge of ugliness, the testimony of persons who lived many centuries after she was dead and gone is hardly to

be taken, unless corroborated by other evidence. That villain Ovid represents her as short and black; Maximus Tyrius, a tedious writer in the time of the Antonines, says that she was diminutive and swarthy; Bayle calls her, I presume on these authorities, *laide, petite et noire;* Madame Dacier says she was *petite et brune;* and Professor Dalzel, a Scotchman, takes a middle course, and describes her as one "*quæ neque inter pulchras, neque inter deformes, sui sexus, numerari possit.*" I believe it is a general fact that ugly women, if there be any such, set an exaggerated value upon personal beauty. Madame de Staël is said to have declared that she would surrender all her genius and learning in exchange for beauty. Now, applying this precedent inversely to the case of Sappho, there are two lines, quoted by Galen the physician, in which she says:

> "Beauty, fair flower, upon the surface lies,
> But worth with beauty e'en in aspect vies";—

from which we may infer that Sappho, being beautiful, set no undue value upon it. Alcæus addresses her as "Violet-crowned, pure, sweetly smiling Sappho"; and it would not be easy to make a pleasanter picture than is here suggested in a single graphic line. Plato repeatedly calls her "the beautiful Sappho," and Plutarch and Athenæus adopt this description. There are, besides busts, several portraits of Sappho on coins and gems of her native island,—in all, I believe, six. These are published in Wolf's edition of the Greek Poetesses; and they confirm the hints of Alcæus and the description of Plato. I conclude, on the whole, first, that she did not leap off the Leucadian cliff; secondly, that she was not an immoral woman; and thirdly, that she was a handsome woman; or, at any rate, that she had a fine intellectual brow, the charm of a sweet and amiable countenance, and a brilliant expression of poetic sensibility and dazzling genius, and that she justly commanded the unmeasured admiration of some of the best minds of antiquity.

Her works, like those of the other lyric poets, exist, with two exceptions, only in fragments. But from these slight specimens we can well understand the ground on which her poetical

fame rested. In some, there is a slight touch of convivial gayety; others breathe a depth of passion, and are touched with a warmth, to which the coldness of Northern natures has but little magnetic affinity. Her style is arch, vivid, flowing. She delineates the softer passions with tenderness and ideal beauty. She clothes her thoughts with incomparable suavity of language. She gathers around them images borrowed from the fairest and brightest objects in creation, — from the stars, the breath of heaven, the musical fall of rain among the branches and the leaves; from the ruddy light of morning, and the gray stillness of evening; from fruits and trees; from the rose, the violet, the primrose, and the lily, — children of Nature, and objects of her fervent sympathy and passionate love.

Achilles Tatius, of the fifth century, gives, in prose, the substance of a little poem of Sappho. "If Zeus had willed to set a king over the flowers, the rose would have been the king of the flowers. It is the ornament of the earth, the glory of the plants, the eye of the flowers, the blush of the meadow, beauty that lightens. It breathes of love, it welcomes Aphrodite, it is plumed with sweetly perfumed leaves, the petal laughs to the zephyr."

The qualities of Sappho's mind and heart, as well as the vivid characteristics of her style, are seen distinctly enough in the few brief snatches of her song which time has spared to us. A delicate feeling for quiet Nature breathes in these lines: —

> "The stars around the lovely moon
> Their radiant visage hide, as soon
> As she, full-orbed, appears to sight,
> Flooding the earth with her silvery light."

Her love of intellectual pursuits is expressed in a short passage from an address to some rich and proud Lesbian woman, who had shown her indifference to poetry. It is the only sarcastic passage in all the fragments: —

> "In the cold grave where thou shalt lie,
> All memory, too, of thee shall die,
> Who, in this life's auspicious hours,

Disdain'st Pieria's genial flowers;
And, in the mansions of the dead,
With the vile crowd of ghosts, thy shade,
While nobler spirits point with scorn,
Shall flit neglected and forlorn."

The following lines refer to her daughter: —

"I have a child — a lovely one —
In beauty like the golden sun,
Or like sweet flowers of earliest bloom;
And Cleïs is her name, for whom
I Lydia's treasures, were they mine,
Would glad resign."

This little dialogue with the rose embodies a graceful sentiment: —

"Sweet rose of May! sweet rose of May!
Whither, ah whither fled away?

"Rose.

"What 's gone no time can e'er restore;
I come no more, — I come no more."

The following lines, describing a happy and honorable love, speak well for Sappho: —

"Yes, yes, I own it true, —
Pleasure 's the good that I pursue;
How blest is then my destiny,
That I may love and honor too!
So bright, so brave a love is that allotted me."

The two poems on which the common idea of her character as a woman and a poetess is chiefly formed are the "Ode to Venus," and the "Ode to a Beloved Object." They doubtless express, in a fervent manner, her apprehension of the passions she so vividly describes; but I see no ground for giving them the autobiographical application which some critics assign to them. Plutarch compares her heart to a volcano. It is said that one of the Greek physicians found the symptoms of love so accurately described, that he copied the whole second ode into his book of diagnosis, and regulated his prescriptions by it. Longinus, in a different mood, quotes it in his treatise on the Sublime. "Is it not wonderful," says that able and

elegant critic, "how she calls at once on soul, body, ears, tongue, eyes, color — on all at once she calls — as if frantic and beside herself, and how, with opposite effects and emotions, she freezes, she glows, she raves, she returns to reason, she shakes with terror, she is on the brink of death? It is not a single passion, but a congress of passions." These poems are well known in English literature, in the old and very graceful translation of Ambrose Phillips. I have preferred to delineate her character, as I understand it, from the fragments, which seem to me to have a closer personal bearing. I have dwelt on these details of the life and works of an illustrious woman, because she has shared the fortune of others of her sex, endowed like her with God's richest gifts of intellect and heart, who have been the victims of remorseless calumny for asserting the prerogatives of genius, and daring to compete with men in the struggle for fame and glory.

A long list of Greek poetesses has been preserved, with numerous fragments of their works. Some of their names, however, have proved to be mere epithets. The name of Agacle, which has made some noise in literary history, says an ingenious writer in the Edinburgh Review, "is no better than an accusative case." An elegant epigrammatist of the Augustan age selects nine, and recognizes their claims to be reckoned as the mortal Muses.

"These the maids of heavenly tongue,
Reared Pierian cliffs among: —
Anyte, as Homer strong;
Sappho, star of Lesbian song;
Erinna; famous Telesilla;
Myro fair; and fair Praxilla;
Corinna, she that sang of yore
The dreadful shield Athene bore;
Myrto sweet; and Nossis, known
For tender thought and melting tone; —
Framers all of deathless pages,
Joys that live for endless ages.
Nine the Muses famed in heaven;
And nine to mortals earth has given."

Erinna was the contemporary, friend, and pupil of Sappho. Though not born in Lesbos, she was called the Lesbian, on account of her habitual residence there, having been drawn thither, like many other young persons of genius and enthusiasm, by the attractions of the literary circle that gathered around Sappho. She was a maiden of refined temperament, fervid imagination, and intellect ripened into too early maturity by the excitements of such scenes and such society. Her sensitive nature soon exhausted itself, and she died at the age of eighteen or nineteen; but not until she had written poems which some of the ancient critics placed higher than Sappho's. Her early death is the subject of many touching little poems in the collection of epigrams. The only two lines preserved of her principal poem, which was written in hexameters, breathe a melancholy tone, as if that foreboding which so often seems to cast its shadow over the tremulous sensibility of richly gifted youth modulated her song, without her own consciousness, to a plaintive strain: —

"Soon shall the faint-breathing echo to unseen Hades be floated,
And with the dead be silence; for darkness pours over the eyelids."

For the sake of briefly exhibiting the contrast between the Æolian spirit on the Asiatic side and that on the European side of the Ægean Sea, I will mention one or two more poetesses. Corinna of Tanagra was a contemporary and rival of Pindar. She was a poetess of extraordinary vigor, and though she at first censured Myrtis, who had taught Pindar the lyric art, and afterwards beaten him repeatedly in it, —

"Shame and scorn to Myrtis bold!
She, though cast in female mould,
Dared to strike the rival lyre,
And battle wage with Pindar's fire," —

yet she afterwards changed her mind, and herself gained five lyrical victories over the great Theban. Pausanias, the Greek traveller, in describing his visit to Tanagra, says: "There is a monument of Corinna, the only Tanagrean woman who wrote poetry, in a conspicuous part of the city; and there is a

picture in the gymnasium, in which she is represented with a wreath upon her head, on account of a poetical victory she gained over Pindar in Thebes. She appears to me to have gained it," says the crusty old traveller, "partly by her dialect, since she sang not in the Doric, as Pindar did, but in that which was understood by the Æolians; and partly because, if we may judge by her portrait, she was the most beautiful woman of her age." I am sorry to add that the great Pindar was so little pleased with his defeat, that he very impolitely called her a *sow*. Besides lyrical, she wrote heroic poems, one of which was on the War of the Seven against Thebes.

The character of the Dorians was one of the most remarkable phenomena in ancient history, — remarkable in itself and in its contrasts with the other races. In the great speech of Pericles in Thucydides, he runs a covert comparison between the Athenians, who were the extreme Ionians, and the Spartans, who were exaggerated Dorians. The opposition was so deep and violent, that, in spite of the Hellenic bond of unity, they finally rushed into the Peloponnesian war, which was marked by all the fierceness, revenge, obstinacy, and bloodshed that naturally belong to wars of races. The Dorian had no private life. The moment he was born, he was submitted to a public inspector to decide whether he was worth bringing up. If he did not give proof of a sufficiently vigorous constitution for the hard life the Spartan was called to lead, he was handed over to the tender mercies of the wolves of Mount Taygetus; if he did, to the still sharper discipline of a Spartan education. This education had a grim kind of sociability about it. He lived in the company of his equals in age and station, with whom he sat at table and ate his black broth, not being allowed to take it home where he might have made as many wry faces as he pleased. An Athenian once visited Sparta on some public business. As usual with distinguished strangers, he was entertained at a public banquet. Returning to Athens, and reporting the result of his mission, he added that he now

understood why the Spartans were so ready to remain on the battle-field; for a Spartan death was less formidable than a Spartan dinner. Had the Spartan been asked, what was the chief end of man, his answer would have been, to live as uncomfortably as possible, and to die fighting, spitted by a hostile spear in front. The passion of friendship and respect for the aged were, however, cherished sentiments in the Dorian heart, and throw the light of humanity over Dorian existence. On the other hand, their cruelty to the Helots, their slaves, surpassed the cruelties elsewhere inflicted, whether in ancient or modern times, upon the victims of hideous wrong in that forlorn condition. They held woman in high honor, but not in that chivalrous respect which permits not even the breath of heaven to visit her too roughly. Their sentiment was not gallantry nor romance, nor a poetical appreciation of woman, such as led the knight of the Middle Ages to worship her. The Dorian girl underwent a training nearly as severe as her brother's. Her rights were acknowledged, her opinions respected, and the corresponding duties were exacted. In boxing, wrestling, and warlike exercises, in giving hard blows, whether abroad or at home, the men found the women quite their match, as the nickname they bore at Athens, *Broken-ears*, sufficiently shows.

The effect of this gymnastic training is hinted at in a scene of the Lysistrata of Aristophanes. The women of Greece have been called to a general convention to take measures for the establishment of peace. On the arrival of Lampito, the delegate from Lacedæmon, she is saluted by Lysistrata: —

"Hail!
Lampito, dearest of Laconian women.
How shines thy beauty, O my sweetest friend!
How fair thy color, full of life thy frame!
Why, thou couldst choke a bull.

"Lampito.

"Yes, by the twain;
For I do practise the gymnastic art,
And, leaping, strike my backbone with my heels.

"Lysistrata.
"In sooth, thy bust is lovely to behold."

The Dorians were the quintessence of unreasoning conservatism. The institutions of their ancestors were the height of wisdom, and to change them was impious. They refused to put a new seasoning into their broth, or an additional string to the ancient four-stringed lyre. Old bread, old meat, old iron, old black soup, old fellows, everything old, except old wine, they liked. In his speech, the Dorian was crusty and brief, partly because he had few things to say, and partly because he thought few things worth saying at all. Like the English, he had a great talent for silence. Often, however, when he did speak, there was a deal of meaning in those pithy sentences. He despised the lisping Lesbian and the fluent Ionian, and sometimes a single phrase of his struck dead a whole oration of his eloquent neighbors. To the old-fashioned dialect which his fathers brought down from the mountains he adhered with a religious veneration. The broad *alpha* was as sacred to him as the broad brim of a Quaker hat is to the follower of Penn. The peculiarities of his speech — terse in words, full and broad in sound, short in construction — gave a point to his conversation, scarcely to be represented in another language. Agesilaus the Great, hearing one praise an orator who had the power of magnifying little things, said, "I do not like a shoemaker who puts large shoes on a small foot." Another, hearing a lame Spartan soldier ask for a horse, said, "Friend, dost thou not see that war needs men not to run, but to stand?" The king was once asked to hear a singer who imitated the nightingale. He said, "I have often heard the nightingale herself." Being asked which of the virtues was the better, bravery or justice, he said, "Bravery is useless without justice; but if all men were just, there would be no need of bravery." To an Athenian who said, "We have chased you many a time from the Cephissus," Antalcidas replied, "But we have never chased you from the Eurotas." Eudamidas, seeing Xenocrates the philosopher, already advanced in age, discussing

some subject with his disciples, asked who that old man was. Some one replied, that he was one of the wise men who seek after virtue. "If he is still seeking it," he replied, "when will he find and practise it?" To a fellow who said, while taking a punishment, "I did the wrong without meaning to," a Spartan replied, "Then be flogged without meaning to." Periander, the physician, was distinguished in his profession, but had written some very poor poems. "Why," said a Spartan friend, "do you prefer to be called a bad poet, rather than a good doctor?" Sometimes they showed traces of a higher and more humane philosophy than these pungent sayings indicate. Ariston, hearing a person praise the maxim of Cleomenes, who declared it to be the duty of a good king to benefit his friends and injure his enemies, replied, "How much better, my good sir, to benefit his friends, indeed, but to make friends of his enemies!"

The Doric language was widely spoken. It spread over the Peloponnesus and nearly the whole north of Greece. It occupied the great island of Crete, and the whole southwest of Asia Minor. It was established in Africa, in Sicily, in a great part of Magna Grecia, and in the southeast of Italy. In its literary form it always remained the language of choral composition, whether lyric or tragic, and in its spoken form it continued in its original seats down to the second or third century of the Christian era. The literature of this language was copious, and the architecture which bears the name of Doric was prominent among the Grecian styles; but the Dorians themselves showed little aptitude for letters or arts. Their women sometimes wrote. Telesilla of Argos was famous for her Odes; but more famous for having led out the women to drive back an invading army from the walls. She was honored with a statue, which represented her as looking at a helmet, which she held in her hand, about to place it on her head, while her books lay scattered at her feet. The longest poem known to have been written by a Spartan Dorian consists of three lines. It was called the Trichoria, and was sung at the festival celebrated by old men, youths, and boys.

"OLD MEN.

"Brave youths were we in the days gone by.

"YOUTHS.

"Brave youths are we; if ye doubt, ye may try.

"BOYS.

"Braver youths far than ye, in our day, we shall be."

There is a line of a dancing song, quoted by Lucian, and thus rendered by Mure: —

"Forward! boys, and merrily foot it, and dance it better and better still."

They had many festivals; but the poems for them were generally written by the Greeks of other races. Their war-songs and elegies were for the most part the work of Ionians, in the Ionian language. The proper Doric poetry was generally written by Ionians or Æolians. Such pursuits the Dorians held to be unworthy of a manly and warlike race. Dorian music was composed and Doric edifices were built by artists whom they employed, as they would so many dancing-masters. When a distinguished composer was introduced to a Spartan king as the best harper of the age, the king returned the compliment by introducing his own cook as the best maker of black broth.

It is singular that the very earliest Spartan poet, Alcman, who flourished in the middle of the seventh century B. C., should have been one of the most jovial in all Greek literature. He was, however, an Asiatic by birth, and was brought into Peloponnesus as a slave. His revelling pieces enjoyed a great popularity with the ascetic Spartans, who seem to have seasoned their black broth by trying "to cloy the hungry edge of appetite by bare imagination of a feast." I pass over the fragments in which he celebrates the pleasures of eating and drinking, or describes his favorite dishes, or eulogizes his own amazing appetite, or glories in his title of the all-devouring Alcman, or gives a list of his favorite wines, to quote a piece of natural description, which I think is marked by great beauty of thought, as well as by picturesque expression: —

"Now o'er the drowsy earth still night prevails.
Calm sleep the mountain-tops and shady dales,
The rugged cliffs and hollow glens;
The wild beasts slumber in their dens,
The cattle on the hill. Deep in the sea
The countless finny race and monster brood
Tranquil repose. Even the busy bee
Forgets her daily toil. The silent wood
No more with noisy hum of insect rings;
And all the feathered tribe, by gentle sleep subdued,
Perch in the glade, and hang their drooping wings."

LECTURE XI.

PINDAR. — THE GREEK DRAMA. — ÆSCHYLUS.

In the picture I have endeavored to give of the poetry of Greece during the lyrical age, I have been obliged to omit many names belonging to each of the three races, taking only such as seemed to me to have something more characteristic than the rest. It may have occurred to some to ask, why Pindar, the greatest lyric poet of Greece, and, in the estimation of some, the greatest in the world, has not been brought forward among the Dorian lyrists. The reason is, that he is to be regarded as the poet of the nation rather than of a race. He rose to an eminence in the literature of Greece second only to that of Homer himself. Homer was called *the poet*, Sappho *the poetess*, and Pindar *the lyrist*. Chronologically, he was the contemporary of the great dramatists. In early youth he studied at Athens, and ever afterward the relations between him and that city, which he calls the "prop of Hellas, divine city, splendid Athens," were marked by the interchange of mutual and gracious offices of kindness and regard. After his death, the people, who had often welcomed him with public honors and private hospitalities, commemorated their appreciating love of his genius by raising a statue to his memory, which Pausanias saw there six centuries later. His compositions, in their form and in the mode of their delivery, bore the closest resemblance to the choral parts of the Attic tragedy. Since, then, he was in style the poet of the Greek nation, and since, in time and in the circumstances of his education, as well as in his literary relations, he was connected with Athenian culture, and may be regarded as the most brilliant phenomenon

that heralded in the Attic age, I have decided to give a brief account of him and his works, as an introduction to the Attic drama.

Pindar was a native of Bœotia, born in Thebes, or, according to others, in a small town called Cynocephalæ, in the neighborhood of Thebes, in 522 or 518 B. C. His family was one of the oldest in Thebes, claiming descent from Cadmus. For several generations they had shown a special talent for music and poetry, and had become noted as able performers at the poetical and musical festivals. The profession of the lyric poet, to which hereditary taste and personal inclination destined Pindar from his childhood, required a very elaborate training, not only in the details of poetical composition and the science of metre and rhythm, but in orchestric dancing, or the poetry of motion, and in the whole art of vocal and instrumental music. Not only this, but a familiar acquaintance with the works of the great poets, and with the entire circle of mythical, traditional, and historical lore, was to be studiously acquired. It was for this reason that the father of Pindar sent him to Athens, already fast becoming the chief school and centre of literature. From the instruction of Lasus and his other masters there, he passed to the tuition of his famous countrywomen, Myrtis and Corinna, under whom, especially the latter, he appears to have finished his poetical education.

The earliest of his extant poems was written at the age of twenty. His brilliant genius soon made him known all over Greece. He was held in equal honor at the courts of princes and in the capitals of republican states. He was invited to Syracuse by Hieron, where he remained about four years, the brightest ornament of poetical society. The Rhodians deposited in the temple of the Lindian Athene his seventh Olympian ode, written in golden letters, — a very beautiful composition, in honor of Diagoras, one of their countrymen. Though his usual residence was at Thebes, yet, like other poets of his time, he made frequent journeys to visit the cities and men that vied with one another for his friendship, and to be present

at the panegyrical assemblies and festive celebrations which his verse commemorated and adorned. His character was deeply tinctured with a reverential feeling towards the objects of religious worship, and he was a rigid observer of the forms of ancient piety. He dedicated a shrine or chapel — a μητρῷον — to the mother of the gods, near his own house; a statue to Zeus Ammon in Libya; another to Hermes in the Agora at Thebes. He made frequent pilgrimages to the temple of Apollo at Delphi, where Pausanias saw the iron chair on which he sat while chanting the hymns he had composed in honor of the gods. He died at or near the age of eighty. The prime of his life coincides with the great events of the Persian wars. The battles of Marathon and Salamis, in which his contemporary Æschylus fought with distinguished bravery, passed with their great issues before his eyes. But in common with his countrymen, and perhaps, like Goethe, controlled by love for the tranquil pursuits of art, he took no personal part in those high feats of patriotic valor. He seems to have suffered to some extent the common lot of distinguished excellence, from the envy of rivals; but we know little of these personalities, except from a few scornful allusions in his odes: and whatever they were, they failed to obscure in the least the brightness of his fame, after Death, the all-reconciler, had set his seal upon it. The enthusiastic admiration of Greece for him increased as the glory of Thebes gradually vanished into the mists of the past. When Alexander the Great took Thebes, and razed it to the ground, he gave strict orders to his soldiers that no damage should be done to the house where Pindar had lived and died, — an incident beautifully alluded to by Milton in one of his sonnets: —

> "Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower;
> The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
> The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
> Went to the ground."

Pindar was not only one of the greatest, but also one of the most copious, writers of ancient times; his works — the pro-

duct of a long, peaceful, and prosperous life exclusively occupied with religious, social, and poetical duties — embracing compositions in all the forms that were current in his day. The only pieces, however, which have come down to us entire are four series of Epinician, or triumphal odes, celebrating victories gained at the four great national games, — the Olympian, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian, — in the races, athletic exercises, and musical contests, held on those great panegyrical occasions. These Panegyreis, or general meetings, are a striking and characteristic feature of the social, political, and literary history of the Greeks. The peculiar style of the Pindaric ode can hardly be illustrated, without touching on some of the main points of this subject.

From before the Homeric age — as we see in passages of the Iliad and Odyssey — down to the later literary epochs, feats of bodily strength enjoyed an exaggerated favor, which was noticed and complained of by the deeper-thinking and more philosophical minds among the Attic writers. These were at first exclusively the objects of the games, and always the leading objects, though at later periods contests involving quickness of hand and eye were introduced, then horse and chariot races, and, finally, music, poetry, and eloquence gave a more intellectual cast to these oft-recurring holidays. The Olympian and Pythian games were celebrated at intervals of four years, and the Nemean and Isthmian, at intervals of two. The month in which they were held was sacred. Heralds proclaimed peace, or at least an armistice, throughout the Hellenic world. It was like the "God's-peace" of the Church in the Middle Ages. States sent deputations, splendidly equipped, consisting of their most illustrious citizens, to represent them. Safe-conduct was granted through every territory to all who were travelling to the sacred spot. Private citizens who possessed any talent for anything sought to distinguish themselves there. Athletes put themselves, and jockeys their horses, in training. The poet burnished up his last ode or epic; the philosopher rounded anew the periods of his latest

discourse on the nature of things; the artist gave the finishing touch of the pencil or the chisel. Kings and high-born cavaliers put their four-horse chariots in first-rate order. Merchants and pedlers packed up their wares. In short, there was a universal hubbub and commotion. The roads that led to the scene of festivity and strenuous rivalry were crowded with multitudes on foot, on horseback, and in carriages; and all was life, confusion, jollity, and joy.

The scenes that broke upon the view, as one came in sight of the great world-fair, were well suited to keep up the excitement at fever-heat; — magnificent temples crowded with worshippers; statues of the gods, like the Olympian Zeus by Pheidias; sacred groves, filled with the marble forms of heroes, statesmen, poets, kings, and victors; ranges of tents, far as the eye could reach; motley multitudes from every tribe and nation; the hum of voices innumerable, uttering the nimble eloquence of the Greek tongue, — here a philosopher, like Gorgias, holding forth to a group of wondering disciples, — there, a famous poet or historian, with the glistening eyes of a ring of hearers fixed upon him, — yonder, a bad poet, grasping by the edge of his *himation* the hapless victim who wishes him and his Pindarics the other side of the Styx. By and by the Hellenodicæ — the judges of the games — take their stand, and silence steals over the countless multitude. The chariots are brought to the lists; the combatants mount; the trumpet-signal is given, and off they start. The trampling horses, the thundering wheels, the rising dust, a car overturned and broken to pieces, and the charioteer slain, fill up a few breathless moments; and then Theron of Agrigentum is proclaimed by the loud-voiced herald victor in the chariot-race. The welkin rings with the shouts of the frantic multitude. A procession is formed to bear the happy victor to the altar or temple, with music and song, that he may thank the gods who have crowned him with so much glory. Then the congratulating friends crowd to the *Κῶμος*, — the grand revel. Homeward hies the victor, feeling like a god. Arrived at his native city, his

exulting countrymen rush out to meet him. They cannot receive him in so commonplace a way as through the city gate. They pull down a furlong or so of the wall which has stood the brunt of a hundred sieges, and drag in through the breach the chariot that bears their parsley-crowned townsman. Another procession, another returning of thanks to the gods, another grand carouse. Meantime a messenger is despatched to Thebes, with Theron's compliments and a handsome present to Pindar, "flower of the Muses," requesting, at his earliest convenience, an Epinician ode. The ode is speedily forthcoming, written, it may be, a month before, with blanks for the names. A grand chorus is put in training; a celebration is held with the whole musical force of the royal band; and it is annually repeated, until some fresher immortality drives it out and takes its place.

Horse-racing, boxing, and wrestling, after all, are not in themselves highly poetical subjects. The pomp and splendor of the scenes, the interest taken in them by states, and the extravagant delight of the people, surrounded them, in ancient Greece, with associations of renown which furnish the point of view for the proper appreciation of the Pindaric ode. It was a great piece of good fortune to the poet when the victor, as was generally the case, happened to be descended from the gods by the male or female line; for this opened the whole brilliant circle of mythical tradition as suggesting collateral or illustrative topics. Perhaps the native city of the victor was founded by Athene or Poseidon; and then these deities are sung. Or if he is descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors, then their deeds are marshalled forth to cast their glory upon the more illustrious scion of the ancient stock. Perhaps the victor himself has founded a city, or gained a battle, or gladdened the hearts of guests by princely hospitality; and then the Muse utters her blessings upon his gracious head, predicts eternal fame to the new-built city, or endless songs and carousals around the festive board.

These brief hints will serve to suggest the general character

of the Epinician ode, its style, and the nature of its topics. Pindar was formerly considered the most irregular of the poets. His episodes were thought to be disconnected, and his transitions violent. It was settled that, while the Pindaric ode contained passages of high and daring imagination, and single figures that flashed like diamonds, yet, taken as a whole, it was an incoherent, unintelligible accumulation of lofty-sounding phrases, inexplicable allusions, and immeasurable measures. This is not true. The Pindaric ode is as artistical in its structure as a Greek tragedy. The skill shown in the selection and adaptation of materials, illustrations, and rhythms is the result of the most profound study. But it is true that Pindar's works are made difficult to us by several quite intelligible causes. The condensed and quaint style of the Doric dialect; the wide sweep of his allusions, requiring a minute study of mythology and history in its obscurer portions; the complicated rhythmical and musical character of the compositions themselves, never to be completely appreciated after the entire loss of the notes to which they were sung, — all these surround the study of Pindar with difficulties not easily overcome. And after all, owing to the nature of his subjects, and the peculiar notions of the Greeks upon them, — subjects and a state of things whose interest has completely passed away, — there is less in Pindar than in any other great poet of Greece which addresses itself to the common heart of man. There is a good deal of epic matter on which he freely draws; but he always makes it subordinate to the lyrical spirit. He has many brilliant narratives, but, unlike the composure of the Homeric stories, they move on with a passionate and headlong tread. He often embodies, in lines of wonderful terseness, the loftiest moral truths; and his descriptive passages present in a few graphic touches very fine pictures of the places, persons, or objects described. One or two brief extracts are all that the time will allow; and these, it will be readily conceived, give but a very fragmentary idea of a Pindaric poem, as it appeared to the contemporary world.

FUTURE PUNISHMENT AND REWARD.

"O'er the good, soft suns the while,
Through the mild day, the night serene,
Alike with cloudless lustre smile,
Tempering all the tranquil scene.
Theirs is leisure; vex not they
Stubborn soil, or watery way,
To wring from toil want's worthless bread;
No ills they know, no tears they shed,
But with the glorious gods below
Ages of peace contented share.
Meanwhile the bad, with bitterest woe,
Eye-startling tasks and endless tortures bear.
All whose steadfast virtue thrice
Each side the grave unchanged hath stood,
Still unseduced, unstained with vice, —
They by Zeus' mysterious road
Pass to Chronos' realm of rest,
Happy isle that holds the blest,
Where sea-born breezes gently blow
O'er blooms of gold that round them glow,
Which Nature — boon from sea or strand
Or goodly tree — profusely showers;
Whence pluck they many a fragrant band,
And braid their locks with never-fading flowers."

TO THE SUN UNDER AN ECLIPSE.

"Beam of the sun, Heaven-watcher, thou whose glance
Lights far and wide, unveil to me, unveil
Thy brow, that once again my eye may hail
The lustre of thy cloudless countenance.
Surpassing star! Why thus, at noon of day
Withdrawing, wouldst thou mar
Man's stalwart strength, and bar
With dark obstruction wisdom's winding way?
Lo! on thy chariot-track
Hangs midnight, pitchy black;
While thou, from out thine ancient path afar,
Hurriest thy belated car.
But thee by mightiest Zeus do I implore,
O'er Thebes thy fleet steeds' flight

To rein, with presage bright
Of plenteousness and peace forevermore.
Fountain of Light! O venerated Power!
To all of earthly line
A wonder and a sign,
What terror threatenest thou at this dread hour?
Doom of battle dost thou bring;
Or cankerous blight, fruit-withering;
Or crushing snow-showers' giant weight;
Or factions, shatterers of the state;
Or breaching seas, poured o'er the plain;
Or frost that fettereth land and spring;
Or summer dank, whose drenching wing
Drops heavily with rain?
Such fate, portendeth such, thy gloomy brow?
Or deluging beneath the imprisoned deep
This earth once more, man's infant race wilt thou
Afresh from off the face of Nature sweep?"

From this time forward, Athens concentrates upon herself the chief literary interest, —

"Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits."

The germ of the city, in the old Pelasgian times, was a stronghold, built on the summit of a rock. In the early Hellenic times, it became, under the semi-mythical Theseus, the head of twelve confederated communities. The Homeric king, Menestheus, had his "well-built palace" there. After the Trojan war, the Attic commonwealth underwent many political changes. Kings were succeeded by Archons for life, then for ten years, then for a year. Then came the essay at a legislative revolution by Draco; next, the triumph of wisdom and common sense in the legislation of Solon; then, the usurpation for half a century, by Peisistratus and his sons; and finally, the infusion of a larger popular element into the government by Cleisthenes, and the rapid rise of Ionian-Attic genius to prosperity, power, and culture, under the favoring auspices of political freedom. Then occurred the Persian invasion; and from the

agitations of that fierce struggle Athens gained her leadership among the Grecian states, and from the ashes of the war-swept city rose in statelier splendor her battlements, altars, temples, statues, and shrines. Poetry, plastic art, political eloquence, took a fresh start in the plays of Æschylus and Sophocles, — in the Athene Promachos, the Olympian Zeus, the friezes of the Parthenon, by Pheidias, — in the great orations of Pericles. The Attic dialect, founded on the old Ionic, had gained in strength and terseness by the habit of political and forensic discussion, while it still retained its flexibility of phrase and construction. It had become the dialect of business-men as well as of the lovers of the beautiful, and the style of poetical composition shared in the general influences under which the language had been modified.

During the period from the sixth to the third century before Christ — the Attic age — the characteristic species of poetry at Athens was the dramatic, in its four forms of tragedy, comedy, satyric drama, and tragicomedy; and the elegant literature of the world is indebted to the great writers of that age for the establishment of the laws of dramatic composition, and for the most exquisite and masterly productions in that department of art. In the representation of the Homeric poems — so dramatic — at the great Panathenaic festival, and in the mimetic delivery of elegiac and lyric poetry, especially of the dithyramb, which was a peculiar combination of lyric elements with a tragic story taken from the legends of Dionysos in whose honor it was composed, the Athenians already had some of the forms and ideas of dramatic poetry; and even the terms *tragedy* and *comedy* were in familiar use at Corinth, Argos, Sicyon, and Megara, long before the proper tragedy and comedy came into existence at Athens. The first step taken in the direction of the drama proper was to diversify the choral representation by the introduction of a narrative, delivered in the style of the old epic recital; the next was the introduction of a second performer to sustain the part of respondent to the first. The former step was taken by Thes-

pis, a strolling player, who stands as the representative of the rudest form of the drama; and the latter by Æschylus, all of whose earlier plays were acted by the dithyrambic chorus and two players. A third actor was added by Sophocles; and here the external form of the dramatic representation reached its completion. Comedy had a similar origin in the jocose festivals of the same deity, and advanced nearly by the same stages, and at the same time, with tragedy. The one presents the dark side of the great world-drama that passes every moment before us; the other reverses the picture, and gives us the humor, the jest, the satire, and the laughter. We see the influence of those old Greek masters in the classical compositions of Corneille and Racine, of Alfieri, of Ferreira, and of Goethe in his Iphigeneia; in the Æschylus-like simplicity and grandeur of the Samson Agonistes of Milton; in the sweet, sad strain of that most beautiful echo of the classical spirit, — the Ion of Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd.

The old dithyrambic exhibition was held in some open place, the movements being made round the altar of the god. The earliest dramatic shows, like the pieces of Rueda in Spain, required a temporary stage and ranges of seats for the spectators. At length the exigencies of a rapidly perfecting art demanded a permanent structure; and the great Dionysiac theatre was built under the Acropolis, large enough to seat all the free inhabitants of the city, and with a lavish outlay of architectural, sculptural, and scenic decoration, in keeping with the general magnificence of public architecture in the age of its building.

Dramatic representation at Athens was always under the charge of the chief magistrate, and constituted a part of the religious worship. The festivals to which it especially belonged were the two Dionysiac celebrations held in the spring. The chief one lasted eight days, at the most beautiful season, when the capital was crowded with deputies from subject states, and with visitors from every part of the civilized world. The pieces were always offered in competition for the dramatic prize, the rivalry lying between the tribes to which the poets respectively

belonged. They were submitted in the first instance to the archon, and, if approved by him, three actors and a chorus were assigned to the poet, who was required to train them, not only in the dramatic parts and the choral movements, but in the music, and sometimes to play himself. A board of judges was appointed by the archon, whose duty it was to sit through the whole, and then award the prize. As the performances commenced at daylight, and lasted with little intermission all day long for several days together, the office of theatrical judge was far from being a sinecure. The contest being decided, a record was inscribed on a choragic monument, containing the name of the archon of the year, the tribe, the choragus, and the poet; and a celebration was held at the house of some friend of the victor, similar to that I described in speaking of the Olympian games. These monuments, surmounted each by a votive tripod, lined the street that led to the theatre round the corner of the Acropolis; and from the inscriptions on them later writers compiled the annals of the stage.

The theatre was built in the side of the Acropolis. Its size was enormous. It was open to the sky, so that, if a violent storm came up, the performances were interrupted until it had passed. The whole structure consisted of three main divisions, — the *σκηνή*, or stage, the orchestra, and the *θέατρον*, or place for spectators. Behind the stage stood permanent architectural fronts representing palaces. Three entrances led upon the stage; through the central one the actor of the principal part made his appearance. The orchestra, as the name imports, was the place assigned to the choir, where the lyrical parts were sung, and the elaborate dances, like those in the lyrical representations, were performed. The semicircular seats were occupied by the spectators, generally, it would appear, arranged according to tribes. Seats were reserved for magistrates and official personages, and some of the front seats were assigned to foreign ministers, and other distinguished strangers who were invited by decree of the senate to be present. They had a great variety of stage-machinery for the

change of scenes, which was accomplished partly by structures turning on a pivot and suddenly presenting the interior of a room, partly by painted scenery, which was changed during the singing of the choral songs. They had machines for making thunder, and for letting gods and other supernatural persons down upon the stage; also, a stairway, called the Charonian steps, from beneath, for infernal deities and ghosts to come up, very much like the passage by which the Lowell lecturer ascends from the lower regions.

The principles of Greek art required that the player should represent his character, not only in language, sentiment, and act, but in outward appearance. A small and puny player could not personate Achilles; a man with a pug nose could not play Apollo. But as nature does not always accommodate the men best fitted intellectually with the corresponding outward face and figure, the Greek players supplied the deficiency by arraying themselves in stately costumes; heightened their figures by wearing high-soled boots or *cothurni*, expanded themselves by padding their persons, and put on masks elaborately carved to mimic the character or passion intended to be represented. The making of these masks for the tragic and comic poets became an important branch of plastic art. Innumerable representations of them and of costumes are preserved in the pictures of ancient vases and other works of art, published by Gerhard, Panofka, and Wieseler. Julius Pollux enumerates about thirty masks, representing general characters, according to age, sex, rank, disposition, and aspect; as, for instance, the *shaven man*, the *pale man*. The chief hero was generally in the vigor of life, with black, curly hair and beard; and this mask was called the *black man*. The hero of the second class was generally blond, with yellow hair and waving locks; and this mask was the *yellow man*. A gay young fellow, ready for anything, was beardless, brown-complexioned, with luxuriant hair; and this mask was termed the πάγχρηστος, or *up-to-anything*. Another was the *fiery fellow*, with crisp hair and raised eyebrows. Then there was the *tender gentleman*, with deli-

cate pink color, blond hair, and a soft smile. The πιναροί were the *dirty fellows;* the *melancholy gentlemen* were ὠχροί, pale-complexioned, with sunken cheeks, and long, straight hair. Of female masks there were the *sad lady*, the sharer in the misfortunes of the prince, the *middle-aged lady*, the *newly married*, the *marriageable maiden*, the *despairing maiden*, with distracted eyeballs and dishevelled hair. These are only specimens selected from the Onomasticon of Julius Pollux, to give a general idea of the study expended by the Athenian dramatists upon the scenic part of the representation.

A large part of the action of a Greek tragedy took place behind the scenes, and was narrated at proper intervals by the actors. This was owing to several causes, — to the original simplicity of the plot, to the Greek ideas of dramatic decorum, and to the practical difficulty the player would have found in performing any very violent feats, stilted, padded, and masked. His action must have been limited to a somewhat stiff and stately tread across the stage, solemn and declamatory recital, and an exaggerated style of gesticulation. The by-play of expression, and the features changing according to the moods of the passion, found no place in the representation, except by the change of mask and costume in the great crises of the principal characters. Thus Œdipus, for example, at the opening of the play, appears surrounded by the pomp and circumstance of royal power; at the close, his glory has departed, — he is a blind and wretched outcast, the victim of his own rash conduct, and of an overruling destiny that visits "the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, to the third and fourth generation."

Many of the Greek plays were first brought out in three connected pieces, called a *trilogy*, and the series was closed by a fourth, — a farce called a *satyric drama*, from a chorus of Satyrs. It would appear that sometimes the fourth piece was a tragicomedy, like the Alcestis of Euripides. The trilogical form appears to have been an enlargement of the original tragic outline, when the subject, like that of the woes of the house of Agamemnon, running on from generation to gener-

ation, could not be brought within the limits of a single plot, and naturally divided itself into the opening, middle, and conclusion; each, however, being by itself a tragic whole, while it formed only a part of the grander scheme that comprehended and embodied the poet's entire conception. We have only one entire trilogy, the Oresteia of Æschylus; but many of the now extant plays belonged originally to trilogies, the other parts of which are lost. This form, however, was not universal. Sophocles, in particular, was accustomed to offer single plays; and indeed this must have been often done, or many of the best subjects would have been entirely excluded.

The expenditures for these costly entertainments were defrayed partly by the treasury, from a fund called the *Theoricon*, or show-fund, and partly by the wealthier members of the several tribes, on whom the duty was laid, in a prescribed order, as one of the burdensome offices due to the state, ranking with the Trierarchy, or furnishing the fleet, and other expensive requisitions, all of which were regulated by law, and were known under the general name of *liturgies*. At first the admission fee was fixed at a drachma, or eighteen cents; then it was reduced to two obols, or about six cents; and the fee was allowed from the treasury to any citizen who desired it. The salaries of the actors also were paid by the state.

The technical divisions of a tragedy are the *prologos*, or the speeches and dialogues, which are delivered on the stage before the first appearance of the chorus; the *parodos*, or anapæstic song delivered by the chorus as they enter, and pass round the *thymele*, or altar, to their position in the centre of the orchestra; the *episodes*, or dialogues between the choral songs; the *stasima*, or choral songs chanted in the course of the action, in varying rhythms, and with music artfully adapted to the feelings intended to be expressed; and the *exodos*, or the part which follows the last stasimon, and closes the play. The divisions made by the choral songs correspond somewhat to the acts of the Roman and the modern drama.

The chorus, in the Attic drama, has been a stumbling-block

to many. I do not see why it is any more unnatural than the music between the acts of a modern play. It is only fair, in judging of its propriety, to place ourselves in the Greek point of view. The chorus was the form of entertainment out of which the drama sprang, or rather on which it was engrafted; and though the acted dialogue rapidly became the most important element, still the choral songs continued to have a vital connection with the action, and to form a very essential part of the piece. The chorus is most prominent in Æschylus; in Sophocles, subordinate; in Euripides, more nearly independent; but in all, indispensable. Schlegel's idea, that the chorus was intended to represent the idealized spectator, is too narrow and theoretical. Sometimes it does this, by embodying religious feelings and ethical ideas naturally growing out of the action, and therefore naturally springing up in the heart of the spectator. At other times, as in the opening of the Agamemnon, it draws into the circle of the piece, and presents or recalls to the audience, incidents remotely connected with the catastrophe, and far-off springs of action, which have in reality, though not apparently, set in motion the events of the drama. This subtile employment of the chorus was a convenient resource for the poet, on account of the narrow limits within which the proper dramatic action was required to move. Moreover, the chorus was sometimes arranged so as to present a picturesque group to the eye, while the ear was filled with poetry and music, and thus to entertain the audience while the stage was preparing for new scenes and the actors were changing their masks and costumes.

It will be readily imagined that, under circumstances so favorable for stimulating talent, and with such a public demand each year for new dramatic pieces of every kind, the productiveness of Athenian genius was immense during the culminating period of Athenian culture. Upon a moderate computation, it has been estimated that the number of tragedies existing at its close, written by about a hundred and fifty poets, was more than fifteen hundred, and that of comedies, written

by about a hundred and five poets, not far from nineteen hundred. Of all these, there are preserved only seven of Æschylus, seven of Sophocles, nineteen of Euripides (namely, seventeen tragedies, one tragicomedy, and one satyric drama), and eleven of Aristophanes.

The sources from which the materials of tragedy were drawn were wholly national, — the legends and traditions of the mythical ages, the fates and fortunes of the great half-historical families before the Trojan war, and those of the heroes in the Trojan war or their immediate descendants. Recent events were rarely dramatized. Herodotus relates that Phrynichus made the fall of Miletus the subject of a tragedy, which threw the audience into such convulsions of grief that they fined him a thousand drachmæ, or nearly two hundred dollars, for having exhibited so painful a picture of the recent calamities of their countrymen. Æschylus, in one of his extant pieces, dramatized the overwhelming defeat of the Persians, in which he had taken so large and brave a part. Besides these sources, they had a long and many-colored national existence to look back upon; they had the epic and elegiac literature, embodying in the most exquisite forms the genius of the great poets who had preceded them; they had the wisdom of life recorded in the condensed sayings of the early sages; and with all these, they wrought into their dramatic compositions, not only the political ideas under which they lived, but the general truths of morality and religion, of personal accountability, and a judgment to come, modified, however, by individual experience and belief, and by peculiarities of individual character, in a manner singularly striking and impressive, often with a solemnity of style hardly surpassed by the Hebrew Prophets and the author of the Book of Job.

Although the dramatic period has a much longer extent, the last recorded comic exhibition, by Poseidippus, having been in 250 B. C., and the last tragic, by Theodectes, in 334, yet the greatest works belong to the age which includes the lives of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. Æschylus was born,

probably, in 525 B. C., and died in 456; Sophocles was born in 495, and died in 405; Euripides was born in 480, and died in 406. Sophocles, therefore, survived Euripides one year, and Æschylus fifty-one years; and from the birth of Æschylus to the death of Sophocles was a hundred and twenty years; that is, the flourishing period of Greek tragedy was less than a century, beginning soon after the close of the Persian wars, lasting through the Athenian supremacy, and continuing, with scarcely diminished splendor, through the disastrous scenes of the Peloponnesian war, and then, shorn of its former magnificence, through the Macedonian supremacy.

The public expenditures at Athens, during this age, on the works of art with which the city was crowded, were enormous, and excite the astonishment of the student. How did the government obtain the means for this costly embellishment of the capital, and for this comprehensive patronage of literature? They had a carefully adjusted financial system, consisting of rents, taxes on every kind of property, fees, custom-duties, and especially tribute from the confederate states, — the most productive source of their revenue. This system was established soon after the close of the Persian war, for the purpose of supplying a permanent fund for naval and military forces against Persia, whose power was still an object of terror to the Greeks. The proportion was assessed by Aristeides the Just; the temple of Apollo, in Delos, was fixed upon as the treasury, and the place of meeting for the allied states; and the administrators of the funds were Athenians, appointed by the Athenian government. At first the annual amount was four hundred and sixty talents a year, or not more than half a million of dollars. Pericles, by a *coup d'état* like that known in our political history as the Removal of the Deposits, transferred the treasury from Delos to Athens; and from this time the Athenians assumed its entire control, and expended the money for the exclusive benefit of their city. The amount of the tribute in the time of Pericles was raised to six hundred talents, and finally to twelve hundred, or nearly a million and a half of dollars.

This, added to the other sources of revenue, made an immense income, considering the high value of money and the cheapness of living in those times. The lavish expenditure on the various festivals, of which the Dionysiac was one of the chief, inspired the people of Athens with an insatiable love of amusement, which often fatally interfered with the public service. This is the theme of many an indignant remonstrance in the great orations of Demosthenes. In one of his Philippics he exclaims: "The Panathenæa, the Dionysia, are always celebrated at the proper time, — festivals on which you expend more money than on any naval enterprise, and for which you make such preparations as were never heard of elsewhere; but when you send out a fleet, it always arrives too late." And Plutarch makes a Lacedæmonian say, that "The Athenians erred greatly in making serious matters of trifles, — in expending upon the theatre sums sufficient for the equipment of large fleets, and for the maintenance of great armies. For if it were calculated what sum each play cost the Athenians, it would be found that they had spent more treasure upon the Bacchai, the Phœnissai, the Œdipoi and Antigonai, and the woes of Medea and Electra, than upon wars undertaken for empire and for freedom against the barbarians."

The character of Æschylus was grave and earnest. He belonged to a distinguished eupatrid family, probably descended from Codrus, the last Athenian king. From his earliest youth he was accustomed to witness the solemn spectacles of the Eleusinian Mysteries, into which he was, at the proper age, initiated; and the severe and ascetic doctrines of Pythagoras formed a part of his intellectual and moral training. His imagination had been excited by the pomp of the Dionysiac worship, the plays of Phrynichus, and the lyric glow of the dithyrambs chanted by the chorus in stately dance about the altar of the god. One day, when he was employed in watching the vines in the field, he fell asleep while musing over these things; and Dionysos, appearing to him in a vision, com-

manded him to "write tragedy." As soon as he reached the legal age, he obeyed what he regarded as a divine injunction. But the times were crowded with excitements more stirring than the contests of rival tragedians. The capture of Miletus, in 494, was a forewarning to the Greeks of the designs of Persia upon Hellas herself. Æschylus did not remain behind in the brave muster. He and his gallant brothers, Ameinias and Cynægeirus, were in the battles of Marathon, Artemisium, and Salamis; and all three were conspicuous for their achievements on those illustrious days. In 484 B. C., he gained his first tragic victory. In the course of the next fifteen or sixteen years he won the prize twelve times more. But in 468 Sophocles gained the victory over the old poet, whom he doubtless surpassed in polish of style and in mastery of all the resources of tragic art. The taste of the times began to change, and the lofty tone of the Marathonian days and the austere spirit of the old hero-poet were less pleasing to the more fastidious race. For this, and for other causes not well known, Æschylus banished himself from his native land, and resorted to the splendid court of Hieron, king of Syracuse. It was after this that he composed the great trilogy, the Oresteia, containing the Agamemnon, the Choephoroi, and the Eumenides; and it would seem that he must have returned to Athens to superintend its representation, since he gained the victory with it in 458 B. C. In one of the parts, the Eumenides, he aimed to sustain the authority of the Areopagus against the innovating spirit of the times, but without success. He lived about three years after this, and died at Gela in Sicily, in 456 B. C.

The subject of this trilogy is the fate of the house of Agamemnon, the leader of the Grecian host against Troy. Out of the thirty-one extant Greek tragedies, thirteen are upon the histories of two royal houses,—that of Œdipus in Thebes, and that of the Atreidæ at Argos. The race of the Atreidæ traced their origin back to the gods. From generation to generation, the house had been stained with crime and blood. The Thyestean banquet, in the generation before the Trojan war, finished the

climax of horrors, which should call down the awful vengeance of the gods. Meantime the warlike brothers had married into another family doomed to affright the world by its surpassing wickedness. Helen, the wife of Menelaus, causes the Trojan war. The Trojan war draws Agamemnon from his home, and so gives opportunity to Ægisthus, the son of the guilty but wronged Thyestes, to lay his schemes at leisure for the ruin of his hereditary enemy. The evil spirit of Clytemnestra is easily wrought upon by the arts of Ægisthus; and the sacrifice of Iphigeneia, to appease the wrath of Artemis, by which the fleet has long been detained at Aulis, supplies to her already perverted mind a fearful motive for the murder of her husband on his return from Troy. This is plotted between her and her paramour Ægisthus, who has stolen into the place of the royal lord of the palace. The first part of the trilogy contains the return of Agamemnon, his reception with feigned excess of joy by the fiend, his wife, his murder in the bath, and the establishment of the blood-stained and adulterous pair on the throne of Argos. But the shedding of blood must be atoned for, and the dread duty of vengeance falls on him who is nearest of kin to the murdered man. Now comes the struggle — severer than the conflict in Hamlet's breast — in the heart of Orestes. An overpowering sense of the retribution due to the shade of his foully slaughtered father subdues the "compunctious visitings of nature," — he returns, and slays the slayers on the very scene of their crime. Says the chorus:

> "Wont hath been and shall be ever,
> That when purple gouts bedash
> The guilty ground, then *blood doth blood*
> *Demand, and blood for blood shall flow.*
> Fury to Havoc cries; and Havoc,
> The tainted track of blood pursuing,
> From age to age works woe."

In the short and terrible dialogue between Clytemnestra and her son, she exclaims at last:

> "Thou wilt not kill me, son?

ORESTES.

I kill thee not. Thyself dost kill thyself.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Beware thy mother's anger-whetted hounds.

ORESTES.

My father's hounds have hunted me to thee.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

The stone that sepulchres the dead art thou,
And I, the tear on it.

ORESTES.

Cease; I voyaged here
With a fair breeze; my father's murder brought me.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ah me! I nursed a serpent on my breast.

ORESTES.

Thou hadst a prophet in thy dream last night;
And since thou kill'dst the man thou shouldst have spared,
The man that now should spare thee can but kill."

But the revulsion speedily follows. Even over the bodies of the guilty wretches, Orestes, after justifying the deed, says:

"Let grief prevail. I grieve
Our crimes, our woes, our generation doomed,
Our tearful trophies, blazoned with a curse."

He feels the horrors of blood, — the silently approaching footsteps of the dread avengers of a mother killed. He must flee to Delphi, to seek the protection of the god who "charmed him to this daring point"; —

"For I must flee
This kindred blood, and hie me where the god
Forespoke me refuge. Once again I call
On you, and Argive men of every time,
To witness my great griefs. I go an exile
From this dear soil. Living or dead, I leave
These words, the one sad memory of my name."

The Furies appear, and he flees; and here ends the second

part of the trilogy. The third part, the Eumenides, opens with a scene of supplication in the temple of Apollo at Delphi. The action is thence transferred to the Areopagus, — the most venerable court of Athens, before which came cases of bloodshed for their solemn sentence. The seat of the worship of the dread goddesses was hard by the Hill of Mars, where they were established in the final reconciliation to which the trial of Orestes leads.

"Go, with honor crowned and glory,
Of hoary Night the daughters hoary,
To your destined hall.
Where our sacred train is wending,
Stand, ye pious throngs attending,
Hushed in silence all.
Go to hallowed habitations,
Neath Ogygian earth's foundations.
In that darksome hall,
Sacrifice and supplication
Shall not fail. In adoration
Silent, worship all."

In the second and third parts, there are scenes of awe and terror, which almost make the hair stand on end; but the subject — the atonement for sin, and the reconciliation of man with offended Deity — is too vast for human solution. The point of interest is that, in that age, a poet should so have anticipated the problem which lies at the very heart of Christianity. The first play, the Agamemnon, comes more within the range of human sympathies. Its idea of fate is identical with the law of retribution, whereby crime begets crime, and by the fixed decree of eternal justice the child keeps up the succession of guilt, and falls under the condemnation of the gods. The character of Clytemnestra is the most terrible and masterly conception of the poet. She has been often compared to Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth; and there is some resemblance, but only in one or two points, especially in the unrelenting purpose to slay. Clytemnestra is a character of much more depth and complication, — a combination of fiend-

ish qualities, whose darkness is not relieved, but only made more visible, by the lurid light of her motherly remembrance of her slaughtered Iphigeneia. The art with which she cheats her husband by simulated joy for his return; the devilish irony which, with an amazing power and subtilty of expression, the poet weaves into her words of welcome; the fierce gladness with which she throws off the mask, and revels in the voluptuousness of revenge; the exquisite effect of the beautiful description of Iphigeneia by the chorus, in the midst of sacrificial horrors; the fine contrast between the tender sorrow in the house of Menelaus, after the flight of Helen, and the bloody consequences to which that flight led; the most tragical situation of Cassandra, gifted with the art of divination, but denied the power to make her prophetic ravings intelligible to others, — advancing to the fatal palace-door, within which her foreboding soul beholds the preparations for her own and Agamemnon's slaying, while phantoms of the murdered children of Thyestes haunt the gory house, seen by her alone; the band of Furies clutching with the grasp of death the race foredoomed to such awful expiation; the choral odes, from the beginning filled with dark forebodings which will not depart at the bidding, — the darkness slowly and surely deepening until suddenly the glare of murder clears it up, — these are some of the points which make the Agamemnon so extraordinary a tragedy. I close with a few striking extracts.

IPHIGENEIA.

"Her piteous cries to a father's ear,
Her spotless maidenhood,
And youthful charms, at naught
They set, — chiefs war-athirst;
And, the prayer o'er, that father dear
Bespake the priestly rout,
All downcast as she lay, to lift her high,
Raised like a kid, on the altar-stone to die.

. . . . .

Then pouring o'er the plain her golden blood,
Fair as a pictured maid, in beauty's prime,

She pierced each sacrificer's heart
With pity's keenest dart,
Shot from her sadly supplicating eye,
Striving to speak as, oft at banquets high,
In the great chambers of her father's hall,
She poured her voice."

THE HERALD'S DESCRIPTION OF THE TEMPEST.

"Fire and the sea, sworn enemies of old,
Made friendly league to sweep the Achaian host
With swift destruction pitiless. Forth rushed
The tyrannous Thracian blasts, and wave chased wave
Fierce 'neath the starless night, and ship on ship
Struck clashing; beak on butting beak was driven;
The puffing blast, the beat of boiling billows,
The whirling gulf, an evil pilot, wrapt them
In sightless death. And when the brilliant sun
Shone forth again, we saw the Ægean tide
Strewn with the purple blossoms of the dead
And wrecks of shattered ships."

SPEECH OF CLYTEMNESTRA OVER THE BODY OF AGAMEMNON.

"I spoke to you before; and what I spoke
Suited the time; nor shames me now to speak
Mine own refutal. For how shall we entrap
Our foe, our seeming friend, in helpless ruin,
Save that we fence him round with nets too high
For his o'erleaping? What I did, I did
Not with a random, inconsiderate blow,
But from old hate, and with maturing time.
Here, where I struck, I take my rooted stand
Upon the finished deed, — the blow so given,
And with wise forethought so by me devised,
That flight was hopeless, and to ward it vain.
With many-folding net, as fish are caught,
I drew the lines about him, mantled round
With bountiful destruction; twice I struck him,
And twice he groaning fell, with limbs diffused
Upon the ground; and as he fell, I gave
The third blow, sealing him a votive gift
To gloomy Hades, saviour of the dead.
And thus he spouted forth his angry soul,

Bubbling a bitter stream of frothy slaughter,
And with the dark drops of the gory dew
Bedashed me; I delighted nothing less
Than is the flowery calix, full surcharged
With fruity promise, when Jove's welkin down
Distils the rainy blessing. Men of Argos,
Rejoice with me in this, or if ye will not,
Then do I boast alone. If e'er 't were meet
To pour libations to the dead, he hath them
In justest measure. By most righteous doom,
Who drugged the cup with curses to the brim,
Himself hath drunk damnation to the dregs."

LECTURE XII.

EURIPIDES. — SOPHOCLES. — ARISTOPHANES.

The three great tragic poets of Athens were singularly connected together by the battle of Salamis. Æschylus, in the heroic vigor of his life, fought there; Euripides, whose parents had fled from Athens on the approach of the Persians, was born in Salamis, probably on the day of the battle; and Sophocles, a beautiful boy of fifteen or sixteen, danced to the choral song of Simonides, in which the victory was celebrated. These three great poets, so singularly brought together, differed in style of thought and in literary manner, as if the several relations they bore to the Persian struggle had exerted a moulding influence upon their characters. Æschylus is always grave and lofty, with something of a Marathonian tread in his tragic cothurnus. He never forgets that he is a soldier; and in the inscription written by him for his own tomb he speaks of his military exploits, but says nothing of his tragic victories.

Sophocles carries the rhythmical movement, in which he first appears to us, through his whole life. Elegance, proportion, finished art, are the characteristics of the man and the poet; but within these limits he shows an orderly force and even sublimity of genius. The pomp, the poetry, and the triumphs of the war, and the glory accruing to Athens from her brave and generous part in the strife, have dwelt upon and haunted his mind; but he shares not the deep enthusiasm which lifted the older poet sometimes beyond the comprehension, and often beyond the sympathies, of his audience.

Euripides, again, born in the midst of war's alarms, knew nothing about them until they were over, and the ordinary

tone of thought and feeling had resumed its sway. Philosophical speculation, more than the inspiration of national glory, or even than the sense of the beautiful and the love of art, occupies his mind. He is accused of having lowered the character of tragedy from the stately heights at which it had been kept by Æschylus and Sophocles; of having interwoven in its web the glittering threads of a pernicious sophistry; of having set aside the rigid laws of construction; of having loosened the connection between the choral and the dramatic part of his tragedies; and of having degraded the artistical, compact, and richly-wrought Greek tongue by a fluent, sometimes eloquent, but often merely loquacious rhetoric, borrowed from the tawdry compositions of the sophists. There is some truth in these accusations; but their real grounds were greatly exaggerated by the malicious parody of Aristophanes, whose humorous attacks have too much influenced some of the modern schools of criticism. His abatement of the lofty bearing of tragedy brought it more within the common apprehension; his eloquence pleased the nimble fancy of the Athenians; his pithy observations on common life, and even the argumentative tilts of his characters, where, dramatically considered, they are wholly out of place, were not displeasing to the disputatious mob that flocked to the Dionysiac theatre; and so it has happened, owing to this greater popularity among the multitude, that more of his pieces have come down to us than of both the others together, and among them the only specimens of a tragi-comedy and of a satyric drama that we possess. Some of his plays are planned and executed with as much art, and are informed with as deep a tragic power, as those of Sophocles. Several of his characters, especially Medea and Alcestis, — the former a powerful representation of the jealousy, madness, revenge, and crime of a bold and passionate woman, whose love has been lavished on an unworthy object and then scornfully flung away for a new tie, and the other, the sweetest and most delicate conception of disinterested, self-sacrificing affection, — are among the first of poetical creations. Alcestis is a being in

whom all thought of self is merged in an absorbing love of those to whom she is bound by the tenderest ties; and the scenes between her and her husband for whom she is about to lay down her life, when she comes abroad to look for the last time on the light of heaven, furnish, in their pathos and beauty, a perfect contrast to the stormy agitations of Medea, while both together illustrate the variety of the poet's powers.

As I shall not recur to Euripides except by allusion, and as this is the only tragicomedy remaining in Greek dramatic literature, I will occupy a few moments with some remarks upon it, and one or two brief extracts. It is the legend of King Admetus, who, by the decree of fate, could be saved from death only by the voluntary death of another. His friends naturally decline; even his father and mother think themselves quite as well entitled to what remains of life as he is. It is without his knowledge that Alcestis devotes herself; and this takes away something from our contempt for the man who, under any circumstances, will let another die in his place. With the pathetic scenes the poet has singularly blended grotesque passages, in which the drunken and gluttonous Hercules fills the house of mourning, to which he has come unaware of what is about to happen, with clamorous shouts for more drink, reproaches the servants for their lugubrious looks, and finally, when he is told that Alcestis is dying, marches off to dispute the possession of her soul with Death, gains the victory, and restores her to her sorrowing husband. In reading the play, as has been justly remarked by President Woolsey, we are reminded of Shakespeare's Hermione, and the grouping of the characters at the winding up is strikingly similar to the tableau at the close of "The Winter's Tale."

A few lines from the parting speeches, in that scene so full of tender beauty, will give some idea of the tragic portion of the piece.

"ALCESTIS.

O let me go! O lay me down to die!
My feet are tottering, death is pressing on;
Dark night already o'er my eyelids creeps.

My children! see, your mother is no more.
Farewell, my children, take my last farewell,
And live rejoicing in the light of day."

Here is part of the farewell of Admetus: —

"I pray the gods to grant a father's joy
In these my children, since I have no more
The dear delight thy gentle presence gave;
And I shall mourn thee, not one year alone,
But every day my lingering life holds out.
. . . . .
For thou hast saved me, yielding for my life
All that was dearest. Must I not then mourn
My sad bereavement of a wife like thee?
Yes! cease the festal throng, the social scene;
No more the wreath, and music's dulcet strain,
In these lone halls where they but lately reigned;
For I can never touch the lyre again,
Nor lift my spirit to the Libyan lute,
Since thou art gone, and joy is fled with thee.
. . . . . .
And in my dreams oft coming, thou wilt cheer
My saddened spirit, while my senses sleep;
For e'en in shadowy visions of the night
'T is sweet to see the loved one stand before us,
Though swiftly flits the well-known form away.
If Orpheus's voice and wondrous song were mine,
That, Ceres' daughter and her mighty lord
Subduing by the magic of my strain,
I might from Hades bring thee to the day,
I would descend; and neither Pluto's dog,
Nor Charon at the oar, the guide of ghosts,
Should hold me, ere I sped thee back to life.
But since I may not, wait my coming there
When I shall die; and have a home prepared,
That we may dwell together in that world;
For I will bid them lay my breathless corse
In the same cedar, side by side with thee;
For I will not be sundered, e'en in death,
From thee, who hast alone been faithful to me."

To illustrate a little more in detail the form and character of the Attic tragedy, I go back to Sophocles, who holds the highest

rank as a dramatic artist, though perhaps in original power a little inferior to Æschylus. The greatest of his works are the three plays on the fates of the house of Œdipus. They embody his powerful conception of destiny. In the first, the plot is the most artfully contrived of all the Greek tragedies; events following one another with breathless rapidity, and leading to the inevitable catastrophe which casts Œdipus down from his kingly state, an unconscious and self-convicted parricide. The second ends with the mournful and mysterious death of the dethroned, blind, and wretched Œdipus, who has sought the grove and shrine of the Eumenides, — the very spot that witnessed the close of the great Æschylean trilogy, — to die within its hallowed precincts, unseen by mortal eye, and thus to bring about the great solution of Destiny by death. The third carries on the tragic story of the house, the civil war between the sons of Œdipus, their mutual slaughter, and the punishment of Antigone for burying the corpse of her brother Polyneices, the invader of Thebes, against the prohibition of Creon, who has succeeded to the throne. And here occurs the memorable collision between a sacred duty, founded on natural instincts and hallowed by antique usage, with the presumed binding sanction of the law of God written on the heart, on the one side, and the edicts of power, on the other. Both are pushed to extremes, and double destruction is the consequence. So the problem presented itself, in its tragic complication, to one of the wisest minds of antiquity. But the conflict gives occasion to noble and poetic scenes. I will read one, where Antigone, detected by the king's guard, is brought into his presence.

"CREON.

Thee, thee, with earthward-bending look, I ask, —
Dost thou confess or dost deny the deed?

ANTIGONE.

I do confess it; I deny it not.

CREON.

Thou mayst betake thyself where'er thou wilt,
Free from all peril of this heavy charge.

But thou, tell briefly, not with many words,
If thou didst know it had been heralded,
That none should bury Polyneices' corse.

ANTIGONE.

I knew — how not? — for 't was proclaimed to all.

CREON.

How didst thou dare, then, to transgress the law?

ANTIGONE.

It was not Zeus that uttered this decree,
Nor Justice, dwelling with the gods below, —
Gods who ordained these burial rites for man.
Nor did I think thy will such power possessed
That thou, a mortal, couldst o'errule the laws,
Unwritten and immovable, of God;
For they are not of now or yesterday,
But ever live, and none their coming knows;
Nor would I, through the fear of human pride
For breaking them, be punished by the gods.
For I know well that I must die — how not? —
Without thy loud proclaim; and if before
My time I die, I think it gain to die.
For how can one whose life is circled round
With woes like mine, not think it gain to die?
No grief I feel for such a doom as this;
But had I left my mother's child to lie
Unhonored and unburied on the plain —
Ay, *that* were grief; — I sorrow not for *this;*
And if so doing I am thought a fool,
He is the fool who dares to think me so."

Passing over these three great plays, — which in subject and connection might form a trilogy, but do not, having been written at different periods of the poet's life, — I will ask your attention to a somewhat more detailed account of a single piece, the subject of which is taken from the Trojan war, — the Ajax, or Aias.

This hero holds a prominent place in the chivalry of the Iliad. Born in Salamis, his story was connected with the early legends of Attica, and one of the ten tribes was called

by his name. In the Trojan war, his strength and daring placed him next to Achilles himself; his prowess was, on many occasions, the bulwark of the Greeks. But he had a fatal defect of character, — an overweening confidence in himself. When warned by his father Telamon to undertake nothing without the help of the gods, he gave an arrogant and scornful reply, and drew down upon himself the heavy wrath of the higher divinities, especially of Athene. Herein lies the far-off motive power, which slowly brings on the catastrophe, though the hero is descended from Zeus himself. During the siege, he captures and destroys the city of Teleutas, a Phrygian prince, whose daughter Tecmessa, according to the customs of the age, is assigned to him as his prize, and becomes his wife. They have a son, named Eurysaces. After the taking of Troy, — consequently at a later stage of the Ilian story than the close of the Iliad, — Achilles, according to his mother's prediction, is slain. A fierce struggle follows between the Greeks and Trojans for the dead body, which at last is borne away by Aias, while Odysseus keeps the pursuing Trojans at bay. The divine arms of the fallen hero are claimed by Aias and Odysseus, and are finally awarded to the latter. This disappointment strikes so deeply the proud and self-exaggerating spirit of Aias, that, in his thirst for vengeance, he goes forth at midnight to break into the tents of the Atreidæ and slay them. Athene suddenly smites him with frenzy, and in his delusion he falls, sword in hand, upon the flocks and herds, killing some with their keepers, and leading others bound to his tent. Two of these he mistakes for his enemies; he cuts off the head of one, and, lashing the other to a pillar, scourges him; all the while loading them both with bitter revilings. When he comes to his senses, and sees what he has done, shame and the sense of lost honor drive him to despair, and he kills himself.

This is the story as given by Homer and the Cyclic poets. The Attic tragedian here has for his hero a man brave and generous, connected as an *eponymus* with the early legends

of Athens, and so appealing to the pride of the nation; yet in thought and act showing that overbearing insolence on which the wrath of Heaven falls, leading to fierce, vindictive passion, madness, and dishonor which can be washed out only in his own blood. On the other hand, the character of Tecmessa — drawn by the poet with that delicate beauty which so distinguishes his creations — sheds a lovely but mournful light over the tragic horrors, and gives a natural occasion for situations of great tenderness and pathos. Of a similar general tone are the feelings excited by the sorrows of Teucer, the half-brother of Aias, his friend in arms, his second self, standing by him in peace and war, and watching over him in death after the heroic fashion. Again, contrasted with these, we have his hated and successful rival Odysseus, — so hated that even in Hades, in that solemn passage of the Odyssey where his visit to the souls of the departed is described with such gloomy colors, the soul of Aias, meeting his living enemy, strides in silent wrath away.

> "Naught answered he, but sullen joined
> His fellow-ghosts."

The subordinate characters, at least so far as this action is concerned, are Agamemnon and Menelaus, the generals of the host, who resolve to wreak a mean but characteristic vengeance upon Aias, by refusing to his body the honor of burial rites. For the chorus, there are the Salaminian sailors, who have followed Aias as their leader to Troy; who revere him as their prince, glory in his renown, grieve in his sorrows, and suffer in his shame. To an Athenian, whatever of dishonor had befallen the hero was removed by his death; and the bestowal of funeral honors vindicated his fame, and appeased his shade.

The whole scheme of an ancient tragedy was very simple; but much care and art were required to adjust the parts. The characters were to be so arranged and balanced that they could be distributed between the Protagonistes, the Deuteragonistes, and the Tritagonistes. In many of the pieces there is an evi-

dent attempt to make the divisions of the dialogue correspond to each other, like the strophes and antistrophes of the chorus. This is shown particularly in those parts called *stichomythic* or line-for-line dialogues, responding like the alternate strokes of hammers on the anvil. Shakespeare, who so often and so wonderfully resembles the Attic tragedians in sentiment, imagery, and condensed force of expression, — being the most classic of dramatists, because the highest in genius and the truest to man and nature, — has this peculiarity or mannerism, not at all from imitation, but from an instinctive seizing upon the same means to work out a similar effect; as in the dialogue between King Richard and Queen Elizabeth, in Richard III., Act IV. Scene 4.

In the Aias, the parts are distributed thus: —

I. The Protagonistes plays Aias and Teucer.

II. The Deuteragonistes plays Odysseus, Tecmessa, and Menelaus.

III. The Tritagonistes plays Athene, Agamemnon, and the Messenger.

There are also mute figures, as Eurysaces; attendants, &c.

The scene is laid on the Trojan shore, with the ships and tents on one side, along the extended beach; on the other side, hills and a grove, — these represented at either end of the stage by means of theatrical machinery and scene-painting. The play opens early in the morning after the hero's insane act, near his tent. The prologos is a conversation between Athene and Odysseus, whom she discovers endeavoring to track the perpetrator of the outrage. Aias, from within his tent, takes part towards the conclusion. Then follows the parodos, or entrance of the chorus, chanting in anapæsts, as they advance, a lament for the condition of Aias; the wail passes into a choral strophe, antistrophe, and epode; then ensues a lyrical dialogue between the chorus and Tecmessa, — changing gradually into iambics, — in which she relates the actions and describes the state of Aias, who now appears and gives utterance to his despair, hinting at his resolution to kill himself. Tecmessa

implores him, by every tender argument which the loving heart of woman can suggest, to relinquish his dreadful purpose. This is followed by a dialogue between Aias and Tecmessa, the pathetic effect of which is heightened by the presence of their child. The chorus now chant a song, in which the memory of distant Salamis, and of friends and home, is introduced with natural beauty. This is interrupted by a speech of Aias, in which he uses the craft of one bent on suicide to make them believe that he has abandoned the purpose of self-destruction. Here occurs a beautiful passage, in which, while declaring his change of feeling, he describes the universal vicissitude of things: —

> "For snow-piled winter yields to fruitful summer;
> The orb of melancholy night retires
> For Dawn, with steeds of white, her blaze to kindle;
> The blast of dreadful winds hath hushed to rest
> The groaning sea; and all-subduing Sleep
> Loosens his chain, nor always holds in thrall."

Hearing this, the chorus break into a strain of frantic joy, in rhythms expressive of exuberant emotion. At this moment a messenger arrives announcing the return of Teucer, who has been absent on a hunt among the Mysian hills. Hearing what has taken place, he consults Calchas, the soothsayer of the army, and learns from him that the crisis of danger has come, and that, if Aias pass this day unscathed, the anger of the goddess will cease. He sends word to the attendants to restrain him from leaving his tent, but too late. He has stolen forth, under pretence of offering sacrifice, and purifying himself from the gore in the running stream, but in reality to seek a spot where, unseen of men, he may end his life with the sword given him, in a chivalrous exchange of presents, by his foeman Hector. In haste and terror they fly to search for him.

The scene now changes, and presents on one side a forest, just within the edge of which Aias is seen, having firmly set the sword, on which he is about to fall, in the ground. At this moment he utters the soliloquy, as celebrated on the Athenian

stage as that of Hamlet on the English. An actor named Timotheus is mentioned, who was particularly famous for the effective manner in which he delivered this speech. From this circumstance he was called the killer, ὁ σφαγεύς, the title by which Aias addresses his sword. Aias falls, and immediately afterward the semi-chorus appears with Tecmessa, having searched in vain east and west. Suddenly a shriek is heard from the neighboring thicket; Tecmessa has found the body of her lord, transpierced, but still warm and freshly bleeding. A wailing dialogue follows, filled with horror and despair. Teucer, arriving upon the startling scene too late, expresses the anguish of his heart in a speech of singular tragic pathos and power.

Here, according to modern ideas, the tragedy would probably have ended. But to the Grecian mind other thoughts, of deeper interest than life itself, thoughts of burial rites and funeral honors, temper the anguish of the hour. The religious and ethical feeling of the Greek passes on to the funeral pile and the commemorative tomb; and the highest interest is still to come. The contest now lies between the holy duties to the dead and the vengeance of the outraged chiefs, who would fain cast the body of their mortal enemy forth to the dogs and birds. The firmness of Teucer, who declares his unshaken purpose to bury his brother, and the relenting of Odysseus, who shows a chivalrous respect for his dead antagonist, overcome the ferocious will of Agamemnon. The tumult, the passions, the frenzy and despair, roused by the events, and crowding the scenes of the piece, are, by the beautiful and harmonizing law of Grecian art and ethics, calmed down by the all-composing rites of burial, in the midst of the preparations for which the action finishes, and the chorus move off with an appropriate anapæstic strain, which closes the whole.

I will conclude this analysis by reading two passages, to which I have already referred, which I shall give in a measure corresponding to the Greek, that is, in twelve-syllable blank verse, and line for line. The first is the address of Tecmessa

to Aias. Its tone and expression show how closely the poet studied the great master of nature, Homer; for the interview between Hector and Andromache was most manifestly in his mind, though the dramatic handling of the whole scene is quite original. The object of the speech, as I have before said, is to dissuade Aias from executing his suicidal purpose.

"Good my lord Aias, than the slave's enforced lot,
There is no greater ill befalls the race of man.
I from a free-born father drew the breath of life,
Mighty in wealth as any Phrygian of them all;
But now I am a slave; for so the gods decreed,
And chiefly thy right arm; and therefore ever since
Thy love I shared, my every thought is thine alone.
I do beseech thee, by the hearth-protector Zeus,
And by the wedlock thou hast interchanged with me,
Consent thou not that I the bitter taunt receive
From foes of thine, to some o'ermastering hand a prey;
For shouldst thou die, and dying leave me all forlorn,
Be sure that I too, then and on that selfsame day,
Forcefully seized and borne away by Argive men,
Shall eat the bread of slavery with thy infant son,
And some proud master shall the bitter speech address,
Wounding my soul with words: 'Behold the wedded fere
Of Aias, him who was the mightiest of the host!
What servitudes, for how great envied bliss, she bears!'
Thus shall they say; and me shall Fortune's spite pursue,—
Shameful to thee the tale, foul scorn to all thy race.
But reverence thou thy father, nor desert his age
So full of sorrow; and thy mother reverence,
Of many years inheritor, who oftentimes
The gods implores that living thou mayest home return;
And pity, good my lord, thy son, sith he, deprived
Of childhood's nurture, of thy tender cares bereft,
By cruel guardians shall be harried, all distraught.
How great the woe thy death to him and me bequeathes!
To me there 's naught remains, whereto my eyes may turn,
Save thee; for thou with sword didst waste my natal earth.
My mother and my father — him who gave my being life —
Another fate hath borne to dwellings of the dead.
What native land, then, can I have henceforth but thee?
What wealth but thee? In thee my all of safety lies.

Of me too hold remembrance; for it well becomes
To keep the memory fresh of sweets that one hath had,
Sith kindness kindness doth beget forevermore;
But he from whom the memory swiftly flows away
Of joys that once were his, no noble strain can boast."

The next extract is the soliloquy of Aias after having set the sword in the ground.

"Here stands the slayer, pointing where the sharpest edge
May reach the heart, had one the leisure to observe, —
The gift of Hector, him of foreign men to me
Abhorred most, and hatefullest to look upon.
'T is firmly fixed, here in the hostile earth of Troy,
Its edge new-sharpened by the steel-devouring stone.
Myself have set it deep, and strongly guarded round, —
Kindest of friends, and bringer of my speedy death.
So am I furnished well. This fairly done I pray, —
Thou first, O Zeus, — for so it doth beseem, — give help;
Nor great the boon I supplicate thee to bestow.
Send me a messenger, the evil news to bear
To Teucer, that he first may lift my stiffened corse,
When fallen transfixed upon the freshly dripping sword,
That I may not, by prying foeman's glance espied,
Be hurled in scorn, outcast, to dogs and birds a prey.
So much, O Zeus, I thee implore, and with thee call
Hermes, the guide of souls below, to give me rest,
When through my side the sword's keen point hath broke its way,
With one quick spring, and not a struggle afterwards.
The ever-virgin helpers, too, I here invoke,
Who aye are watchful of the woes of mortal men, —
The awful Furies, swift to hunt the guilty soul.
See how, ill-starred, I perish by vile Atreus' sons.
Come, O ye swift avengers, O Erinnyes,
Revel on them, nor spare one man of all the host.
And thou, O sun, careering up the steep of heaven,
When, looking down, thou shalt my fatherland behold,
Checking thy golden-studded rein, my doom rehearse
To the old man, my father, and my mother lorn.
Sure when the sad one shall the mournful tidings hear,
Her wailing voice will send its moans through all the town.
But vain this grief, and idle all these tears and cries, —
Quick must the deed be done, nor longer brooks delay.

O death, O death, be present, look upon me *here*,
And *there* I 'll meet thee, — there accost with friendly hail.
Thee too, O instant beam of fair and glorious day,
And yonder charioteer, the sun-god, I salute
Now for the last time, and henceforth nevermore.
O light; O sacred soil of my dear native land
Of Salamis; O home and hearth of household gods,
O famous Athens, O beloved and kindred race;
Ye fountains and ye rivers and fair fields of Troy, —
All I salute, my fosterers, all I bid farewell.
This the last word that Aias speaks to you on earth;
The rest be told to them that dwell in Hades' realm."

Comedy flourished in Athens in the same age with tragedy. It connected itself also with a Dionysiac festival, celebrated in the spring, but a little earlier than the tragic contests; though it would seem that, sometimes at least, comedies were enacted during the same festival and on the same stage with tragedies. The germ of all comedy, like the germ of tragedy, lies in the common nature of man; but, as I have before remarked, it unfolds itself prominently in literature only when society has formed intricate relations, and when oddities and humors of individual character are multiplied. In the simpler stages of society, the love of the ludicrous is coarse. The refinement of natural feeling, as displayed in the earnest, enthusiastic outflows of the heart and the imagination, seems almost independent of artificial culture; but without culture, wit degenerates into rude impertinence, satire into personality, jest into indecency and scurrility. There is great danger, even in the most polished age, that the brute in man will take advantage of these weapons to work out its base and bestial ends. Satire is the least valuable, the least pleasing form of literature, as a whole. We would readily give up all the satires of Horace and Juvenal, of Boileau, Pope, and Swift, for one of the lost tragedies of Sophocles, or a choral composition of Simonides. There was never a satire written that had not more wrong than right; more ill-temper than just judgment; that did not condemn its author more than its subject. Something of this applies to the

comic drama. By the necessity of its nature, it deals in burlesque, exaggeration, delineations that contain more or less of falsehood. We must be cautious how we judge of society or of individuals from the representations of the comic stage. If we believe its stories, we shall come to the unhappy conclusion that virtue, honor, and sanctity have fled the earth. It always aims to make strong points, to strike hard hits, to raise the laugh of the pit. On the other hand, in those works of the comic theatre, and of satirical and comic literature, in which wit is tempered by good taste and a genial temper, — in some of the plays of Aristophanes, most of Molière's, the greater part of Shakespeare's comedies, the writings of Lucian, Cervantes, Addison, Sheridan, Washington Irving, Dickens, Holmes, — wit and humor season literature as delightfully as they do conversation and life.

It is not surprising that a people so voluble in speech and so quick-witted as the Athenians should early have hit upon every form of satire, burlesque, humor, parody, and fun; nor that their literature should have abounded in the richest combinations of these provocatives to laughter. Yet the Megareans, of the Doric race, claimed the invention of comedy; and several of its early cultivators were not native Athenians. Epicharmus, Cratinus, and Eupolis were the most important among the predecessors of Aristophanes. They made the first experiments, settled the principles of the art, moulded the rhythms and style, and so prepared the way for the master, who was to surpass them all, and to carry this branch of dramatic composition to its highest perfection. The precise dates of this poet's birth and death are not known. By collating the facts of his dramatic career, his birth has been placed approximately in 444 B. C.; and his last recorded appearance as a dramatist was in 388. Thus he was the contemporary of the greatest tragic poets, and the greatest philosophers, historians, and artists, that ever flourished at Athens. Most of his pieces were written within the period of the Peloponnesian war; and some of them have direct reference to the state of things which that

hideous strife of mutual hatred and jealousy brought about. The corruption of public and private morals in Greece at this epoch gave the amplest scope to the spirit of travesty and satire. The prevalent philosophical speculations, especially those of the Ionian school, — some leading directly to pantheism, others to atheism, and all to the formation of secret creeds adverse to the popular mythology, — constituted another element in the agitation of the times. A class of scholars, or teachers, called by the general name of Sophists, but embracing every variety of philosophical and ethical view, had long been travelling over Greece, and discoursing to such hearers as they could find and as could pay them well for their lessons. Among them unquestionably were some men of ability and honor; but, generally speaking, if we may judge by the manner in which Plato holds them up to ridicule and reprobation in his incomparable Dialogues, they were a set of word-snapping quibblers, who, however, were prodigious favorites with the talkative and disputatious Athenians, — men who proved that right was wrong and wrong right, and that there was neither wrong nor right; that knowing one thing is knowing everything, and that there is no such thing as knowing anything at all; that speaking is the same as silence, and neither is anything; that you have no father; that your father is a dog, and that horses, pigs, and crabs belong to the same family-circle with yourself; that as the beautiful exists by the presence of beauty, so a man becomes an ass by the presence of an ass; and so on, ringing myriads of changes, like the fools in Shakespeare, upon these quirks of word-jugglery. The danger of such trifling appeared when the same worthless slang was applied to moral and political questions; and this sophistry, before contemptible, combined with a showy rhetoric to undermine the principles of eternal justice, on which alone the state may repose in safety, and of eternal morality, the only steadfast hope for the character of individual man. Here then was a lawful subject for the handling of the comic stage.

Another aim of Attic comedy was to amuse by a witty trav-

esty of the tragic poets. The same audience that were dissolved in tears one day by the spectacle of heroic sufferings the next day were thrown into convulsions of laughter at the sight of the same illustrious personages placed in the most ludicrous situations. There is also a running fire of single sharp allusions to well-known passages or persons, which an Attic audience readily took. Thus a market-man addresses a fine Copaic eel in a strain of affection, parodied from the speech of Admetus to Alcestis: —

> "For I will never, even after death,
> Be parted from thee, — dressed with leaves of beet."

An ambassador apologizes for his long detention in Thrace by a snow-storm that buried the country many feet deep, — brought on by a tragedy of Theognis, a frigid poet of the time.

Again, political events, such as those of the Peloponnesian war, and magnificent projects of universal empire, like that which drove the Athenians out of their senses at the time of the Sicilian expedition, were brought upon the stage in the most amusing manner, and often with more effect than followed the political discussions in the Ecclesia. Grand schemes of revolution and reform, of annexation and reannexation, and wild speculations of any and every kind, which were constantly coming to the surface of the seething caldron of Athenian life, were dramatized with infinite wit and unsparing ridicule. Public men were brought upon the stage by name; and the actors, by the aid of portrait-masks and costumes imitated from the dresses actually worn, represented in the most minute particulars the personages themselves. Socrates, whose strange person and grotesque manners offered irresistible temptations to the wits of the comic stage, is said to have been present when he was brought out in the play of "The Clouds," and to have stood up before the audience with imperturbable good humor, that they might compare the original with the mimic semblance on the stage. From this brief account, it will be seen that a large part of the function of the comic theatre consisted in discussing dramatically, and with all the liveliness that

wit and sarcasm could lend, and all the force that party-passion inspired, the measures and men that occupied the public attention for the moment. Objectionable as its tone frequently became, coarse, ribald, and libellous as the less scrupulous writers generally were, they scarcely descended to such a depth of falsehood and slander as is reached by the worst specimens of the political press, under similar circumstances, in free countries. Finally, any miscellaneous subject by which the Demos could be amused — even ridicule of the Demos itself — was very good-humoredly allowed by that admirable impersonation of the humors, passions, faults, and follies of the Athenian populace.

These are the principal features of the old comedy, to which all the plays of Aristophanes, except one, belong. The middle comedy comes a little later, when it was forbidden by law to introduce individuals by name; but in other respects it resembles the old. The new comedy was a still later modification, not dealing with individuals, but, like modern comedy, inventing general characters to represent classes, and gathering its materials from the observation of contemporary life and manners.

The remaining plays of Aristophanes are quite sufficient to show his unrivalled talent in his art, the copiousness of his invention, the brilliancy of his wit, the vigor of his imagination, and the singular boldness with which he grappled with the most formidable demagogues of his time. There was no more accomplished master than he of the Greek language, in its lyric sweetness and grandeur, in its infinite capability of rhythmical variations, in its graphic delineations, in its lofty eloquence, in its abusive slang, in its flashing fancies, as well as in burlesque, parody, pun, and alliteration, in its philosophical jargon and its patriotic cant. Sometimes he reminds us of the extravagant whimsicality of Rabelais; sometimes, of the quiet humor of Lucian; again, of the sharp and indecent satire of Swift; again, of the wit of Molière, who, to be sure, borrowed many of his best things from him; still oftener, of the splendid versatility of poetical genius, the absolute command over all the felicities

of language, the plastic adaptation of rhythm to the breathless succession of thought, displayed by Goethe in his Faust. The philosophers and sophists are handled in "The Clouds." The aristocratic and plebeian demagogues are lashed with infinite and impartial humor in "The Knights," where the high-born equestrians deprive Cleon, the leather-dresser, of the favor of the Demos, by setting up the claims of Agoracritos, the sausage-seller.

The pretensions of the rival tragedians are wittily set forth in "The Frogs." Bacchus, the god of the drama, goes down to Hades to bring up Euripides. On his way across the Acheronian lake he is saluted by a chorus of frogs, from which the play takes its name. In the lower world he finds Euripides, claiming the tragic throne, which has been held by Æschylus. Pluto, in a puzzle, begs Bacchus to decide. The two poets sing and declaim specimens of their art. At last a balance is brought, to weigh their verses against each other. The verse of Æschylus instantly sends up the scale of Euripides. Out of patience, Æschylus tells Euripides to get in himself with all his works, his wife and children, and Cephisophon into the bargain, against only two of his lines. Bacchus decides for Æschylus, who places Sophocles on the throne, *ad interim*. The following is a part of the dialogue between Charon, Bacchus, and the chorus: —

"CHARON.

Thou shalt no longer trifle, but stand firm,
And row with might and main.

BACCHUS.

How then can I,
Unskilled in naval Salaminian tactics,
Handle the oar?

CHARON.

Most easily; for thou,
When once thou 'st struck, wilt hear the sweetest strains.

BACCHUS.

From whom?

CHARON.

From frogs, swanlike and wondrous melody.

BACCHUS.

Give out the signal then.

CHARON.

Oop op, Oop op.

CHORUS.

Brekekekex, koax, koax,
Brekekekex, koax, koax.
Ye marshy children of the lake,
Let us of social hymns awake
The tuneful sounding strain,
Koax, koax."

In "The Peace," "The Lysistrata," and "The Acharnians," Aristophanes deals many hard hits at the Peloponnesian war. In "The Wasps," the passion for litigation — so strong a trait of the Athenian character — is admirably ridiculed. Racine's "Les Plaideurs" is taken from this. The Thesmophoriazousæ is devoted to the most remorseless ridicule of Euripides.

In the comedy of "The Birds," the Athenian system of universal annexation and intervention in the affairs of other nations is satirized by the establishment of a commonwealth of birds, which reduces all mankind to terms by controlling the rain, and brings the gods to terms by cutting off the sacrifices. The gods, reduced to absolute starvation, send an embassy to Nephelococcygia, or Cuckoocloudland, consisting of Hercules, Neptune, and a barbarian deity of the Triballi. The archon of the feathered commonwealth lays down his ultimatum, that Jupiter shall surrender his sceptre and give him his favorite Basileia, or *royalty*, to wife. At first the ambassadors refuse these terms as unreasonable and extravagant; but Hercules, who is always represented as a gourmand, snuffing the odors of the kitchen, immediately begins to relent. He begs the archon to tell him what the entertainment is which is going forward. The archon replies: "O, it is only a few birds who, being found guilty of resisting the democratic birds, have been hauled over the coals, and are roasting." Hercules can stand it no longer, and votes at once to ratify the treaty.

The speculations of the philosophers, too, are here amusingly hit off; especially in the Parabasis spoken by the birds after their claim to supreme dominion is made out.

"Ye children of man, whose life is a span,
Protracted with sorrow from day to day,
Naked and featherless, feeble and querulous,
Sickly calamitous creatures of clay!
Attend to the words of the sovereign birds,
Immortal, illustrious lords of the air,
Who survey from on high, with a merciful eye,
Your struggles of misery, labor, and care,—
Whence you may learn and clearly discern
Such truths as attract your inquisitive turn,
Which is busied of late with a mighty debate,
A profound speculation about the creation,
And organical life and chaotical strife,
With various notions of heavenly motions,
And rivers, and oceans, and valleys, and mountains,
And sources of fountains, and meteors on high,
And stars in the sky. We propose by and by,
If you 'll listen and hear, to make it all clear;
And Prodicus henceforth shall pass for a dunce,
When his doubts are explained and scattered at once."

Then they give their theory of the world.

I have time, in the present Lecture, to sketch only one more of these pieces. I select it especially because it relates to a class of ideas which is commonly supposed to belong exclusively to modern times; and I beg you to remember, as I read extracts from the comedy, that it was brought out more than twenty-two hundred years ago. In the play called the Ecclesiazousæ, or Women in Congress Assembled, is represented a conspiracy of the women to usurp the government for the purpose of reforming the state. Questions of this kind occupied the most philosophical minds from Protagoras to Plato. The rights of women were in some sort recognized by the Dorians and Æolians, so far as participation in the arts and in education went. It would appear that Aspasia, the left-handed wife of the great Pericles, introduced certain enlarged views into Athe-

nian society from the saloons of that statesman. She had a great deal to do with the direction of public affairs, and is said to have polished the eloquent periods of her husband's orations. From the topics discussed by her and her followers, the bolder spirits, in the course of time, began to question the justice of excluding women from political influence. And it must be admitted that the legal disabilities under which they labored at Athens were neither few nor small. They had no rights of property except through the representative character of a "next friend"; they had no voice in answering the most important personal question ever put to a woman; they had neither the privilege, as we in our vanity think it, of saying *yes*, nor the pleasure, as they in their wickedness think it, of saying *no*. This state of things must have often vexed the female philosophers and politicians, who seem after the Peloponnesian war to have made Athens the head-quarters of their speculations. These discussions form the subject of the play, which comprehends all the schemes of communism that had ever suggested themselves to the teeming brains of the ancients. The piece was brought out in the midst of the vexatious warfare in Asia Minor, at a time when, doubtless, the female world-reformers were particularly active. It dates about 392 B. C., and is the last of the author's pieces belonging to the old comedy.

There were in Athens, as in every civilized community, some gentleman-like women and about an equal number of lady-like men. One of the former, a strong-minded female, Praxagora by name, who formerly lived near enough to the Pnyx to overhear the eloquent debates, is seized with an intense desire to become a politician, and to harangue the assembly on the welfare of the state. To bring this about, she forms a party among the women, to steal their husband's garments early in the morning, to put on false beards, and, hurrying to the assembly, to pass a decree to transfer the reins of government to their own sex. As the constitution of Athens was at this time ultra-democratic, allowing universal suffrage *sans scrutin*, no practical difficulty lay in the way of this *coup*

d'état, except the want of practice in debate, and the habit of swearing certain feminine oaths, as by Aphrodite, Hera, and the like. This is all got over in a preliminary caucus, held at midnight. In this meeting, before declaiming their speeches, they apologize for being a little behind the time. The husband of one had supped on sprats, and had a fit of indigestion which made him cough all night; the husband of another had returned late, and it was but a few minutes ago that she had an opportunity to filch his suit; another has brought her woollen work, that she may make clothes for the children, and hear too. Praxagora instantly rebukes this last, and orders her to throw her work aside. They proceed with their discussion; but every one, until it comes to Praxagora's turn, blunders by appealing to the goddesses, or addressing the assembly as ladies. At last the leader of the plot speaks in a strain of eloquence that commands the admiration of all present, showing up the maladministration of the men and the superior qualifications of the women; and as a logical conclusion comes to the proposal,

"That we the men resign the helm of state,
Asking no idle questions, as, 'What course
Of policy will they pursue?' but simply
Investing them at once with sovereign power.
For their good conduct, be our guaranty
Naught else save this, that, being mothers, they
Will seek their children's good; for who more anxious
Than the fond parent to protect her nursling?
Then for the ways and means, say who are more skilled
Than women? They too are such arch deceivers,
That when in power they ne'er will be deceived.
More needs not; only follow this good counsel,
And soon ye 'll see the Athenian state will flourish.

First Woman.

The very cream of speaking, my Praxagora;
Prythee impart the source of all this wisdom.

Praxagora.

What time within the walls, from dread of war,
We refuge sought, I and my husband lodged

Hard by the Pnyx; then I oft heard the speakers,
And from a list'ner have turned orator."

Praxagora is appointed mouthpiece and leader on the spot; and they adjourn.

While their husbands still sleep, they proceed to the assembly disguised in "bloomers," and pass the revolutionary decree. Meantime the men begin to bestir themselves. The wardrobe of an Athenian citizen at this period of national depression was not overstocked with spare garments, and they find themselves in a somewhat embarrassing predicament. However, there is no help for it, and, slipping on the dresses of their wives, they open their doors and peer cautiously up and down the streets, to see if the coast is clear. Blepyrus, the husband of Praxagora, is first seen emerging, in a pair of high-heeled woman's boots, and a short bright-yellow petticoat, uttering a soliloquy, not very complimentary to that "gadding jade," his wife. Another citizen in similar plight comes down the street, and, seeing his unfortunate friend, asks:

"Who 's this? not surely neighbor Blepyrus?
By Zeus, but 't is in very sooth the man;
Prythee, what means this yellow that I see?

BLEPYRUS.

I 've just come out of doors with my wife's kirtle
Of saffron die, she mostly wears herself."

While they are discussing their singular condition, and wondering what it all means, another citizen, Chremes, drops in from the assembly. He is apparently a bachelor, for he has just returned from the Pnyx without comprehending the revolution, and is surprised by the extraordinary appearance of Blepyrus.

"CHREMES.

What dost thou? why this woman's garb art wearing?

BLEPYRUS.

Why, in the dark I took what I could find.
But whence came you?"

He tells him that he has seen at the assembly

> "a mighty mob of fellows
> Greater than ever crowded to the Pnyx,
> Whom we that saw them likened unto cobblers.
> Nor this alone; 't was wonderful to see
> How multitudinously white the assembly was.
> So I and many others lost our fees."

Chremes gives a comical account of the manner in which the popular orators were hustled out when they undertook to oppose the proceedings. The men, especially Blepyrus, were abused by a "comely youth," who proves in the sequel to be his own wife, and finally a decree was passed

> "t' invest
> The women with the powers of government;
> For in the many changes which our state
> Has undergone, this only is untried."

The law is carried into effect. Praxagora is made President, and, at the demand of her constituents, proceeds to define her position by laying down what we call a platform. The principal doctrines are, community of goods; the abolition of the family relation; all children to be considered the children of the state; no more courts or jails; the halls of justice to be converted into feasting saloons for the great social community. Blepyrus listens with astonishment to the long series of reforms, so nimbly rattled off by his wife. He throws in, here and there, a sly objection; but she has some ingenious salvo to meet every case, so that, when she plumply puts to him the question,

> "These specimens how like you of our skill in legislation?"

he is obliged to confess,

> "Unqualified applause do they deserve, and approbation."

The President issues her edicts with as much promptness and energy as the President of the French Republic. All the citizens, except one, obey. He grumbles at the requisition, refuses to put his property into the common stock, but yet insists

on having his share with the rest. The streets are filled with people bringing pots, kettles, and every kind of household stuff, to the public stores of the community, and busily discussing the new measures on the way. As all are to be on an equality in everything, the rights of the old and ugly in matters of the heart are provided for by an edict. A young gentleman, on the way to visit the maiden he loves, is claimed by three old ladies in succession, each uglier than the other, and each therefore asserting a prior right to his attentions. He is seized by two, and a third comes to the rescue. Seeing her, he exclaims: —

> "Ye Pans, Corybantes, Castor, and Castor's twin brother,
> What shape meets my view? a hag worse than the other!
> By all that is hideous in earth or in air,
> Thy name, race, and purpose, dread phantom, declare!
> Art some ape, daubed with paint, and tricked out for a show,
> Or a beldam sent up from the regions below?"

He resists, and appeals to the gods in the most pathetic manner: —

> "Now, by Zeus the Preserver, who ever beheld
> A wight more ill-fated than I, thus compelled
> To remain at the mercy of two ugly crones,
> Who are nothing at all but parchment and bones?"

But his struggles are vain; he is in the hands of the law, and is dragged away, singing as he departs his own funeral dirge.

Preparations are immediately made to inaugurate the reformation by a grand banquet. The citizens are all invited; in the most comprehensive hospitality, the half-tipsy maid-servant, who officiates as the President's herald, extends the invitation to the board of dramatic judges, and to all spectators of the piece; and the play closes with a change of scene, bringing to view a superb dining-room, with tables running its whole length, crowded with the members of the regenerated society, before whom a feast is spread, described in a single word, but that word ten or a dozen lines long, compounded, or rather agglu-

tinated, from the names of all the dishes on the table, and thus representing a sort of gastronomic solidarity.

"Limpets, oysters, pickled fish,
And of skates a dish;
Lamprey-eels, with the remains
Of sauce-piquante, and birds' brains,
With honey so luscious,
Plump blackbirds and thrushes;
Cocks' combs and ring-doves,
Which the epicure loves;
Wood-pigeons blue,
Juicy snipes too,
And partridge-wings fine,
And rabbits in wine."

The invitation is accepted, the reform is in the full tide of successful experiment, and so we leave the jolly company to make a night of it.

Such are some of the features of the ancient comic drama. The Athenian Republic we might almost fancy to have changed places with the North American. We seem to be present at a masquerade of the ages. We follow familiar forms through the crowd of fantastic figures; the mask is raised, and in this strange disguise we recognize a face that we have encountered in our daily walks. The next moment the visor drops; the phantom flits away, and the vision of the past is supplanted by the realities of the present.

LECTURE XIII.

THE LATER GREEK DRAMA. — DECLINE OF LETTERS. — THE ALEXANDRIAN PERIOD. — THE BYZANTINE PERIOD. — MODERN GREEK POETRY.

The dramatic writings of the great tragedians and of Aristophanes the comedian are the only entire representatives of the Attic drama which we possess. All together they contain a body of poetry but little more in mass than the works of Shakespeare, whose genius, in its grandeur, versatility, and beauty, in its power of seeing into the heart of man and representing human life in all its earnest, solemn, and terrible forms, as well as in its light, humorous, ludicrous, and burlesque aspects, seems to comprehend in one what in Athens was divided among many; just as he often brings into the same piece dramatic elements which, under the more rigid laws of Hellenic taste, were regarded as incongruous and as belonging to different forms of the art. Shakespeare is the best commentator on the Grecian dramatists, and they should always be read in connection, — the reader bearing in mind, however, the distinction between the occasion, purpose, aim, and end of the Greek drama, the circumstances of its representation, the limitations of its structure, and its intimate relations with religion and the state or the entire body of the people, and the widely different outward condition of the drama in Queen Elizabeth's time. Shakespeare, when we make these distinctions and allowances, is infinitely the most classical, so far as I know the dramatic literature of recent times, of all modern writers for the stage. The classical French tragedy of Corneille and Racine is written in more express imitation of the Attic, especially in the rigid observance of the unities of time, place, and action, which

the Athenians, like Shakespeare, often set aside, when the higher unity of the poetic spirit required it. But it seems to me that those illustrious poets do not come so near the true classical tone as Shakespeare, because they do not stand so near to Nature, who is always classical, — because they do not paint the passions and unfold the tragic ideas which lie at the basis of all genuine dramatic representation with a directness and force equal to his. At the same time, I am far from assenting to the justice of Schlegel's severe condemnation of the old classical tragedy of France. Having recently studied it afresh, after a long interval, and for the purpose of comparison, I have been impressed with a sense of its power, such as in my more youthful studies escaped me; and I have been led to distrust the soundness of Schlegel's judgment.

The classical pieces of Alfieri, short as they fall of Æschylus and Sophocles, will stand a fair comparison with Euripides; his "Alceste" is, in many points, a finer drama than its Grecian prototype; and he has handled the tragic fortunes of the house of Agamemnon with great force of style and depth of insight. The modern classical drama — I mean the express imitation of the ancient — ought, indeed, to be judged chiefly by making Euripides the term of comparison. But, I repeat it, taking the whole Attic drama together, — the grandeur of conception, the profound views of man's destiny, the terrors of retribution for crime, the terse expression of the results of experience and of the deepest truths of intuitive philosophy, the force, loftiness, and exquisite rhythm of language, — Shakespeare and the Greek tragedians are each other's best expounders.

The comedy of the Athenians took a wider flight than that of any modern nation. Molière well illustrates the merely witty, humorous, and satirical element; but in breadth of view, in lyrical spirit, in patriotic aim, in infinite and unsating variety, a comparison between him and Aristophanes cannot be sustained for a moment. The French comedy, for the last fifteen or twenty years, in fineness of expression, in directness of political and social allusion, and in general bearing upon the

manners, circumstances, and characters of the contemporary world, — especially in the works of authors of the first class, like Scribe, — affords an excellent parallel to the Athenian comic stage; but in the higher poetical qualities the parallel ceases.

A singular feature in the history of the ancient drama was the continuance of the dramatic art in the same families, sometimes for three generations. The poet, like the great artists of modern Italy, surrounded himself with disciples who learned from him the principles and the practice of his art; and it so happened, in the case of all those whom I have mentioned, that the mantle of their genius fell upon their descendants, who also inherited their unfinished and unrepresented works. The contemporaries of the great masters were doubtless men of genius, since their dramas often gained the victory over those of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; but we are justified in inferring, from the destruction of all their works, that the plays we possess of these three poets contain, in fair measure, the best productions of the tragic stage. Æschylus left a son, Euphorion, and two nephews, Philocles and Astydamas, who were all distinguished tragic poets; the last having brought out, after the Peloponnesian war, two hundred and forty pieces, and gained the victory fifteen times. Sophocles left a son, Iophon, distinguished in the lifetime of his father, and a grandson, the younger Sophocles, who was the rival of Astydamas, and gained the prize twelve times. There was also a younger Euripides, nephew of the great tragedian, who was a very successful author. Two sons of Aristophanes followed their father on the comic stage. Thus dramatic literature was long sustained at Athens after its most illustrious writers had passed away. Yet the public affairs of Athens in this period had undergone a decline. The Peloponnesian war had broken down her power and exhausted her wealth. From that disastrous overthrow she sprang up with her inborn elasticity; but she never wholly recovered. Her constitution was restored in its main features after the overthrow of the Thirty

Tyrants by Thrasybulus and the returning exiles, and some of her former confederates renewed their allegiance; but her treasury was empty and her revenue crippled. Though the literary and festal delights that made Athens at every season of the year the centre of attraction for the civilized world were the last the people would resign, yet the splendor of the exhibitions was greatly impaired by the loss of public wealth and the diminution of private fortunes. The drama continued, on a reduced scale, through the wars in Asia Minor which followed the Peloponnesian, through the struggle which Demosthenes sustained with desperate odds against Philip and Alexander, and even through the period of Macedonian and Roman supremacy.

In comedy the most important name after Aristophanes is Menander, the loss of whose works is the greatest disaster which Athenian literature has sustained. He was born at Athens in 341 B. C., being the son of Diopeithes, the commander of the Athenian fleet in the Hellespont, — well known in the history of the times from the circumstance that he was the friend of Demosthenes, and that, when brought to trial by the Macedonian party on the charge of violating Philip's territory, he was defended by the great orator in his still extant oration on the affairs of the Chersonese. He was the nephew of Alexis, also a distinguished comic poet, by whom he was said to have been instructed in the principles of the art. Theophrastus the philosopher was one of his teachers, and Epicurus was his intimate friend. Both of these men had great influence on his character. He wrote an epigram on Themistocles and Epicurus, to the effect that the former rescued the country from slavery, the latter from nonsense. No doubt he was somewhat of a voluptuary as well as a fop. His dress was always studied and elegant, and he delighted in perfumes. He was one of the handsomest men of his age; the beauty of his countenance having been rendered, perhaps, more piquant by the slightest possible squint. As Suidas says, he was cross-eyed, but sharp-witted. The first Greek king of Egypt, Ptolemy, already

desirous of assembling at his court in Alexandria the eminent literary men of the age, invited him thither; but he preferred to remain at Athens. He lived to the age of fifty-one or fifty-two years, and perished by drowning in the Peiræus, having written more than a hundred comedies, and gained the prize but eight times. This comparative want of public success, which he bore with the good humor of a follower of Epicurus, is attributed by some to the superiority of his pieces over those of his competitors in elegance and dignity. However this may be, they were pronounced, by the consenting voices of the ancient critics, the most finished models of the new comedy. With the generation that followed they rose to the highest fame. They continued to be played down to the time of Plutarch, and were translated and imitated by the comic writers of Rome, especially by the elegant Terence. The beauty and propriety of his style, the skill with which, like his master Theophrastus, he caught the humors and delineated the characters of society, the depth of his observation, and the pith of his sayings, made him a universal favorite among his countrymen. Of this fact there can be no doubt; and the numerous fragments of his plays show that their estimate of his genius was well founded. It is surprising that, while there exist passages belonging to seventy or eighty of his plays whose names are known, and five hundred more fragments of pieces not named, no entire play should have come down to us. I quote the following fragments.

"To me most happy, therefore, he appears,
Who, having once, unmoved by hopes and fears,
Surveyed this sun, earth, ocean, cloud, and flame,
Well satisfied, returns from whence he came.
Is life a hundred years, or e'er so few,
'T is repetition all, and nothing new;
A fair where thousands meet, but none can stay;
An inn where travellers bait, then post away;
A sea where man perpetually is tossed,
Now plunged in business, now in trifles lost.
Who leave it first, the peaceful port first gain.
Hold then! no farther launch into the main;
Contract your sails. Life nothing can bestow

By long continuance, but continued woe; —
The wretched privilege daily to deplore
The funerals of our friends who go before;
Diseases, pains, anxieties, and cares,
And age surrounded with a thousand snares."

"You say, not always wisely, '*Know thyself*';
'Know others,' ofttimes, is a better maxim."

"Of all bad things with which mankind are curst,
Their own bad tempers surely are the worst."

"The rich all happy I was wont to hold,
Who never paid large usury for gold.
'Those sons of fortune never sigh,' I said,
'Nor toss with anguish on their weary bed;
But, soft dissolving into balmy sleep,
Indulge sweet slumbers, while the needy weep.'
But now the great and opulent I see
Lament their lot, and mourn as well as we."

"If you would know of what frail stuff you 're made,
Go to the tombs of the illustrious dead;
There rest the bones of kings; there tyrants rot;
There sleep the rich, the noble, and the wise;
There pride, ambition, beauty's fairest form,
All dust alike, compound one common mass.
Reflect on these, and in them see yourself."

I will here quote a fragment — the only one extant — of Strato, a poet of the same period. It seems to be taken from the speech of a person who has just been been put out of patience by the pedantry of his cook, who insists on inventing new-fangled words and using the language of Homer.

"I 've harbored a he-sphinx, and not a cook;
For, by the gods, he talked to me in riddles,
And coined new words that pose me to interpret.
No sooner had he entered on his office,
Than, eying me from head to foot he cries,
'How many mortals hast thou bid to supper?'
'Mortals!' quoth I, 'what tell you me of mortals?
Let Jove decide on their mortality;

You 're crazy, sure! none by that name are bidden.'
'No table-usher? none to officiate
As master of the courses?' 'No such person.
Moschion, and Niceratus, and Philinus,
These are my guests and friends, and amongst these
You 'll find no table-decker, as I take it.'
'Gods! is it possible?' cried he. 'Most certain,'
I patiently replied. He swelled and huffed
As if, forsooth, I 'd done him heinous wrong,
And robbed him of his proper dignity.
Ridiculous conceit! 'What offering makest thou
To Erysichthon?' he demanded. 'None.'
'Shall not the wide-horned ox be felled?' cries he.
'I sacrifice no ox.' 'Nor yet a wether?'
'Not I, by Jove; a simple sheep perhaps.'
'And what 's a wether but a sheep?' cries he.
'I 'm a plain man, my friend, and therefore speak
Plain language.' 'What! I speak as Homer does;
And sure a cook may use like privilege
And more than a blind poet.' 'Not with me;
I 'll have no kitchen Homers in my house:
So pray discharge yourself.' This said, we parted."

Several species of miscellaneous poetry flourished in Athens and in other parts of Greece during this and the preceding period, and for seven or eight centuries later. There was the Gnomic poetry, mostly in elegiac measure, contemporaneous with the lyric, and forming the transition between poetry and philosophic prose, which was, singularly enough, the earliest form of prose composition in Greece. There was a vast number of smaller pieces, called epigrams, or inscriptions, of various lengths, from two lines, like that in honor of the Lacedæmonians who fell at Thermopylæ, which I read in a former lecture, to ten or twenty. These range from the sixth century before, to the seventh after Christ; and, of course, are of every degree of merit, in every conceivable style, and on every imaginable subject.

The period of nearly two centuries from the death of Alexander to the fall of the Achæan League and the subjugation of Greece to Rome, was a period of great decline in public

spirit and in private morals. Philopœmen, who perished in the final struggle for independence, has been called the last of the Greeks. Literature suffered with the decay of national honor and the consciousness of the lofty rank hitherto held by the Hellenic race. But for six or seven centuries Athens was the university which educated the leading minds of the Roman world. The ablest young men, the sons of the highest personages in the Roman Republic and Empire, were sent to that city, where the illustrious monuments of the art and genius of a great race softened and refined their characters, and where the most accomplished teachers in literature and rhetoric were to be found. No doubt the vices of sycophancy and servility — the accursed offspring of political degradation — were to some extent the characteristics especially of the Greek adventurers who sought their fortunes in the distant capital of the Empire. But we must beware of applying the darkly colored portraits drawn by the Roman satirists from these discredited originals to the whole Hellenic race. The scholars and philosophers at Athens still retained, not only the faults, but many of the virtues, of the corresponding classes in the days of their national independence. They not only delighted in discussion and wrangling, but they showed the same ardent love of knowledge, the same passion for novelty, the same readiness of intellectual apprehension, the same fervid eloquence, which had marked their predecessors. Their municipal institutions remained mostly unchanged. The local administration of local affairs still gave some scope to the old consciousness of activity, and was one of the causes which prevented the absorption of Greece into the overgrown body of the Roman empire. It was one of the secrets, too, of the permanence of the Greek race, — the only race which has come down with its language, character, and physical peculiarities from the classical ages to our own. It was also one of the causes of the elasticity with which they recovered themselves after so many disastrous overthrows. The schools of philosophy continued until they were suppressed by Justinian, in the sixth century. The fortunes

of the city during these ages; the slaughters by Sylla; the gleams of happiness under Hadrian; the assaults by the Goths from the northern, and the Scandinavians from the eastern shore of the Hellespont, in the third century; the revival of letters in the fourth; the whirlwind of invasion in which Alaric and Attila swept over the land; the introduction of Christianity; the gradual decay of pagan rites and the appropriation of temple-property to private uses; the conflicts between the new religion and the old; the manner in which the Christian Church, by its liberal principles and harmonizing interests, gained upon heathenism in the favor of the people, borrowing its designation of *ecclesia* from the old political assembly, and many portions of its ritual from the old national festivities, and so getting a hold upon the popular affection; the formation of Christian communities upon a free and democratic basis, which so continued until the religion was raised to the imperial throne and became an organ of statecraft, and its bishops and patriarchs surrounded themselves with the pomps and gauds of this world; — all these features in the history of Greece, and especially of Athens, until country and city disappear almost from sight for many centuries, — from the sixth to the thirteenth, — constitute a story of melancholy interest, and teach an impressive lesson of the vicissitudes of human affairs.

The Ptolemies, who succeeded to that portion of Alexander's empire which included Egypt a little more than three centuries B. C., found Egyptian schools of art, science, and poetry still existing in Thebes, Memphis, and Heliopolis. On these institutions they engrafted schools formed after the model of those in Athens. The distinction in principle was this: the old Egyptian schools were connected with the temples and the priesthood; the Greek schools were, until after the Alexandrian age, wholly independent both of the priests and the state, subject only to the general supervision of the magistrate, like every other institution, — in other words, science and the popular religion were completely separated. The aim of the Ptolemies was to unite the science, literature, and poetry of

the Greeks under an Egyptian organization, supported at the expense of the state, and subject to its control. And when, just before the commencement of our era, the Roman domination succeeded to the Macedonian, the emperors respected the institutions founded by the Greeks, and the schools of learning, — the Museum, the Serapeion, the Brucheium, and the libraries. Literature, science, poetry, theology, in the schools of Pagans, Jews, Christians, acting and reacting upon one another, blending large Oriental elements with the doctrines of the West, mingling Neo-Platonism with Christianity, give a motley aspect to this chapter of the history of the human mind.

I have time to notice only some of the points in the history of Greek poetry here, and that too very briefly; for the leading characteristics of these centuries are the study and criticism of the old authors, the investigations of philosophy, and the accumulation and classification of the facts of science. I think that injustice has always been done to the talent and industry displayed in this age, because men are too apt to compare it in one point alone — that of original creation in poetry — with the illustrious ages which preceded it. The true mode of comparison would be to take the whole intellectual activity of both periods, and to weigh against each other the positive results as well as the refinements of literature and art. That modification of the Greek language called the Later Attic, or Hellenistic, had become the organ of civilization all over the world; and it is true that most of the poetry was imitative rather than original.

Callimachus, born in Cyrene about 280 B. C., was keeper of the Alexandrian Library, and wrote various poems, of which six hymns and a few epigrams remain.

Theocritus of Syracuse, the most original poet of this century, carried pastoral poetry to its highest perfection in the Sicilian-Doric dialect. This was founded on the rustic life of the beautiful island of Sicily, and therefore, breathing as it does a fine truth to nature in the poems of Theocritus, it has a value and an effect quite different from the solemn and silly

Eclogues of Virgil, and still more so from the nauseating and detestable sentimentality of modern pastorals. The most entertaining among the pieces of Theocritus now extant is the gossiping dialogue of half a dozen women of the middle class, at a festival held by the Queen of Egypt.

Apollonius, though born in Egypt, called the Rhodian from his long residence in Rhodes, lived from 235 to 194 B. C., and is known chiefly as the author of the Argonautica, an heroic poem that contains passages of great descriptive beauty.

Aratus, the author of an astronomical poem, a work of much merit in its way, belongs to this age.

In general, there was at this period a want of taste, and an abundance of glitter, far-fetched ornament, and conceit. These faults were carried so far that many poems were composed in lines of varying lengths, so as to represent the forms of axes, altars, birds, eggs, and the like. Some of the most famous writers cultivated obscurity as successfully as the transcendental poets of our own time. Lycophron, whose dramatic writings gave him a place in the tragic Pleiad of his age, wrote a poem called Cassandra, in fourteen hundred and seventy-four iambic verses, so desperately involved and obscure that even his countrymen gave him the nickname of σκοτεινός, or the darksome. We have reason to thank Heaven that not one of his four-and-sixty tragedies has come down to torment us; only four lines out of this accumulation of Egyptian darkness have been preserved by Stobæus. The truth is, the old spirit of Greek popular life, the animating sentiment of liberty, had long since departed, and the poetical genius of the race had died with it, or fallen into a deathlike trance to endure for the ages of thraldom.

Imitative poetry continued, however, to be written. In the fifth century flourished Musæus, author of a short epic poem on the story of Hero and Leander, in which the ponderous compound adjectives, more than the storm and the sea, carry the swimming lover to the bottom. Coluthus of Lycopolis, early in the sixth century, wrote a poem in imitation of the

Homeric style, on the carrying off of Helen, — very dull. Tryphiodorus wrote one on the destruction of Troy, — duller still. Quintus Smyrnæus wrote one in fourteen books, on the portions of the story omitted by Homer; it would have been wise had he omitted them too. The series of Egyptian Greek writers closes with the conquest of Egypt by the Saracens in the seventh century; and it was high time, for the stock had run out on the banks of the Nile.

The influence of the Greek Church, the writings of the early fathers, the ritual formed between the fourth and the seventh century, and the hymns chanted in the service, imitated partly from the Jewish Psalms and partly from the Greek poets, tended powerfully to preserve the language through the Byzantine period, and down to our times. Byzantium was originally a Doric colony, as appears from historical facts, inscriptions, and documents, such as the public decrees quoted by Demosthenes in the oration on the Crown. Its position on the Bosporus, between Asia and Europe, early made it a point of great commercial and military importance. Early in the fourth century it became, under Constantine, the capital of the Roman empire and the centre of the Christian religion. The first Constantinopolitan emperors endeavored to make it Roman in language, manners, and character; but their success was only partial. The sycophancy of the courtly circles led them to comply with the imperial wishes; they abandoned the name of Hellenes or Greeks, and assumed that of *Ρωμαῖοι*, or Romans; and the Greek language, modified to some extent by the Latin, whence it had borrowed many words, especially legal terms and ceremonious titles, was called Romaic, down to the late Greek Revolution. But the people, the Church with the exception of the highest dignitaries, and a large part of the educated classes, both in the capital and throughout Greece, refused to Romanize, adhered to their nationality, and continued to cultivate their old Hellenic tastes. The separation was increased by the division of the empire near the close of the fourth century, and by the controversies

waged between the Eastern and Western Churches on the procession of the Holy Ghost and the worship of images, until the Pope of Rome and the Patriarch of Constantinople regarded each other as damnable heretics. From the fifth century Constantinople was the principal centre of Greek learning; but it will be seen from the brief sketches already given, that for more than a century there were three rival seats of culture, — Athens, Alexandria, and Byzantium.

The literature of the Byzantine period, which lasted until the conquest by the Turks in the middle of the fifteenth century, divides itself into two main branches, — the historical and the theological; the former consisting of a series of writers from the fourth to the sixteenth century, the latter beginning properly before the Byzantine age, and extending to the twelfth century. Among these writers were a few poets; for the taste for poetry had not wholly disappeared. Even the old Athenian drama was partially revived on the Byzantine stage. The plays of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides were for a time brought upon the boards; but the circumstances which gave them interest had long ceased to exist, and the coarser taste for spectacles, dancing women, and exhibitions of animals supplanted the legitimate drama, and made the theatres the scenes of vulgar debauchery. This state of things drew down the censures of the Church. In the first Councils, the ecclesiastics launched their anathemas against the play-houses and the actors; but finding the thunders of the Church of little effect to stay the growing evil, they determined to fight the Devil with his own weapons, and to draw the people away from the worldly shows by the superior attractions of dramatic entertainments in the churches on sacred themes. This is the origin of those curious and absurd theatrical compositions on Scriptural subjects, called Mysteries and Miracle-plays, which in all the countries of Europe preceded the modern drama. The sketch of a Miracle-play in Mr. Longfellow's Golden Legend is a most faithful representation of these ecclesiastical performances in the Middle Ages.

Passing over the chants which form part of the Liturgy of the Greek Church, and which date from about the seventh century, that is, near the time when the element of quantity, though still employed as a matter of art and study, had yet nearly ceased to have a vital connection with the spoken language, the earliest Christian poet, whose works are entitled to notice, is Synesius, who flourished at the end of the fourth century. At first he belonged to the school of the Neo-Platonists, but was converted to Christianity, and, though married, was made Bishop of Ptolemais by Theophilus, the Patriarch of Alexandria. His principal writings were ecclesiastical, and have held a high rank for purity and elegance. He wrote a few epigrams, and there are remaining ten of his hymns. These are written in the rhythm known as Anacreontic, which has a singular effect contrasted with the solemnity of the subject, analogous to the frisky measures in which the hymns of the Latin Church are so inappropriately written. Some of these pieces are very long. They do not contain many passages of vigorous imagination, or much felicity of expression or clearness of thought; but they are the outpouring of a pious heart, filled with the love of God, delighting in endless ascriptions of praise and glory, and finally vanishing beyond all mortal comprehension in a golden-glowing mist of Platonic and supersubstantial transcendentalism. The first hymn opens: —

"Come, my sweet-toned harp,
After the Teian song,
After the Lesbian strain,
On loftier themes henceforth
Resound the Dorian song;
Not of tender maidens,
Smiling the smile of love,
Nor of youths fresh-blooming,
The soft attractive charms;
For the offspring unpolluted
Of God-producing wisdom
Impels me to a strain divine
To strike the cithern's chords,
And bids me fly the cares
Of sweet, but earthly loves."

Thus begins the second, — a morning hymn : —

"Again the light, again the morning,
Again the day abroad is shining,
After the nightly-wandering shades;
Again, my soul, thy prayer lift up
To God in morning hymns,
Who gave the light to morning,
Who gave the stars to evening,
The universal choir.
. . . .
All things upon thy will
Depend; thou art the root
Of present and of past,
Of all around, of all within;
Thou art father, thou art mother;
Thou art male, thou art female;
Thou art voice, thou art silence;
Thou art nature's nature fruitful;
Thou art king, the life of life,
So far as human voice may speak thee.
All hail, of earth the root,
All hail, of all things centre,
Immortal numbers' unity,
The unsubstantial kings — "

And here, as we are getting into the foggy land of No-meaning, we will pause. This style is characteristic of the poetry of the early Christians generally, so far as I am acquainted with it. The Greek language here is in imitation of the later lyric, and flows as easily as the Anacreontic, with which I have already compared it.

The next poet of whom I shall speak is quite a different person, Paul the Silentiary. This title was an official one at the court of the Byzantine emperors, nearly equivalent to Privy-Councillor, although in the earlier classical Latin it meant *confidential servant.* He lived towards the end of the sixth century, and is known as the author of a minute and elegant description, chiefly in hexameters, of the church of Saint Sophia. This, however, is distinguished rather for ready flow of rhythm and for architectural accuracy, than for poetical

sentiment. In fact, it was an occasional poem, delivered by the author at the second dedication of the church, after the dome which had fallen in was repaired, in 562. Besides this and another similar poem, he wrote epigrams, of which eighty-three have been preserved. They are generally love-poems. In one of them, the Privy-Councillor says that Cupid has poured upon him a whole quiver-full of arrows; and if one half of what he says of himself is true, he was as combustible as if he had been made of gun-cotton. I copy one of the least explosive, "On the Insupportableness of Absence."

"When I left thee, love, I swore
Not to see that face again,
For a fortnight's space or more;
But the cruel oath was vain,
Since the next day I spent from thee
Was a long year of misery.
. . . .
O, then, for thy lover pray
Every gentler deity
Not in too nice scales to weigh
His constrained perjury.
Thou, too, O pity his despair!
Heaven's rage and thine he cannot bear."

Here is another poem in which he describes a mishap in one of his adventures.

"The voice of the song and the banquet were o'er,
And I hung up my chaplet at Glycera's door,
When the mischievous girl, from a window above,
Who looked down and laughed at the offering of love,
Filled with water a goblet whence Bacchus had fled,
And poured all the crystal contents on my head.
So drenched was my hair, three whole days it resisted
All attempts of the barber to friz it or twist it;
But water, — so whimsical, love, are thy ways! —
While it put out my curls, set my heart in a blaze."

A pretty story for the Emperor's Privy-Councillor!

I will now read a short poem on a Portrait of Sappho, by Democharis, who lived in the same age.

"Nature herself this magic portrait drew,
And, painter, gave thy Lesbian Muse to view.
Light sparkles in her eyes; and fancy seems
The radiant fountain of those living beams.
Through the smooth fulness of the unclouded skin
Looks out the clear ingenuous soul within;
Joy melts to fondness in her glistening face,
And love and music breathe a mingled grace."

Early in the seventh century, in the reign of the Emperor Heraclius, lived George the Pisidian, who wrote in iambics an account of that Emperor's Persian expedition. As he was an eyewitness of what he relates, his work has an historical value, and is included in the collections of the Byzantine writers. It is divided into three cantos, or *hearings*. After a prodigiously long introduction, he thus enters upon his subject, addressing the Emperor: —

"The shadowy night of hostile armies spread
O'er all the earth by men inhabited;
For Persian lust, still eager for its prey,
With sateless passion, still desired to slay;
But thou, beneath the evening's falling shade,
Thyself hast ne'er to balmy sleep betrayed."

Perhaps so; but if these hearings were as hard as the reading, I venture to say His Majesty more than once betrayed himself to balmy sleep while struggling to listen to them.

From this time forward, though the educated Greeks, at Constantinople and elsewhere, continued to study and write the classical language, still the changes in its structure rapidly increased, and literary taste declined with the general decline of art following the iconoclastic fanaticism, which was more destructive to the rich legacies of ancient genius than all the visitations of Goths, Visigoths, and Huns. The observance of quantity had long been gradually disappearing; and soon after the seventh century it seems to have wholly vanished from the spoken language, though, as a matter of learned practice and scholastic exercise, it has always continued to be studied. The spoken language, thus deprived of the musical ele-

ment of time, and regulated entirely by accent, had quite developed its new rhythms and idioms in the twelfth century, — a period of very peculiar literary character, whose principal representatives are Constantine Manasses, Tzetzes, and Theodorus Ptochoprodromus. The first wrote a versified chronicle from the creation of the world down to Alexis I., in ancient Greek, but with the rhythm wholly accentual. The second wrote hexameter poems in imitation of Homer, and a gossiping sort of historical work, in accentual measure, called the Chiliads. He was a very learned man, and inordinately vain, boasting that he wrote his verses with the speed of lightning, which accounts for their being such uncommonly slow reading. The last, Theodorus Ptochoprodromus, is a more hearty and interesting personage. He was a scholar of high repute, and in acknowledgment of his abilities and learning received the title of *Κύριος*, or *Master*. His writings are numerous, both in prose and verse. Among them is a metrical romance, said to be dull; but as I have never read it, I will not express an opinion upon it. He wrote also an iambic poem, of some wit, in imitation of the Battle of the Frogs and Mice, called the Galeomyomachia, or War of the Cat and the Mice, in which, the cat being killed by a decayed piece of timber falling from the roof of a house, the mice are of course the victors, though with heavy losses. The messenger, who describes the battle, says: —

> "First has fallen the satrap of the nation,
> Crumb-picker; next to him Bone-stealer breathed
> His last."

But he is chiefly remarkable for having written the earliest poem in modern Greek that has been published. A few lines at the beginning, and a few at the end, are in the ancient language and rhythm, but all the rest is in the accentual iambic tetrameter, like the Chiliads of Tzetzes. It is addressed to the Emperor Manuel Comnenus, and is chiefly occupied with complaints of the needy and neglected condition of men of letters in that age. Near the beginning, there is a figure which Coraës calls poetical, elegant, and worthy of a better age.

"For thou the waveless harbor art of those who 've fled for refuge,
And scarce had I the sea escaped of briny-bitter sorrow,
When I attained the blessed sea of thy great benefaction;
For thou the fount of pity art, and thou the grace of graces."

He laments that, over-persuaded by his father, he had devoted himself to letters, instead of some handicraft. "From childhood, my old father used to say to me, 'My son, learn letters, if thou wouldst prosper. Seest yonder man, my son? He used to walk on foot; and now he wears his golden spurs, rides his fat mule, and a horse splendidly caparisoned; — he used to have no shoes; and now, thou seest, he wears his pointed sandals; — when he was a youth, he never saw the threshold of the bath; and now he takes the bath three times a week.'" And so the good father carries the argument out. "And when, O king, I heard the old man my father, (for holy Scripture says, 'Obey your parents,') I learned letters, but with how much toil! And ever since I became a scholar, I want a crust, a mouthful, or even a crumb; and on account of my hunger and my poverty, I curse learning, and wail, and cry, 'Accursed be letters; accursed be the time and the day when they sent me to school, that I might get learning, and my living from it.'" He then contrasts his own condition with what it would have been had he made himself a fashionable tailor. Then his cupboard would have been full of bread, and wine, and meat; now, he opens "one cupboard, — nothing but paper; another, — bags of letters; another, — writings still," — and so on.

In this age, then, just before the overthrow of the Byzantine empire by the Latins, — the age of Anna Comnena, — and in the literary circle assembled in her palace, in all respects the most brilliant society of the twelfth century, there was still something of poetical composition, though not much originality. And there was this extraordinary phenomenon, that the writers adopted either the ancient language, with all its rhythmical principles or with the accentual system, or the Romaic with the accentual system. Here is the point where the old

and the new come together; but the old is for the scholars the new is the language of the people.

During this time, the mainland of Greece, Athens especially remained sunk in the deepest obscurity. In an historical point of view, it has a sad interest; in a literary aspect, there is nothing to be said, except that the Athenians, in the midst of poverty and political insignificance, shifted about from master to master, an easy prey of barbarians, a century or two later of crusaders, Venetians, Florentines, Catalans, and pirates, still retained, as we learn from the few notices we have of them from their contemporaries, the same ready and flexible talents that distinguished their ancestors.

The overthrow of the Byzantine empire and the establishment of the empire of Romania, in the thirteenth century, again connected the East with the West, disastrously for the former; for again the arts and the literature treasured in Byzantium suffered irreparable losses from worse than barbarian hands, by wanton conflagration, by pillage, and by brutal fanaticism. The Dukedom of Athens, which lasted from the beginning of the thirteenth to the middle of the fifteenth century, under the houses of De la Roche and De Brienne, the Grand Catalan Company of Aragon, and the Florentine Acciauoli, presented a faint mediæval reflex of former prosperity; and the annals of this period, known in Western Europe at the dawn of modern poetry, suggested to Chaucer, Dante, and Shakespeare the title of Duke of Athens, bestowed by them on the ancient Theseus.

The capture of Constantinople, in the middle of the fifteenth century, put an end to the Byzantine period; and the extension of the Turkish conquest soon after over the greater part of Greece proper introduced the reign of barbarism over those classic regions.

But among the mountain fastnesses of the North, especially in the neighborhood of Olympus and Pindus, the descendants of the old Æolian and Dorian tribes preserved themselves unmixed and unsubdued. Although the language, here as else-

where, had lost its ancient character, and had become assimilated in general structure to the modern languages, still it had suffered less corruption on the one hand from the early Slavonian colonies between the sixth and tenth centuries, and recently from the Turkish, and on the other from the Italian, than any other of the seventy dialects spoken in Greece in the day of her degradation. The language, however, in all these forms, is substantially and radically the same as the ancient; and it has been greatly improved, within the last half-century, by educated writers, who have endeavored to fix the principles of its grammar, to remove the barbarous additions from the Slavonic dialects and the Turkish, and to substitute for the Italian idioms words and idioms drawn from the old Greek. It is true, the scholars of Greece have been, and still are, much divided as to the expediency of founding style on popular usage, or of restoring as far as possible the lost forms of the ancient tongue. A middle course is likely to be followed; at any rate, the question will be definitely settled as soon as a great poet arises to stamp the language with his own immortality.

Meantime, during the last century and the present, especially since the Greek Revolution, a very considerable literature, in prose and poetry, has enriched the language. Dramatic and lyric poetry have something to offer worth the scholar's attention. Of the former, the plays of Rizos, though not entitled to a high rank, have a certain classical finish. His Aspasia has been republished in this country, — a tragedy the scene of which is laid in the time of the Plague of Athens, the personages being Pericles, Aspasia, Socrates, and other well-known names. The effect of the patriotic songs of Rhigas, the gallant Thessalian chief who was handed over by Austrian treachery to the tender mercies of the Turks, is well known, and has become historical. The gay lyrics of Christopoulos breathe the freshness of nature and the spirit of the old Æolian enjoyment of life, and are far superior in delicacy of feeling and true poetical insight to the poems which pass under the name of Anacreon. Michael Perdicares, Kalvos, Alexander

Soutsos, and Salomos, author of a famous Ode to Liberty, are well known to their countrymen, and not unknown to others. These are all the recent poets with whose works I have had an opportunity to become acquainted.

But doubtless the most characteristic and original compositions are those of the mountaineers and islanders to whom I have already referred, chiefly the former. These tribes are known as Klephts and Armatoles, — the former wholly independent during the Turkish dominion; the latter partially acknowledging the Turkish authorities, and having some sort of nominal organization under them. The Klephts, under the leadership of their captains, who bore a strong family likeness to the personages of the heroic age from the same neighborhood, seized every opportunity of dashing down upon Turkish villages and camps, killing and plundering, and climbing back again to their rocky habitations before the enemy could rally for pursuit. These semi-barbaric heroes, retaining many of the customs, superstitions, and traditions of ancient times, were the most formidable assailants of the Turks during the war of the Revolution; but when the war was over, they gave the government much trouble in reducing them to obedience and the usages of civilized life. But the point of singular interest in them is their strong sensibility to poetry, and their facility in composition. They were found to possess a body of poetical literature consisting chiefly of Dirges, strongly resembling the funeral laments as far back as Homer, and of a very peculiar species of ballad, highly picturesque and characteristic of their mode of life. Like the earliest epic songs of Greece, these poems were composed — not written — to be sung, and were handed down by oral tradition. They were first written, from the lips of those to whom they had descended as a poetical heirloom, by a French scholar, M. Fauriel, who published two volumes of them in 1824. It is surprising how well he accomplished his task, considering that he was a foreigner, and depended on the ear alone. Still his text is marred by numerous errors, and in some of the poems there are important omissions, which

injure the sense, and make them appear more abrupt than they really are, though they are sufficiently so in their complete form. A year or two ago my friend and colleague, Mr. Sophocles, revisited his native country, and took occasion to revise the text of Fauriel — which he had partly done before from his own recollection — by comparing the poems as printed with the recollection of aged people in the North of Greece. In this way several of the finest of them have been much amended and improved; and the specimens I am about to read I have translated from this text. The rhythm of most of them is the unrhymed iambic tetrameter catalectic, like that employed in the twelfth century.

Among the traditional ideas changed from the ancient conceptions, and adapted to the circumstances of their modern condition, is that of Charon, the old ferryman of the dead. Among the mountains he has become a horseman, who gathers the souls of the departed, and gallops with them over the hills to the place of rest. This idea is simply, and I think poetically, handled in the following ballad, which I give in the measure of the original.

CHARON AND THE GHOSTS.

"Why are the mountains shadowed o'er? Why stand they mourning darkly?
Is it a tempest warring there, or rain-storm beating on them?
It is no tempest warring there, no rain-storm beating on them,
But Charon sweeping over them, and with him the departed.
The young he urges on before, behind the elders follow,
And tender children ranged in rows are carried at his saddle:
The elders call imploringly, the young are him beseeching.

GHOSTS.

My Charon, at the hamlet stop, stop by the cooling fountain,
That from the spring the old may drink, the young may play with pebbles,
And that the little children may the pretty flowerets gather.

CHARON.

I will not at the hamlet stop, nor at the cooling fountain;
For mothers meeting at the spring will know again their children,
And man and wife each other know, and will no more be parted."

My next specimen is quite dramatic, and ferociously warlike. It breathes the fiercest spirit of the Pallicar, or Klephtic hero. It belongs to the rough regions of Mount Olympus, where the Pallicars had some of their inaccessible strongholds. A dispute arises between Mount Olympus and Kissavos, the ancient Ossa, on the question of precedence as shown by snow and rain. The suggesting idea, I presume, is that Ossa feels aggrieved because Olympus, on account of his northern exposure, is the first to be covered with snow. The personages of the dialogue are the two rival mountains, an eagle, and the head of a slain warrior, each of which has something to say on the occasion.

OLYMPUS AND KISSAVOS.

"Olympus once and Kissavos, two neighboring mounts, contended
Which of the two the rain should pour, and which shed down the snow-storm;
And Kissavos pours down the rain, Olympus sheds the snow-storm.
Then Kissavos in anger turns, and speaks to proud Olympus.

KISSAVOS.

Browbeat me not, Olympus, thou by robber-feet betrampled;
For I am Kissavos, the mount in far Larissa famous:
I am the joy of Turkestan, and of Larissa's Agas.
Olympus turned him then, and spake to Kissavos in anger.

OLYMPUS.

Ha! Kissavos, ha! renegade, thou Turk-betrampled hillock;
The Turks, they tread thee under foot, and all Larissa's Agas;
I am Olympus, he of old renowned the world all over;
And I have summits forty-two, and two-and-sixty fountains,
And every fount a banner has, and every bough a robber,
And on my highest summit's top an eagle fierce is sitting,
And holding in his talons clutched a head of slaughtered warrior.

EAGLE.

What hast thou done, O head of mine, of what hast thou been guilty?
How came the chance about that thou art clutched within my talons?

HEAD.

Devour, O bird, my youthful strength, devour my manly valor,
And let thy pinion grow an ell, a span thy talon lengthen.
In Luros and Xeromeros I was an Armatolos;
In Chasia and Olympus next, twelve years I was a robber;
And sixty Agas have I killed, and left their hamlets burning;

And all the Turks and Albanese that on the field of battle
My hand has slain, my eagle brave, are more than can be numbered;
But me the doom befell at last, to perish in the battle."

From Olympus we now descend, and, crossing the Ægean Sea, return to the birthplace of Homer and of the perfected epic, — to Chios, still the source of many beautiful compositions. As we began with the Iliad, in setting forth from this beautiful and famous island, so, in retracing our steps, we will end with a Chian ballad. It is on a subject which has gained currency in the popular poetry of many nations, but which perhaps is treated with the most fulness and force by Bürger, in the ballad of Lenore, so graphically illustrated by Retsch. It is a ride by night of the living with the dead. The Chian poet's management of the story is wholly different from Bürger's, and his rapid style is a curious contrast to the particularity of description in the German. The unknown Chian poet seizes upon the main ideas, and in the briefest, most hurried manner hastens to the conclusion, as if a ghost were after him. It is dramatic, chiefly, in its form, the persons being the bard, a mother who has nine sons and one daughter, and the daughter. Her the mother has nurtured tenderly and secretly; but at length one from a distant land — from Babylon, which since Aristophanes has been the type of distant regions — seeks her for his wife. The mother reluctantly consents, overcome by the stranger's entreaties and the solicitations of her son Constantine, who promises to restore her, should any mishap befall. The other brothers resist. It is a superstition among these islanders, and I believe elsewhere, that birds are gifted with the power of seeing ghosts. This superstition explains one of the features of the piece, the part taken by the birds in the dialogue, which is called

THE NIGHT RIDE.

"Poet.

O mother, thou with thy nine sons, and with one only daughter,
Whom in the darkness thou didst bathe, in light didst braid her tresses,

And then didst lace her bodice on abroad by silvery moonlight;
Nor knew the neighborhood at all she had so fair a daughter,
When came from Babylon afar a wooer's soft entreaty.
Eight of the brothers yielded not, but Constantine consented.

CONSTANTINE.

O mother, give thine Arete, bestow her on the stranger,
That I may have her solace dear when on the way I journey.

MOTHER.

Though thou art wise, my Constantine, thou hast unwisely spoken.
Be woe my lot, or be it joy, who will restore my daughter?

. . . . . .

POET.

And then God's blessed name he called, he called the holy martyrs,
Be woe her lot, or be it joy, he would restore her daughter.
And then the year of sorrow comes, and all the brothers perish,
And at the tomb of Constantine she tears her hair in anguish.

MOTHER.

Arise, my Constantine, arise, for Arete I languish;
For thou didst call God's blessed name, didst call the holy martyrs,
Be woe my lot, or be it joy, thou wouldst restore my daughter.

POET.

And forth at midnight hour he fares to bring her to her mother,
And finds her combing down her locks, abroad by silvery moonlight.

CONSTANTINE.

Arise, my Aretoula dear; for thee our mother longeth.

ARETE.

Alas! my brother, what is this? Why art thou here at midnight?
If joy betide our distant home, I wear my golden raiment;
If woe betide, dear brother mine, I go as here I 'm standing.

CONSTANTINE.

Let joy betide, let woe betide, yet go as here thou standest.

. . . . . .

POET.

And while they fare upon the way, and while they journey homeward,
They hear the birds and what they sing, and what the birds are saying.

BIRDS.

Ho! see the lovely maiden there; a ghost it is that bears her.

ARETE.

List, Constantine, list to the birds, and hear what they are saying.

CONSTANTINE.

Yes! birds are they, and let them sing; they 're birds, heed not their saying.

ARETE.

I fear for thee, my brother dear; for thou dost breathe of incense.

CONSTANTINE.

Last evening late I visited the church of Saint Johannes;
And there the priest perfumed me o'er with clouds of fragrant incense.
Unlock, O mother mine, unlock! thine Arete is coming.

MOTHER.

If thou a spirit art, pass by; if thou art death, depart thee;
My hapless Arete afar is dwelling with the stranger.

CONSTANTINE.

Unlock, O mother mine, unlock! thy Constantine entreats thee;
I called upon God's blessed name, and on the holy martyrs,
Be woe thy lot, or be it joy, I would restore thy daughter.

POET.

And soon as she unbarred the door, away her spirit fleeted."

SECOND COURSE.

THE LIFE OF GREECE.

LECTURE I.

HELLAS AND THE HELLENES.

In the course of lectures which I had the honor to deliver last year in this place, my principal subjects were the position of the Greek language in the development of human speech, the position of Greek poetry in the history of civilization, and the value of Greek poetry considered as an expression of the heart and mind of man. The language stands near the middle of the line from the Ganges to the western shore of Europe, — one extremity being the Sanscrit, the other the English, and all forming the class or group designated by comparative philologists as the Indo-European stock. It has such analogies with the ancient Sanscrit, both in grammatical inflection and in words, that no doubt remains of an early relationship between the two; while the number of words which are similar or identical in both is so small, compared with the whole body of the respective languages, that the nations speaking them must, in their historical development, have been wholly independent of each other. The common starting-point belongs, in space, to the Iranian plains of Asia, and in time, to those mysterious depths of antiquity which historical research is totally unable to fathom. The polity of the East was early moulded into permanent types by civil and religious institutions, which have already lasted unaltered for more than four thousand years, and seem hardly susceptible of decay. The Western tribes, moving from country to country, changing from institutions to institutions, passed through Protean diversities of character, condition, and culture, presenting a striking picture of the capabilities of the race. The Sanscrit language unfolded into

a rich copiousness of expression and a fulness of grammatical flexions elsewhere unknown, but with a regularity that stamps it with a singular monotony of type. The Greek, on the other hand, has grammatical forms somewhat inferior in number, while its vocabulary, sufficiently rich for all the purposes of life, art, and letters, presents varieties and irregularities corresponding with the greater activity and more varied experiences of the races that employed it, and, instead of the monotony of the Sanscrit, is especially marked by a sparkling and exhilarating vivacity.

The literature of the Sanscrit was developed with wonderful order and system, but in forms of such gigantic dimensions that the most industrious scholar shrinks before them appalled; and even Sir William Jones compared them to the Himalayas, the loftiest mountains under the sun. Epic, lyric, and dramatic poetry succeeded each other in an order which seemed to obey some law of nature, and with a luxuriance like that of animal and vegetable life beneath the blazing heavens of the tropics. The features of nature in the midst of which this literature arose were on an overpowering and colossal scale. All was immense, unmanageable. In Greece, on the other hand, spaces were contracted. Excesses of climate and of animal and vegetable life were tempered. Instead of reposing on the bosom of all-embracing Nature, man was compelled to struggle with the earth and the elements for his existence. Instead of shaping his outward, religious, and intellectual being by the unchanging mould of caste, he asserted his freedom and claimed his individual rights. Instead of worshipping the uncouth and gigantic forms suggested by an overwhelming Nature, he clothed his deities with the loveliest attributes of human grace and beauty. Instead of bowing down to despotism, he became a political being, making his own laws according to principles of right evolved by the exercise of his own understanding; administering his own enactments either in person or by agents appointed by and representing himself. Instead of the harems of Eastern kings with their accumulating horrors,

he established the family with all its blessed relations; he embellished his life with the graces of art, invigorated it with science, animated it with politics, crowded it with intellectual joys. Literature was brought within the compass of order, proportion, beauty; it became the reflection of busy life no less than the record of philosophic musing and ascetic contemplation. Art grew rich and radiant from the teeming but disciplined imagination and the delicate training of the hand. It is idle to say that there is no standard of beauty; there is one, and it is found in the cultivated judgment of the most intellectual races, pre-eminently in the unfolded skill of the artists and poets of Greece. To say that the Hottentot knows nothing of this, that the woolly head and flattened nose and protuberant lip form his ideal of personal charms, is only to say that he is a Hottentot and not a Greek; that he is ignorant of beauty, not that beauty does not exist; that he has a false standard, not that there is no true standard. On the contrary, the fact that the Hottentot has any conception of beauty proves that there is beauty incorporated from the Divine mind in the created universe; and if so, then there is an idea of beauty in the Divine mind, and that divine idea is its prototype and standard, which the Greek race have most nearly embodied and interpreted in their art and literature. This seems to have been the function which they were specially sent upon the earth to perform.

As we look on the map of Greece, and compare that country with the other regions of the earth, the first idea which strikes us is its insignificant extent. Side by side with the vast spaces of Asia, it almost disappears from our sight. Measured with the other countries of Europe, itself the smallest grand division of the globe, it shrinks into a third-rate country. Added to the United States or Mexico, it would make no appreciable enlargement of the boundaries of either. The spirit of annexation would hardly pause to consider it; Manifest Destiny would devour it without a moment's satiety to its enormous appetite.

If we scrutinize the map of Greece a little more closely, we

are struck with the remarkable indentations of its coast, and with the extraordinary variety of its surface; broken up and moulded by mountains, hills, and plains; diversified by rivers traversing it in every direction; marked off into strongly discriminated physical divisions, producing every conceivable diversity of circumstance and influence under which the spirit of man may be trained to play its part on the mortal scene. The spine of the country is the range of the Pindus. From Lacmon, its most remarkable height, five rivers diverge to the Adriatic and the Ionian Sea, the Thermaic Gulf, the Ægean, and the Gulf of Corinth. These rivers are the Aous, the Arachthus, the Haliacmon, the Peneius, and the Achelous. They flowed through fertile valleys, under thick forests, by opulent cities. The Aous passed along the line of the colonies of Corinth, and so communicated with the coast that fronted Italy. The Arachthus, rising near the source of the Aous, flows into the Ambracian Gulf, opposite the promontory of Actium, where Augustus decided the fortunes of the Roman world. The Haliacmon takes its course in the opposite direction, and, running by Berœa, falls into the Thermaic Gulf at Thessalonica, — both consecrated names in the early history of the Christian Church. Rising near the same spot, flowing at first nearly in the same direction, but separated by the Cambunian range, is the Peneius, which waters the vale of Tempe, so celebrated by the ancient writers for the assemblage of amenities that pleased the senses and captivated the imagination. Mount Olympus, the dwelling of the gods, rose high and snow-capped on the north, Ossa on the south, and between them the Peneius entered the gulf. The fertile plain of Thessaly — breeder of horses and mother of heroes — was guarded on the west by Pindus, on the north by the Cambunian Hills, on the south by Othrys. The Achelous, the largest of the rivers, flowed through a mountainous and thinly peopled country, and entered the sea at the mouth of the Corinthian Gulf.

From Mount Tymphrestus, the centre of the mountain system, we follow the line northwardly to Pindus, eastwardly

along the Othrys chain to the sea. Southeasterly runs the chain of Œta. Westerly, on the frontiers of Ætolia and Acarnania, the Agræan Hills extend to the shore of the Ambracian Gulf. Another line along the south of Phocis bears the renowned name of Parnassus; passing into Bœotia, it is the equally famous Helicon; under the appellations of Cithæron and Parnes — both immortalized in Athenian poetry — it separates the valley of the Asopus from the Attic plain; and dividing Attica, under the names of Brilessus, Pentelicus, and Hymettus, it slopes to the shore at the promontory of Sunium, reappearing in the islands of Ceos, Paros, Delos, and the Cyclades and Sporades of the Ægean Sea, "which," says Wordsworth, "serve as natural stepping-stones to conduct us across the Archipelago to the continent of Asia from that of Greece."

The Peloponnesus is similarly traversed and divided. The central region is Arcadia, a massive table-land, supported and defended by mountain ranges; on the west, by Mount Lycæus and its curved chain; on the north, by the woody Erymanthus and Cyllene; on the east, by the pine-clad Mænalus and the snowy Parnon, which, running southeast, forms the eastern boundary of Sparta; while, nearly parallel to this, the noble and famous Taygetus bounds Sparta on the west, and ends in the Tænarian Promontory, the southernmost point of Greece. Thus from the mountainous territory of Arcadia branch off the mountain-framed valleys of Argolis, Laconia, Messenia, Triphylia, Elis, and Achaia. The Peloponnesus was called by Strabo the Acropolis of Greece.

Such is a brief outline of the physical features of Greece. My purpose is not to illustrate the geography of the country in detail, but only to mark out the framework within which the scenes of its ancient history were enacted. Each of these physical features connects itself with a thousand brilliant associations of history or poetry, consecrating to immortal memory every inch of the classic soil of Hellas. The limestone formations, the stalactite caverns in which the plastic fancy of the Greeks saw the works of nymphs and other powers of their mythological

creed, the marbles of Attica, Eubœa, and Paros, the porphyry of Thessaly and Laconia, the silver mines of Laureium, the copper mines of Eubœa, iron in the islands and in many portions of the continent, mineral springs like the still existing hot springs at Thermopylæ, — furnished the materials for building and the fine and useful arts, for commercial exchanges and household convenience, for sacred and sanitary uses, during the historical period of the Hellenic race. With great varieties of temperature, there was yet a prevailing equability and beauty in the sky and air, which favored the intellectual development of the people. The climate was equally removed from the enervating influences of the south — of India, for example — and the severity of the north. To these natural agencies in the formation of character may be added the rich and varied fertility of the soil where cultivated, and the products of the woods and mountains, — the wild animals for the chase, and cattle for the support and convenience of daily life. Lions were found only in poetry, having disappeared from the soil of Greece before the historical ages; but bears, wolves, wild boars, and deer afforded abundant and attractive game to the hunter; and, later still, fishing and fowling, in all their forms, multiplied the means of amusement and the sources of luxury. Birds of the farmyard, field, and forest not only supplied the wants of the table, but pleased the fancy and moved the heart of the susceptible Greek. The swallow was the herald of spring, and the nightingale was the songstress "that honeyed all the thickets round"; while other birds furnished the omens by which superstition sought to bring to human knowledge the will and the purposes of the gods. How accurately the forms, colors, habits, and peculiar characteristics of the birds were observed, may be pleasingly witnessed in the gayest of the comedies of Aristophanes, and in the scientific treatises of Aristotle.

The land, thus furnished by nature, was surrounded by sparkling seas, winding into the continent by curves and harbors, which made the coast-line one of extraordinary length. The dwellers along its shore were early tempted to engage in

distant enterprises of commerce and war; and the fleets of the elder nations on the eastern margin of the Mediterranean were attracted to its numerous landings, and brought the products and arts of their more ancient civilization to exchange for the fruits and the mineral wealth of Hellas. How early this action and reaction between the opposite sides of the Ægean Sea commenced, it is not possible to decide from the interrupted records of history; but it must have been very early; for the Phœnician fleets visited every shore of the Mediterranean at least a thousand years before the authentic history of Greece commences.

Whence came the people who filled up these fair regions with an active and teeming race? Over this question darkness and perplexity hang. The answer cannot be given in detail, except as a series of conjectures, founded partly on tradition, partly on comparison of languages, and partly on physical peculiarities. But so much as this is tolerably certain, — that the great waves of migration, which, in the primeval periods of human history, moved westward from the heart of Asia, overflowed in divergent streams that poured down through the mountain passes, and filled up the valleys of the peninsulas in Southern Europe; and this great fact is confirmed by another, namely, that the most ancient centres of the primitive religion and poetry of the race were among the mountains and the fertile valleys of the North, — Dodona, Olympus, Delphi, — and that from the same regions came the semi-mythical Thamyris, Olen, Orpheus, and Amphion, whose mighty names throw a gleam of poetic splendor across the darkness of that cloud-surrounded age. At a later period more cultivated settlers came in by ship from the older communities of the Oriental world. The culture that resulted from the interblending of these elements by land or sea was deeper and richer in its nature and more permanent in its duration, and, in fact, constitutes the peculiar type of civilization which we call Hellenic. This is not a name, but a prodigious and splendid reality, which has controlled the course of intellectual development for five-and-twenty centuries.

Did these primitive immigrants find an unpeopled country? or did they come upon, and displace or mingle with, an aboriginal population? The Athenians claimed to be autochthones, or children of the earth; and the Arcadians called themselves older than the moon. These claims may simply mean that they had held the soil they inhabited from immemorial ages, or they may mean that they were actually created on the spot. The question which theory is true belongs to the realm of speculation, not of demonstration. Those who hold to the unity of origin of the human race must believe that the first wave of migration swept over a solitary country, and filled it with a new life; those who hold to the theory of original creation wherever the earth was fitted to sustain the existence of man, may believe that in Greece, as in other parts of the world, the creative power placed a portion of the human family, the original possessors of the soil. The discussion does not belong to this place or to my subject.

The early traditions of the race are involved in inextricable confusion. This is undoubtedly owing, not only to the want of documentary records, but to the long series of movements from the East, bringing tribes and hordes into the country at very different stages of culture, with different mythologies and ethical ideas, which, blending with their predecessors in peaceful intercourse, or by military conquest, sent down by oral tradition a confused history, which all the acuteness of subsequent criticism has been quite unable to unravel with perspicuity of method and clearness of result. There was a civilization in Greece anterior to the heroic age, as is attested by gigantic ruins, which were antiquities before the days of Homer. The walls of Tiryns, the treasury of Atreus, the lions of Mycenæ, and other Cyclopean structures, over which time seems to have no more power than over the works of nature, are indisputable proofs that an older race held the land, and put forth gigantic energies to mark the traces of its existence there. The writers of Greece point out localities in which were found the remains of a language, which they call

Pelasgian, and consider as wholly different from their own. Here they were probably somewhat mistaken in the absolute conclusion at which they arrived. The Persian and the Indian seemed equally to the Greek to be languages having no affinities with theirs, and yet nothing is more certain than the relation between them. It seems singular that these affinities should have escaped their attention; that, of the many educated Greeks who visited the Persian court and spoke the Persian language, none should have detected the resemblances; that even Ctesias, who passed many years there as court-physician, and who wrote a history of Persia from Persian documents, took no notice of this philological fact; that the men of letters who accompanied Alexander in his Oriental campaigns, and who must have heard the Sanscrit language constantly spoken, have listened to the recital of Sanscrit hymns, and have conversed intimately with the learned Brahmins, failed to remark the wonderful resemblances between the Sanscrit language and the Greek. All this can be accounted for only by the fact, that the science of comparative philology was totally unknown to the most accomplished men of antiquity, and that, in their estimation, all languages except the Greek were barbarous, and those who spoke them were barbarians. There can be no doubt that the Pelasgian was the basis of the Hellenic, as it was of the Roman tongue, and that a considerable part of its words exist, under modified forms, in the dialects of the Greek language, as the Celtic and the Saxon form the basis of the cultivated English.

In imitation of the Romans we call the inhabitants of Hellas, collectively, Greeks. They never called themselves by this name. The Greeks were a small and rude people of Epirus, scarcely recognized in the classical history of Greece; but they appear to have been early known to the people of the neighboring peninsula of Italy, who applied their name, by a generalizing process, to all the inhabitants of the country. Hellas, on the other hand, was originally only a small district in Thessaly, and the Hellenes were at first an insignificant tribe. As

late as the time of Homer there was no common designation. The numerous divisions, partly founded on difference of descent, and partly caused by the strong lines of physical demarcation which parcelled out the country, were known by their several names as Achaioi, Danaoi, Hellenes, Argeioi, Athenaioi, each having its separate organization, its worship, its leaders, and probably its peculiarities of language. But in the historical ages, before the times of Herodotus and Thucydides, the local name of *Hellenes* was extended into a national designation, and is uniformly employed by the classic writers in that sense; and the name *Hellas* had a similar enlargement. We ought to call the country *Hellas*, and the people *Hellenes*, simply because these are their names, while *Greece* and *Greeks* are only Roman nicknames. We may consider the culture that preceded the Hellenic, whatever it was, as Pelasgic, and the historical development of the people as Hellenic.

Looking at this people in their collective capacity, there are several prominent and characteristic traits which strike the attention on a superficial survey. The remains of Hellenic art exhibit a type of extraordinary physical beauty; and that this type was not an ideal one is proved by the well-known fact that the artists studied simple, unadorned nature more diligently and exclusively than those of any other age. The human figure, in its real proportions, was constantly before their eyes; the climate and customs of the country favored the study of the nude, and the artists laid down this study as the basis of their practice. The same type of beauty has remained in those regions under all the changes of circumstance which have since taken place. The facial angle and the straight nose, which are the common characteristics of Greek statuary, are by no means uncommon among the inhabitants of the Greek islands, and in those parts of the continent where the race has not been supplanted by Slavonians and Albanians. Proportion entered largely into the conception of personal beauty. In detail, a white skin, yellow hair in waving locks, well-formed extremities, a round head of moderate size, delicate

lips, a straight nose never surmounted by spectacles, and deep-blue eyes, constituted the most prevalent conception of beauty, especially among the Greeks of the heroic age. It was the Caucasian type. Among the Southern Greeks a darker complexion, hair, and eyes presented frequent exceptions in these individual points, while the type of figure, height, and outline remained the same. It was a saying of Chrysippus that beauty consists, not in the symmetry of the elements, but in that of the parts; and Adamantius, a writer on physiognomy, of the fifth century, describes the pure Greek race as tall and straight, with white skin, soft yellow hair, fair and firm flesh, handsome extremities, head of moderate size, strong neck, square or oval face, delicate lips, straight nose, liquid eyes of dark blue or azure, having much light in them; "for of all nations," he writes, "the Greeks have the handsomest eyes." Plato, in alluding to the occasional departure from the common type in beautiful persons, says: "You praise one who has a snub nose as being piquant and agreeable; and a hooked nose you declare to be a mark of royalty. The dark-complexioned are manly to look upon, and the light-complexioned are children of the gods." Yet the healthy brown, resulting from exercise in the open air, was greatly prized in comparison with the pale complexion caused by sedentary life. "The pale man," says one, "shows the effeminacy of life in the shade"; and it was a proverb, that "pale men are good for nothing except to be cobblers." The value they placed on health, and the endless pains they took to secure this best of blessings, show the good sense of the race in a most striking contrast with the absurdities of every nation since their day. The poet Simonides says, "To be healthy is the greatest boon to man"; and Ariphron, quoted by Athenæus, was the author of the following pæan: —

"Health, brightest visitant from heaven,
Grant me with thee to rest!
For the short term by nature given,
Be thou my constant guest!
For all the pride that wealth bestows,

The pleasure that from children flows,
Whate'er we count in regal state
That makes men covet to be great,
Whatever sweet we hope to find
In love's delightful snares,
Whatever good by Heaven assigned,
Whatever pause from cares, —
All flourish at thy smile divine;
The spring of loveliness is thine,
And every joy that warms our hearts
With thee approaches and departs."

Of such ideas as to health, long life was a natural consequence. The bodily powers came early to maturity, but this did not lead to a premature old age; for development did not end with youth, nor decay commence with budding manhood. As far back as Hesiod the proper time of marriage was fixed at thirty for a man and sixteen for a woman; Aristotle changes the proportion to thirty and eighteen; and Plato to thirty and twenty, which is much more reasonable than the rule of Hesiod, who, thinking ill of the sex, probably fancied the evil would be less if they were caught young. The military age was from the twentieth to the sixtieth year. Hippocrates says that a man is a πρεσβύτης — a word commonly, but incorrectly, translated *old* — to the fifty-sixth year, and from that time is a γέρων. An unusually large proportion of the eminent Greeks retained all their powers of mind and body to the eightieth, ninetieth, or even the hundredth year. Gorgias lived to the age of one hundred and eight, and Theophrastus to a hundred, in the full possession of their faculties; and the father of Æschines died at the age of ninety-five.

The intellectual character of the Greeks corresponded to the external circumstances in which they were placed, and to the beauty of form which so pre-eminently belonged to them. The harmony between their mental, moral, and physical condition is a striking proof of the perfectness of their organization. According to Xenophon, Socrates declared that the elements of a good nature, that is, one well endowed with faculties, were the

ability to learn quickly whatever received the requisite attention, a good memory, and a passion for all knowledge by which one may be helped to discharge in the best manner his public and private duties. These the Greeks possessed almost universally. Besides these, they had a certain moderation of temper, which, however it might have been lost from sight in special cases, still generally stamped itself on the conduct and even on the speech; a propriety and becomingness of demeanor; a temperance in all things; a balance of character, which is remarkably expressed in the serene and tranquil beauty of their plastic art. Yet so delicate was their susceptibility of the gentler emotions, that they were easily moved to lamentation and tears, to pity, love, and friendship; and they were exquisitely sensitive to the effects of music, which with them was not the amusement of an idle hour, but entered deeply into the moral condition of the soul, and had important bearings on the welfare of the state. "Good men are inclined to tears," was a proverbial saying. "The Greek standard, however," says Hermann, "was never anything higher than the purely human. That which he [the Greek] was to admire or reverence, he must first clothe in human forms and analogies, especially whatever belonged to surrounding Nature and her powers. The rule of man over matter he nobly established, and he clothed his religion in anthropomorphic conceptions, making it the vehicle of a humanity by which man exalted himself to the likeness of the gods."

The faults and weaknesses of the Hellenic nature were often terribly manifested in the course of their history. The Greek acknowledged the duty of obedience to the laws of piety and gratitude; but these legal and ethical obligations did not restrain him from giving free scope to his passions. Cruelty and revenge stained his conduct and justified itself to his reason. Says Archilochus:

> "One great thing I know,
> The man who wrongs me to requite with woe."

To benefit a friend and to harm an enemy, was the commonly

received maxim of duty, until Socrates penetrated deeper into the ethical basis of conduct, and taught the opposite doctrine. Selfishness, and an over-estimation of money, not in the least diminished by the additional experience of twenty-five centuries, show their ugly faces in the midst of the lovely conceptions of poetry and art. "Money makes the man," says Alcæus. "The rich man is the good, the poor the bad," is the burden of the elegies of Theognis: —

> "From poverty to flee,
> From some tall precipice into the sea,
> It were a fair escape to leap below."

The value of man as man was better recognized, however, in the later times of the Athenian Republic. The prevalence of corruption, fraud, and falsehood, and the violation of oaths and treaties, stain the pages of the Greek historians and orators, and afford the amplest materials for the satirical delineations of the comic theatre. The severe judgment of Polybius, who despaired of his countrymen, applies to the more degenerate period, when Greece had become a Roman province under the name of Achaia. "Those who handle the public money among the Greeks," says he, "if they are trusted with only a talent, having ten controllers and as many seals, and twice as many witnesses, cannot keep their faith." But as far back as Solon's time, the disposition to make free with the public money is severely reprehended as a common vice by that illustrious lawgiver. Public corruption, peculation, and fraud, despite the safeguards and securities with which the Athenian constitution surrounded the treasury, are the ever-recurring topics of ridicule and satire in the comedies of Aristophanes. Traitors and takers of bribes, in the days of Demosthenes, are represented as constantly thwarting his patriotic policy. These faults of conduct and character look very badly when brought together in a narrow compass; though I do not know that they are worse developments than have been made in many periods of modern history, — French, English, and American. As dark a picture might be drawn of the acts of profligacy and corrup-

tion committed in our time by public men, of the selfishness of private life, the frauds of trade, and the advantages taken by the unscrupulous over the simple and confiding. The adulteration of the coin, the repudiation of debts by states, the lies of faction, and the violence of parties, give us but a poor picture of the superiority of modern over ancient public or private morals. But these things must be looked at in their relation with the whole life of a people, — in their bearings upon grand results, and not in their isolated deformity.

Although the lines that I have rapidly traced embrace the leading features of the collective character of the Greeks, a closer inspection reveals a wonderful diversity of local, national, and individual peculiarities. Theophrastus, in the Introduction to his Characters, says, addressing Polycles: "I have always been perplexed when I have endeavored to account for the fact, that among a people who, like the Greeks, inhabit the same climate, and are reared under the same system of education, there should prevail so great a diversity of manners. You know, my friend, that I have long been an attentive observer of human nature; I am now in the ninety-ninth year of my age; and during the whole course of my life, I have conversed familiarly with men of all classes and of various climes, nor have I neglected closely to watch the actions of individuals." The same variety which led this old and accurate observer to draw the inimitable series of characters so often imitated, so seldom equalled, in modern literature, existed among the tribes and nations which together made up the Hellenic race. "The complete assemblage of the good and evil qualities," says Hermann, "was furnished only by Athens." This remark is well founded, as we shall by and by see, when we come to a more especial consideration of that part of Greece. If we take the leading races, we notice how singularly they are discriminated, and how they shade into each other. If we examine the Greeks of the mainland, and compare them with the colonists in Asia or in Italy or in Africa, we are struck with a perpetual play of diversities in the midst of general resemblance.

The Æolian, occupying a northerly position, was vigorous, active, and sound, with a keen perception of beauty, and with a tendency to fall into sensual excesses. In the fruitful plains of Thessaly, he established an aristocracy, which rose to great material prosperity, and then gave itself up to extravagant pleasures. In Ætolia, he turned his energies to robbery and plunder. In Bœotia, he became heavy, sluggish, and abandoned to the lowest gratifications. On the other hand, in the islands of the Ægean and in the Æolian cities of the Asiatic coast, the primitive qualities of the race were refined into an exquisite genius for music and poetry, which, however, rapidly degenerated into a taste for effeminate and licentious indulgence.

The Dorian character, in its iron consistency, was chiefly unfolded in Crete and Sparta. The austere principles by which the life of the Dorians was professedly regulated embodied themselves in the constitution of Lycurgus, and in the arrangements of public and private affairs by which it was carried into effect. The tersest simplicity and most pregnant brevity of speech was the characteristic of Sparta. In Asiatic Doris we find traces of the original vigor of the race, and in some portions of it, as in Byzantium, they survived the downfall of the mother country. But, generally speaking, the stern peculiarities of the Dorians gave way before the encroaching spirit of Oriental luxury, and rapidly disappeared, without leaving any remarkable monument to preserve the memory of its existence; while in the western colonies, in Syracuse and Tarentum, the Dorians became notorious for their love of luxury.

The Ionians, who are represented on the continent by Athens chiefly, and who there exhibited the richest development of genius, even in Eubœa show many of the peculiarities of their character. But the earliest manifestations of its excellence were in the islands and cities of the Lydian and Carian coasts. The beauty of the country, the charm of the climate, and the rapidly accumulated wealth of an extensive commerce,

acting upon a vigorous nature, a proud spirit, and a love of enterprise in art and letters as well as in practical life, carried the culture of the Ionian race in early times to a lofty height. In epic poetry the world has not yet surpassed, or even equalled them. In elegiac verse, the remaining fragments are of almost equal excellence. In festive celebrations, uniting in grand exhibitions the finest of the arts, — music, song, and dance, — in stately processions, in genial worship of their protecting deities, in elegant and tasteful enjoyment of the unequalled delights of earth and sky that surrounded them, they made of human existence one perpetual holiday. But neither a race nor an individual can long endure under such conditions. Strenuous toil, a brave battling with hard necessity, is as much the spring of national greatness as of individual power. A fertile soil is not the best foundation for a mighty empire. Festivity is not the best school in which to train a hardy nature. The neighborhood of an ancient, worn-out, and luxurious civilization exercises not the most favorable influence upon the youthful virtues of a fresh and blooming race. Even the deathless verse of Homer could not save the Asiatic Ionians from premature decay. His warlike line did not defend them against the debility of Oriental habits; nor did the brave spirit of his heroes hover over them, and shield them from the Persian hordes. Achilles and Ajax, Diomedes and Nestor, were in their minds, but not in their hearts. The death of Hector, the downfall of Troy, the captivity of Hecuba and Andromache, were avenged in the decay and ruin, after a brief period of glory, of the Æolian and Ionian colonies. But on the mainland the Ionian stem took a deeper root, shot up with a slower but hardier growth, maintained a longer existence, bore richer fruits. Athens produced no Homer, for he consummated and exhausted the genius of epic poetry; but what else that does honor to the spirit of man did she not produce in her long career of intellectual supremacy?

All these varieties of character and of race were bound together by a common Hellenic spirit, which made them one as

contrasted with the rest of the peopled world. They often waged furious wars with each other, but they never forgot their relationship. They were Hellenes, and all beside were barbarians. Variety in unity was the law of their existence as of their epic art. When we look over the field of their intellectual achievements, how deeply does this fact impress itself on the mind! Politics, art, poetry, social life, — under what Protean forms do they stand before us, and yet how radically different are all of them from poetry, art, social life, politics, in the Oriental world! Glance along the series of communities and governments which occupy the foreground of Grecian history, and note the multitudinous forms of their constitutions; survey the plastic and pictorial arts; see the simplicity of design running into the most beautiful variety of combination, style, and execution, the schools and styles of sculpture and its manifold materials, and the orders of architecture; observe the kinds of poetry, discriminated with unerring taste, and wrought out with the enthusiasm of genius, guided by the hand of conscious criticism; the Ionian, Æolian, Dorian modes of lyric composition, with their several rhythms and harmonies; the drama of Athens, under the forms of tragedy, comedy, satyric drama, and tragicomedy, with their rules and principles, proportions and balancing parts; enter the courts and assemblies, and listen to the ever-changing variety of eloquence, demonstrative, judicial, and deliberative; then pause in the Academy or the Lyceum, hear the conversations and lectures of philosophers and teachers of youth, and watch the infinite vivacity of the discussions, the ingenuity of the arguments, the wit of the rapid retorts, — through all these diversities runs the same Hellenic spirit. They cannot be mistaken for anything else. Egypt had nothing like them. Phœnicia and Palestine had nothing like them. "The wealth of Ormus and of Ind" had no such intellectual abundance to show. Hellas, in this respect, as the boldest illustration of unity in the largest variety, stands alone in the history of civilization.

LECTURE II.

OUTLINE VIEW OF HELLENIC CULTURE.

In the first Lecture of this course I sketched an outline of the physical conditions which surrounded the Greeks during their national existence. Next I attempted an outline, equally general, of the physical, moral, and intellectual qualities of the Hellenic race, and of the distinctions between its subordinate types. The general subject of the course is entitled "The Life of Greece," a designation borrowed from Dicæarchus, a contemporary of Aristotle. That eminent writer, the loss of whose works is one of the heaviest calamities of ancient literature, was a man of the widest range of knowledge, embracing philosophy, geography, history, and politics, on all of which he wrote. He was an extensive traveller and an admirable observer; but titles, abridgments, and fragments are all that survive of the numerous writings he gave to the world. One of them contained an account of the geography, history, morals, and religion of Greece; of the life and manners of the inhabitants; of education, learning, the arts, the musical and Dionysiac contests; in short, of everything necessary to the complete understanding of the condition and character both of people and country. This great work he entitled *Βίος τῆς Ἑλλάδος*, or the Life of Hellas.

Of this work an abridged fragment has been preserved from the second book. It begins with a description of the road to Athens, probably from Megara, which passed through a cultivated country, sweet and agreeable to the sight. The city is described as ill furnished with water, and irregular on account of its antiquity, the houses generally mean and inconvenient,

so that a stranger would at first hardly believe this to be the celebrated city of Athens. But when he should see the superb theatre; the costly temple of Athene, called the Parthenon, overhanging the theatre; the temple of Olympian Zeus, which, though unfinished, fills the beholder with amazement by the magnificence of its plan; the three Gymnasia, — the Academy, the Lyceum, and the Cynosarges, — all of them shaded by trees, and embellished with grassy lawns; when he should have beheld the haunts of the philosophers, the various schools, and the festive scenes by which the cares of life are cheated of their prey, — he would have another impression, and believe that this was in very truth the famous city of Athens. The hospitality of the citizens makes the stay of the stranger agreeable, and induces an oblivion of slavery. The city abounds with supplies for every want and the means of gratifying every desire, the neighboring towns being but its suburbs. The inhabitants are prompt to honor all artists; and though among the Attics there are busybodies and gossips who pass their time in spying out the conduct of strangers, yet the genuine Athenians are magnanimous, simple in manners, trusty friends, and accomplished critics of the arts. In short, as much as other cities excel the country in the means of enjoyment, so much does Athens surpass all other cities. As Lysippus says:

"Hast Athens seen not? Then thou art a log.
Hast seen and not been caught? Thou art an ass."

Leaving the city, the traveller takes the road to Oropus, which is rough and hilly, but on account of the frequent places of refreshment and the beauty of the views, is not fatiguing to the traveller. Of the city of Oropus he thinks very ill on account of the dishonesty of the innkeepers and the impositions of the custom-house, *apropos* to which he quotes a couple of lines from Xenon: —

"They all are publicans, and robbers all;
May the Oropians have an evil end!"

Hence he proceeds to Tanagra, through a wooded region

planted with olives, and wholly free from the fear of robbers. The city is elevated, the fronts of the houses beautifully adorned with encaustic pictures, and the inhabitants of a very different character from the Oropians. They are wealthy, but not extravagant in their way of life; conspicuous for the observance of the virtues of justice, faith, and hospitality; liberal to the poor of the city and to foreign mendicants; utterly averse from filthy lucre. It is the safest city in Bœotia for strangers to reside in; for there is in the character of the inhabitants a downright and austere detestation of vice, because they are contented with their lot and love industry. "I observed in this city not the slightest inclination to any species of intemperance, which is generally the cause of the greatest crimes among mankind." From this model city our traveller proceeds to Platæa, the citizens of which, he remarks, have nothing else to say for themselves, except that they are colonists of Athens, and that the battle between the Greeks and Persians occurred there.

On arriving at Thebes, by a smooth and level road, he gives a somewhat graphic description of the city, and sketches the character of the inhabitants. "The city lies in the midst of the Bœotian plain, and is about seventy stadia in circumference. It is entirely smooth, round, and its soil of a dark color. Though an ancient city, it has been recently laid out with greater regularity, having been three times destroyed, as history informs us, on account of the overbearing and haughty character of the inhabitants. It is well adapted to the breeding of horses, being all well-watered, verdant, and deep-soiled, and having more gardens than any other city in Greece; for two rivers flow through the plain that lies round the city, irrigating the whole of it. Water is also brought under ground from the Cadmeia by pipes said to have been constructed by ancient Cadmus. Such is the city. The inhabitants are high-spirited, and wonderful for their sanguine hopefulness in the affairs of life; but they are bold, overbearing, and haughty, quarrelsome, indifferent alike to stranger and to native, and scorners of justice.

Disputes arising out of trade they will not settle by argument, but apply to them the law of violence and force of arms. Only controversies arising from the gymnastic games are referred to the judicial tribunals. Thus it happens that a law-case occurs scarcely once in thirty years. For whoever ventures to speak of such a thing among the people, and does not instantly quit Bœotia, but remains for the shortest possible time in the city, is watched by those who object to the trial of causes at law, and falls by a violent death at night. Murders are committed among them for very trifling causes. Such is the general character of the men, though there are some honorable exceptions, noble-minded persons, and worthy of the highest regard. The women have the noblest presence, the tallest figures, the most dignified and harmonious movement, of any in Greece. The covering they wear on the head is such that the face seems to be concealed by a mask, the eyes only being visible, but all the other parts hidden by the garments, which are all white. Their hair is yellow, and bound in a knot on the top of the head, which is called by the natives a *torch*. They wear thin and low shoes, of a red color, so laced as to leave the foot almost naked. The women have a pleasant voice, while that of the men is harsh and disagreeable. The city is very delightful to pass the summer in; for it has an abundance of cool water and numerous well-planted gardens. It enjoys pleasant breezes, has a green aspect, and is well supplied with provisions and summer fruits. But it is detestable in winter on account of the scarcity of fuel, and on account of the rivers and the winds. Snow falls there also, and it has a great deal of mud."

After visiting one or two more places, the traveller sums up his observations on Bœotia by quoting a popular description of the qualities belonging to the chief towns. "The love of filthy lucre dwells in Oropus; envy in Tanagra; quarrelsomeness in Thespiæ; avarice in Anthedon; meddling in Coroneia; bragging in Platæa; the fever in Onchestus; stupidity in Haliartus. These misfortunes have gathered from

every part of Greece into the cities of Bœotia; so that the counsel of Pherecrates is justified,

'If thou art wise, run from Bœotia.'

Leaving Bœotia, he passes over to Chalcis in Eubœa, which he describes as a city well furnished with gymnasia, galleries, temples, theatres, pictures, and statues; and the people as polished, fond of science, kind to strangers, quiet and orderly.

The narrative suddenly breaks off here, and the next passage contains the author's opinion of the extent of Hellas or Greece, — including within its boundaries Thessaly on the north, because the original Hellas, from which the name extended over the country, was a town in that region founded by Hellen.

From these few touches we may form some idea of what Dicæarchus meant by the Life of Greece; and from the pointed and graphic manner in which he brings out the peculiarities of cities, countries, and men, even under the disadvantages of an abstract, we may judge with what ability the work was executed. It is a most interesting fragment, not only from the talent of the author, but from the time in which he lived and wrote; from the fresh picture of contemporary life; from the notices of little characteristic circumstances, which perish with the occasion, never to be recovered unless recorded at the moment. He lived four centuries earlier than Strabo, six centuries earlier than Pausanias, and six centuries and a half earlier than Athenæus, — the three authors to whom we are chiefly indebted for our knowledge of the details of ancient life. Here and there his sentences open most curious and instructive glimpses into the buried scenes on which humanity was once so busy. The inhabitants of towns of which now scarce a vestige remains repeople the silent and deserted streets; temples, theatres, galleries, rise in their fair proportions; the throng and tumult of commerce return to fill the solitudes; the Athenian, Oropian, Tanagræan, and Theban, each with the several peculiarities of form and character which marked him in the day of his historical existence, gaze upon us from the vivid page; and

the white-robed countrywomen of Pindar, moving with graceful and rhythmic step, come forward from the dark and solemn past, fix upon us their melancholy eyes gleaming out through the envious veil, and then vanish into the unfathomable obscurity from which they emerged to a momentary renewal of their existence.

The life of Greece was a life of a thousand years. A nation, like an individual, comes upon the stage in the freshness and vigor of youth, passes to its maturity, begins to decay, and finally yields its place to others. It has been recently said, that this analogy has no basis in necessary truth; that it is the creation of fancy; that national life is not, like individual life, made up of perishable elements, and has no inherent principle of decay. Perhaps this is theoretically correct, or at least plausible; but the sources of a nation's character and the means of a nation's growth are changeable and exhaustible. The faith and enthusiasm which belong to the period of its youth — the period of construction and development — do not endure forever. *Heu prisca fides*, was the natural exclamation of the Roman poet, when Rome meant the world; but the ancient Roman spirit was felt to be dying out. The physical resources of a country do not last always; and the crowded population of one epoch dwindles away, leaving another age to wonder how it could ever have been. Forests are cut down; the soil is exhausted; the fertilizing rivers shrink to streamlets, or entirely desert their ancient beds. Perhaps art might resist the gradual exhaustion of nature; but the attractions of new regions draw off the adventurous spirits, and the world is never full. The lines of commercial intercourse change. The great land-roads are deserted for the more expeditious and less expensive passage by sea. New and more convenient centres are found; and imperceptibly the splendors of the ancient seats become dim, and grass grows up through the crevices in the pavements. Power flies to other strongholds, and empires that once ruled the world fall into inward and outward decline. Where are Babylon, Persia, Syria, Egypt? It was not vice alone that

destroyed them. It was a combination of causes, physical, moral, and mental. It was the ever-shifting relations of the world. The process goes on around us; but we do not heed it. Old communities are decreasing; young communities are increasing; change, fluctuation, death, are written on all human things; development and dissolution are the law to which men and nations are alike subjected. Some have a longer, others a shorter term of existence; but the longest is a mere span, nor has any medicine yet been found to arrest or conquer death in either. The oldest nations now on the European stage have not reached the age of Greece and Rome. Farther east, the existence of nations has been artificially protracted; but it is only a life in death. We are less than a century old; and we can hardly infer an endless existence from the unexampled rapidity of our childhood's growth. Rather let us fear the seeds of a premature decay, unless we guard our national constitution by a wise temperance, justice, moderation, integrity, morality, religion, — the laws of national health.

The life of Greece, as I have said, may be considered as lasting, effectively, a thousand years. How long was the period which preceded its actual appearance on the stage, — how many ages were consumed in combining the elements of its being and character, and preparing it for its great career, — it is impossible to say. That this period was neither short nor unimportant, the length, variety, and brilliancy of its historical existence afford us trustworthy proof.

The country, as we have seen, was admirably fitted for an energetic development of intellectual power. The face of nature was young and fresh; its features diversified and beautiful. Mountain, hill, and vale; woodland and meadow; rivers, lakes, harbors; fertile plains alternating with hard and uneven soil; a climate of unsurpassed healthfulness and loveliness, and of every variety; the whole surrounded by the waters of the Mediterranean Sea, along whose shores were clustered the noblest seats of ancient culture, — these were the framework within which Hellenic life unfolded its fairest and most fra-

grant flowers. Here was laid the only true foundation of civil society, in the family relation, extending the range of its influence to the remotest branches of kindred. Here were formed political societies, in which constitutions were modelled, embracing every principle of social and political science. Here poetry unfolded itself under the most inspiring circumstances and the most favoring auspices. Here eloquence was applied to its highest and noblest ends, with a consummate mastery of the resources of speech, logic, and intellectual force. Here belief in the existence of the gods gave to every form of nature and every affection of the human heart its relation to the divine nature, and clothed itself in the glories of plastic art. Here sprang up the exact sciences, geometry, astronomy; the intellectual science of the philosophy of the human mind; the moral or ethical science of duty towards God and man. Here a noble system of education, the germs of which were planted in Greece long before history was able to record them, developed the faculties of the mind and the powers of the body in harmonious proportion. Here history, an art closely allied to political liberty, not only began its career, but reached its highest perfection. These are the springs, the *momenta*, of the life of Greece. For the life of a nation grows out of the family affections; it is strengthened by the patriotic spirit, which sees the welfare of the individual bound up in the welfare of the state; the chastisement of suffering and disaster nerves it to brave endurance; the sunshine of national prosperity expands it into luxuriant growth; the teachings of nature give it coloring; the splendors of creative genius exalt and refine it; letters and art remove it from rudeness; poetry kindles its fervor; eloquence heartens it to the great contests which it may have to breast before its day has risen to the height of heaven; philosophy shows its intellectual relations; religion opens its view into the other world; on the breast of Mother Earth the soul and character of a nation lovingly repose; underneath the sky, its teeming energies are wakened into thrills of ecstasy; action tasks its strength, by putting the ideal to the test of

reality; and so by unnumbered influences, some too subtile to be expressed in human speech, is evolved by slow degrees that wonderful phenomenon of creative power and goodness, a nation's life.

How far the development of the early life of Greece was directly affected by intercourse with the primitive seats in Asia, it is of course impossible to say. How far the civilization of Egypt influenced the culture of Greece, in art and religion especially, comes more within the scope of investigation; but even this cannot be precisely determined. The poetical literature of the Sanscrit-speaking nations followed the same order of growth with the poetical literature of Greece; but we find few analogies between the mythologies. The germs of the doctrines taught by every school of philosophy in Greece have been discerned by Oriental scholars in the teaching of the Brahminical sages; and it has been supposed that the philosophers of Greece travelled into the remote East, in search of wisdom. This is possible, but doubtful. On the other hand, the Greeks themselves recognized in the names and attributes of the Egyptian deities the types of their own. Thus Neith became the goddess Athene. Some ideas of architecture and sculpture were doubtless suggested by the stupendous works which filled the valley of the Nile. Solid walls, columns with ornamented capitals, supporting architrave, frieze, and cornice, gigantic statues of gods and heroes, existed there long before the earliest marble temple rose on a headland, acropolis, or hill-top of Greece. The art of writing, first by pictures, secondly by symbolical signs, thirdly by pictures standing for whole words or names, and fourthly by figures standing for the initial sounds of the names of objects, or alphabetic writing, had been invented in Egypt two thousand years before the age of Homer. All these things were well known to the authors of the earliest civilization in Greece, and may have furnished a starting-point. But the grandeur of immensity marked the architecture of the Nile; solemn repose was expressed in the stony faces which crowded its temples and propylæa; all were

built for eternity; but the spirit of beauty was not there; the idea of fitness and proportion was not there. Enormous masses were piled up by mechanical contrivances, the secret of which we know not; huge figures, awkward, stiff, ugly, were reared for gods and men. Beauty was not the attribute of Egyptian art. Whatever else the Greeks may have borrowed from the land of the Pharaohs, beauty they did not borrow. In this supreme quality and vital principle of their life, they were wholly original. Their first essays were marked by a rude strength. The Æginetan marbles have the stiffness of Egypt; and some of the ancient figures of the gods would not have found themselves out of place in company with the sienite monsters of Luxor and Karnak. But as soon as the Greek got command of his materials and tools, he broke loose from the ancient traditions, and followed the instincts of his genius, which led him into the land of beauty. Through the Phœnicians, who completed the invention of alphabetic writing by selecting from the Egyptian characters representing initial sounds, the Greeks received this art, and turned it to its highest purposes. The Egyptians used it for monumental inscriptions, for papyrus-records in the tombs of the departed, and perhaps for some of the transactions of life; but never apart from the proper hieroglyphics. The Phœnicians, abandoning the hieroglyphics, employed writing as a convenient instrument for commercial transactions, and, in the course of time, for the preservation of their national annals; but they never rose into the higher regions of literary culture, and so they left but the shadow of a mighty name. The Greeks, on the other hand, seizing this art, which was communicated to them by the older nations, perfected it, and made it the means of laying up, for a life after life, the best part of their national existence. In this consisted their originality. They made whatever they received their own, by working it over again. They breathed into rude materials and ungainly forms the elegance and grace of their own brilliant spirits. They turned inanimate matter into the almost breathing forms of art. They raised death into life, and stamped upon life the seal of immortality.

The life of Greece commences, as we have seen, in the ante-historical times. The legends of gods and heroes occupy the background of the picture. The princes who waged the war of Troy, and their predecessors, the contemporaries of Hercules and Laomedon, emerge into a half-poetic, half-historic light. They are the chivalry of the classical ages, and are descended from the legendary gods. They appear to us as the rulers of a series of kingdoms, mostly along the coasts of Greece, with kingly authority not unlike that of the princes and barons of the Middle Ages. They are more or less related, either by consanguinity or by the tie of friendship; but in political forms and powers they stand wholly independent of one another. Sometimes they unite in temporary confederacies for special and limited purposes. The invasions of Troy, the second of which furnished the legends for the divine tale of Homer, resulted from such a combination. The chief portions of the Grecian mainland, from Thessaly on one side nearly up to Illyria on the other, are at this era settled by established communities, governed apparently by similar political authorities, but already discriminated from one another in national character and tendencies, as we see in the living pictures of Homer. They are organized into classes, — princes, nobles, freemen, and slaves. They have their splendid palaces, adorned, it may be, with the display of barbaric art. The principles of justice, understood to have come from the father of gods and men, restrain the arbitrary temper of the rulers, and secure the rights of the governed. Splendid furniture and stores of richly wrought garments are among the possessions of the wealthy. Flocks and herds fill the pastures and cover the hillsides. Agriculture in all its departments has made considerable progress, as we see by the description of the shield of Achilles. Ships of great size, propelled in part by oars and in part by sails, have been built, and Grecian sailors have coasted a considerable part of the Mediterranean. Priests interpret the will of the gods, and exercise a spiritual power over the laity, respected and feared, though not always

obeyed, by kings. The minstrel, with his harp, fills the hall of feasting with the music of his song. He rouses the enthusiasm of his listeners by chanting the lays of famous men, and creates a popular poetry destined to ripen into the glories of the Iliad and Odyssey. The most distinguished personages of the heroic society are the chiefs, the soothsayers, the shipbuilders, and the carpenters. Odysseus is a first-rate workman, as the craft he built to escape from Calypso's isle abundantly testifies. Achilles can cook as well as eat a sirloin of beef. Young ladies of princely birth find it not beneath them to do the family washing in tubs by the river-side: nothing is said of soap. Queens embroider and weave: Helen embroiders a battle-piece, and Penelope gives to Odysseus a garment on which she has wrought the picture of a chase.

The life of the divine beings in whom the popular faith is centred resembles the life of man on earth. Zeus is the head of the household on Olympus, and he sometimes finds it hard enough to keep its unruly members in order. Whether the starting-point of the ancient mythology was the primitive belief in the unity of the Divine nature, as many suppose, may be doubted; and yet the Divine power is sometimes referred to, as if the expression sprang from a deeply seated though darkling consciousness of this great truth. But the common conception was no doubt polytheistic. The gods were for the most part understood to be supernatural existences indeed, but with characters endowed with the qualities of human beings on a larger scale. Again, the vivid imagination of the early Greek gave life and spirit to all the objects by which he was surrounded, — to the tree, the wind, the storm. The appearances of nature suggested to him a power in and above nature, and were moulded, in his plastic conception, into conscious and distinct personalities. Passions and affections were at first inspirations, and then became embodied deities. Pan, the shepherd-god, is worshipped among the mountains, along the shores, and on islands laved or lashed by the ocean-waves. Temples and altars rise to Poseidon, shaker of the

earth. The lovely and majestic form of the virgin-goddess Athene represents the genius of wisdom and the spirit of progress. The love of man for woman rises from the waves in the sea-born Aphrodite, afterwards embodied in the statue that enchants the world. Women sometimes scolded their lords; and so the golden-throned Hera, the wife of Zeus, keeps a watchful eye upon the Thunderer, who is not always to be trusted out of her sight, and gives him tongue like any mortal termagant. Men sometimes lie, and Hermes begins to fib the moment he is born. So, partly, it may be, from primitive tradition, but chiefly from the forms, elements, and powers of nature and the passions of the human heart, the plastic imagination of the Greek moulded the crowd of mythological personages that filled the popular mind, and in material forms dwelt in the marble temples, on which genius and treasure alike were lavished with uncalculating liberality. Behind the motley assemblage of the Olympian deities stood a darkly apprehended power or nature, to which even the gods themselves must yield obedience. The ruling authorities of heaven bore another resemblance to humanity; they had been subject to revolution and overthrow. Several changes of dynasty had taken place before Zeus rose to power; and even he had some misgivings that his throne was not completely secure, and, like mortal monarchs, banished, imprisoned, or bound in chains the unfriendly deities who might be the nucleus of a dangerous opposition. The Titans were not only overwhelmed with mountains, in the battle which decided the disputed title to sovereignty, but were shut up afterwards in Tartarus. Prometheus, the philanthropist, as a suspected character, was chained and bolted to a rock where the vulture daily came to gnaw his liver. This purely human element in the elder mythology explains the discontent of the later philosophers with the whole system. Plato thought the things said by the poets of the characters and conduct of the gods wholly unworthy of them, and of evil moral tendency in their influence on the young. Homer, on this account, was to be ex-

cluded from his imaginary republic. The free treatment of the deities, as in the Homeric Hymns, and more remarkably in the Attic comedy, — as in the Birds, the Frogs, and other pieces, — sprang, no doubt, from this same human conception of the nature of the gods, and is not to be regarded as a display of irreverence, just as the fairies in Shakespeare are clothed in the attributes of humanity, and made susceptible of jealousies and passions, without trenching on the popular reverence for supernatural persons and objects.

The union of the Greeks against the nations inhabiting the opposite shore of the Ægean first brought them into a consciousness of Hellenic nationality. At what period this took place there are no means of deciding within several centuries. All that we know about it is drawn from the older legends alluded to in the Homeric poems, and from the account of the great Trojan war; and here again no two persons will agree in drawing the line between historic verity and poetical fiction. Some reject the whole as a brilliant invention of the Ionian bard; others receive nearly the whole as matter of fact, metrically recorded; others believe in a foundation of fact, with a prodigious superstructure of fancy. A middle ground is probably the true one. The great facts which it is impossible to doubt are, that, at a considerable period before the era of the Olympiads, that is, before the eighth century B. C., there was a flourishing civilization on the islands and coasts of Asia Minor; that these regions had been colonized by Æolians, Ionians, and Dorians, from the Grecian mainland; that the geographical relations of the colonies corresponded nearly with the geographical relations of the races on the mainland; that the colonists carried with them the language and dialects of their fathers, and a goodly store of heroic legends and religious and ballad poetry; that they cherished the memory of the heroes who fought at Troy, and from whom their principal leaders claimed descent; and that they were brought into the immediate neighborhood of the scenes where the nine years' warfare had been waged, so that to the pure Hellenic

traditions were added those of the Asiatic descendants of their antagonists. We may say, at least, when we take these facts into the account, that the story of the war of Troy, with the delineation of Grecian life wrought into that imperishable tale, is a very natural one in its outline and its principal features. So far I believe it to be a true history; but it comes to us embellished with the coloring of the second period of the life of Greece, — the period of Æolian and Ionian culture on the eastern side of the Ægean. This period embraces the flourishing age of epic poetry, wherein the Greeks, carrying with them their fresh and youthful energies into the neighborhood of an elder civilization, suddenly blossomed into a free and beautiful life under the soft skies of the fairest region in the world.

"The fame of Ionian refinement," says Jacobs, "filled the world; the works of Ionian poetry and prose suffused every heart of sensibility with delight. . . . . Here was enjoyed a life exempt from drudgery, among fair festivals and solemn assemblies, full of sensibility, exhilarating joy, innocent curiosity, and childlike faith. Surrendered to the outer world, and inclined to all that was attractive by novelty, beauty, and grandeur, here the people listened with the greatest eagerness to the history of the heroic men whose deeds, adventures, and wanderings filled a former age with their renown, and, when they were echoed in song, moved to ecstasy the breasts of the hearers. It was thus that the poets first took up those heroic legends here as the most favorable materials for their art, and from the legend by degrees sprang the epic poem, — the narrative clear, imaginative, picturesque, varied, and minute, as the youthful feelings of the age and of the listening multitude required. That the deed should be mirrored in the song; that every form should stand out distinct and vivid; that even in single parts the whole should be shadowed forth; in a word, that the glorious world of heroes should move in perfect dignity and serene poetic splendor, — this was the aim of the epic poet, as of every one in whose fresh and vigorous fancy a subject kindled into life is struggling for utter-

ance." These few sentences express the leading idea of the life of Greece as it appeared in Ionia. But as this beauty and felicity had sprung up by a rapid growth, so they fell into an early and swift decay. No matter: Homer was left to teach the coming world.

As Ionia declines from her sudden splendor, the scene of Hellenic life shifts to the slowly growing communities on the mainland. The heroic families die out; new men appear, with new ideas; loyalty to kings yields to the passion for political liberty. Constitutions supplant the old θέμιστες, — the common law which was traced upward to the very throne of Zeus. Arbitrary will surrenders to definite, law-protected, personal rights. The tyrants, who hold a middle ground between the heroic monarchies and the later polities, after a brief enjoyment of their power, are toppled down and vanish from the scene. Dorian life is most strikingly unfolded in Sparta; Ionian, under Attic forms and modifications, at Athens. Sparta adds something of military experience, something of legislative skill, something of public and private economy, to the common stock. She trains her citizens to brevity of speech, to bravery, to black broth, and iron coins. How strong the contrast to the gayety and elegance of Ionia! The legislation of Lycurgus was the mould in which these iron men were cast and their characters determined for six or seven centuries. This stands just on the border line of authentic history. Within this line the legislation of Draco, short-lived, and unsuited by its impracticable severity to the free and impulsive individuality of the Ionian race, enjoyed a momentary existence, and fell like its author, who was smothered with cloaks at the theatre, the people pretending that they wished to protect him from the cold.

Next came Solon, one of the wisest men of the ancient world. He called order out of chaos; gave liberty a legislative existence; surrounded human rights with the ramparts of law; placed the sovereignty, not in the despotic will of the individual, but in the deliberate conclusions of the popular

bodies, reached in certain prescribed methods, announced under solemn sanctions, and executed in due form by the warrant of public authority. This constitution was changed to meet the exigencies of changing times. It was made more and more democratic; but the principle of liberty remained. It was overthrown more than once in the long course of Athenian national existence; but it was always soon restored. The longest period during which it was held in abeyance was during the eight ignominious months of the tyranny of the Thirty.

The other states of Greece grouped themselves about these leading capitals; — those in which the aristocratic or oligarchical element prevailed falling naturally into the circle of Spartan influence; those in which the democratical element had the preponderance rallying round the city of Athens. These were the two centres of Grecian life. It was Sparta and Athens that breasted the shock of Persian invasion, — that at Thermopylæ, this at Marathon, at Salamis, and on other fields of glory. The former claimed the leadership of the Grecian states by land; the latter asserted it by sea. Sparta sacrificed the citizen to the state; she bound the natural affections in the iron bands of rule; she was always clothed in armor. The elegant arts were her scorn; eloquence, her aversion. The bridegroom, instead of peaceably conducting home his bride, must needs take her by force, as if she were a piece of baggage belonging to a hostile army; as much as to say that man, in his tenderest relations, is nothing but a fighter. The infant had to pass the scrutiny of hard-hearted judges; and if he did not promise well for the warlike purposes of the state, he was tossed to the wolves of Taygetus. The mother who dismissed her son to foreign service complacently received the news that he had fallen, pierced through the breast by a hundred spears, on the field of battle. The drudgery of daily life was laid upon the slaves. Yet these cast-iron men sometimes broke through all the restraints of law, and usage, and fixed prejudice, and let Nature have her way. When iron melts,

it runs off in a fiercely glowing liquid, and nothing can resist its voracious fervor. When the Spartan once yielded, there was no stopping him. The austere liver became the all-devourer; the rigid moralist wallowed in sensuality. The poet Alcman — the favorite poet of these hardy men — lets his imagination run riot in the joys of eating and drinking. The dishes and wines on which he dwells with a gloating affection make an odd contrast with the public professions of self-denial and frugality. The men who had legislated old iron into a legal tender fell the most readily under the temptation of Eastern gold, and Sparta became far more venal and corrupt than any other state in Greece. So universal is the law that one extreme leads to another.

In Athens, on the other hand, the wise and liberal institutions of Solon rapidly developed an extraordinary measure of public virtue and private happiness. Men of wonderful genius educated themselves in the service of the state, and raised her to the height of glory and power. Themistocles, Miltiades, Conon, Pericles, — what country can surpass these in brilliancy of statesmanlike gifts and effective labors? Aristides, surnamed the Just, — the ideal of incorruptible integrity for all ages, — where shall his superior be found? And yet the institutions of Athens encouraged a cheerful enjoyment, and every elegance that can embellish life. The affectation of Spartanism, which was at one time a fashionable mode, was met with laughter and ridicule. Hilarity and confidence marked the daily intercourse of the citizens; commerce brought to them the luxuries of the world; art refined the coarseness of existence into all conceivable beauty; conversation, repartee, discussion, social meetings in clubs, singing, dancing, revelling, the play of wit, enlivened the gay capital with an endless succession of pleasures and joys. Yet, as Pericles boasted, the Athenians were as brave when the crisis for bravery came as were those rivals who made peace only the image of war by the continual labor of preparation. "We love the beautiful with economy; we pursue wisdom

without effeminacy; we use wealth for real occasions, not for ostentatious boasting. It is no disgrace to any one to confess his poverty; but it is a shame to him if he do not labor to escape it. The charge of public and private affairs belongs to the same men, and those who are occupied with common labors well understand political affairs. We alone regard the man who takes no interest in politics, not as a quiet and harmless person, but as a useless one. We do not consider eloquence as an obstacle to the public good; but we do consider it as a misfortune not to be instructed by previous discussion as to the measures which we are obliged to undertake. For we possess this characteristic above all others, that we are at once daring, and accustomed to reflect on what we are about to take in hand; whereas ignorance gives boldness to others, and reflection induces delay. They should be rightly adjudged the boldest-hearted who, knowing most clearly the terrible and the agreeable, yet shrink not for this reason from dangers. In brief, I may call the city the school of Greece, and the citizen of Athens is personally best fitted, by variety of talent, for the graceful performance of all the duties of life."

This, no doubt, sounded a little boastful in the ears of the contemporary world. But Pericles was right. Athens was the school of Greece. His boast fell short of the truth: Athens is the school of the civilized world. Think of her sculptors and painters, — the Acropolis, covered with temples and peopled by more than three thousand marble statues; call to mind her lyric and dramatic literature, tragedy and comedy; remember her admirable principles of justice, which, with all the errors of application in particular cases, are the basis of its administration everywhere; consider her philosophy in the persons of Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and their teachings in the Academy and the Lyceum; recall the almost Christian ethics which strengthened the heart of Socrates to brave the passions of an angry populace, demanding with threats and imprecations that he should put a vote which was to consign men illegally to the executioner; contemplate the

religious faith which enabled him, heathen though he was, to look death calmly in the face, and to spend the last hours of his life in discussing the highest themes with his weeping disciples; then pass in review the doctrines of his most eloquent followers on the immortality of the soul, the nature of sin, the necessity of retribution, the essence of justice, the misery of wickedness even when triumphant; recollect, too, the lofty civil prudence, which for a large portion of her existence swayed the counsels of the Athenian state, and the masculine eloquence which has come down to us in the volumes of the Attic orators, with its stirring appeals to all that is noblest in the human heart, its passages of profound wisdom, irrefragable logic, resistless passion, and unequalled majesty of expression; especially bring before your thought the image of him who was greatest among the greatest, who gave his days and nights to the service of a country whose honor, glory, and prosperity were dearer to him than life itself, who dispensed his private fortune in ministering to the wants of others, redeeming the captive, endowing the daughters of the poor, supplying the exigencies of the state when disastrous defeat veiled her pride and trailed her honors in the dust, submitting to exile when the madness of the populace turned upon his incorruptible integrity the eye of suspicion, yet, while banished from the city of his love, lending the might of his eloquence to bring back success to her arms and to restore her to the post of honor in Greece, finally dying in the temple of Poseidon, when the glory of Athens had grown hopelessly dim beneath the malignant star of Macedon, — summon up these and a thousand immortal memories, and the grandeur of the position asserted for Athens by the illustrious ruler commends itself to the coolest judgment of history and posterity.

How singular the contrasts between these aspects of Grecian life in the historical ages! Grim Sparta fought her way bravely, and fills many a chapter in the warlike annals of antiquity; but her life perished with her life. Athens fought her way when fighting was called for, and sometimes when

it was not; but the life of her spirit lives on wherever intellectual culture has existed or now exists; it spreads with the extension of the realm of letters and art; it legislates over the kingdom of beauty; it increases in power and intensity with every advancing century; it can fall only with the downfall of civilization, and the usurped dominion of barbarism over the face of the earth.

LECTURE III.

THE DECLINE OF HELLAS. — RURAL LIFE IN GREECE.

The life of Greece, commencing in the mythical ages, was not only varied and intense, but, if we add to the thousand years of its glory the two thousand years of its transformed existence through the Alexandrian, Byzantine, and Middle ages, to the present time, of extraordinary duration. The Ionian or Homeric period, commencing ten or twelve centuries before our era, lasts three hundred years; the historical period, commencing seven or eight centuries before Christ, lasts until the Roman conquest. The *hegemony*, or leadership, is divided between Athens and Sparta, with an occasional short-lived interlude played by some inferior state, as by Thebes under the able management of Pelopidas and Epaminondas. Life — the life of civilization — is concentrated in Southern Greece, shading off gradually into the semibarbarism of Thessaly and Macedonia, and the complete barbarism of Illyria. The battle of Chæroneia, in 338 B. C., establishes the supremacy of the Macedonian princes. The Achæan League, two centuries before Christ, rises to a temporary importance, under Philopœmen; but in 146 B. C., all Greece, under the name of Achaia, becomes a part of the Roman empire, and is heard of no more except as a portion of a province governed by a Roman proconsul. She retains, however, something of her internal freedom. Municipal institutions are not much changed in form, the constitution of Lycurgus having been previously annihilated by Philopœmen and the Achæan League, B. C. 188. Meanwhile, though politically dead, Greece is still the school of the world, and Athens is the school of Greece. For

several centuries the Roman youth resort thither, as to a great university, to be trained in the liberal arts; the son of Cicero studies there; Cicero himself has studied there. In the third century the Goths commence their ravages; in the fourth century Alaric renews the assault with more destructive rage; next come the Huns, before the fourth century is completed. In the sixth century Justinian closes the schools of Athens, which have existed from the time of Socrates.

In the midst of these successive disasters, the population of Greece has rapidly dwindled away. Political oppression and social demoralization have had their deadly effects. The small proprietors who occupied the land in the flourishing ages have vanished from the soil, and lords of immense landed estates — sure sign of decay — have spread over the country. The central power at Byzantium ceases to protect a region from which only a scanty revenue can be drawn, and little or no resistance is now offered to the barbarous hordes from the North. The Slavonian successors of the Goths and Huns pour through the pass of Thermopylæ, and find no Leonidas there to dispute their entrance. The marble lion, placed over the mound that covers the Three Hundred, has no terrors for these Russian multitudes; and on they press until they hold the fairest parts of Greece in possession or subjection, down to the southern extremity of Peloponnesus. Greece seems removed from Greece. So far is the process of supplanting carried, that some have doubted whether any portion of the old Hellenic race remains in the land of their fathers. In the eighth century Constantinus Porphyrogenitus writes: "The whole country became Slavonian and barbarous." But towards the end of this century the deluge of barbarism begins to recede before the arms of the Empress Irene, who is an Athenian by birth. A new impulse is given to the native society, which rallies against the foreigner and the barbarian. Yet for six or seven centuries the Slavonic tongue is spoken, conjointly with the Greek, all over Greece; and to this day the names of rivers, mountains, and towns, from Thermopylæ to the

southern point of Peloponnesus, bear witness to the extent of the inroads of the Slavonians, and the length of their period of possession. But in the interior regions, among the highlands, in many of the cities, in Athens for example, and in most of the islands, the Hellenic people and language, through all these changes, keep their ground, and the race perishes not in the Slavonian flood.

The language is preserved in its general structure especially through the influence of the Greek Church, although, after the downfall of Athens and Alexandria, Byzantium is the principal seat of ecclesiastical power and literary culture. The East and the West are divided in religion and in politics. Not only are the nations of Roman descent, under the general name of Franks, regarded as heretics by the orthodox Emperors at Constantinople, but the wars with the Normans of Sicily and Italy have induced a general hostility between the Frank and the Greek races; so that when the Crusaders pass on their warfare against the infidels who hold possession of the Holy Sepulchre, they are regarded by the Greek Christians rather as old enemies than as brethren of one common faith. The mischief done to the Eastern Christians by these pious marauders from the West is incalculable. The Orientals, before their appearance, had laid the foundation of a new order of things in the cultivation of the soil by freemen. The Crusaders introduced feudal tenures and predial servitude.

The Byzantine empire was conquered in the beginning of the thirteenth century, and the empire of Romania took its place. On the continent of Greece and the neighboring islands kingdoms and principalities were established under Frankish rulers, some of which endured from the thirteenth to late in the sixteenth century. There was the despotat of Epirus; the so-called empire of Thessalonica; the principality of Achaia, in the Peloponnesus; the dukedom of the Archipelago, or Naxos, — the longest-lived of all the Frankish establishments in the East. But the dukedom of Athens has the greatest interest in its relations to the condition of Greece.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century Athens and Thebes were wealthy and populous cities for the times. Leo Sguros, a Peloponnesian noble, hearing of the arrival of the Crusaders at Constantinople, formed the design of establishing for himself an independent principality, by taking advantage of the confusion of the times, and throwing off the imperial authority. He first led his army over the Eleusinian plain by the Sacred Way, and laid siege to Athens; but the people, having removed their property to the Acropolis, made vigorous preparations for defence. Sguros, finding that the reduction of the city was likely to give him trouble and to cause a long delay, endeavored to set it on fire, laid waste the surrounding country, collected vast stores of plunder, and then marched upon Thebes. Eastern Greece, as far as Thessaly, submitted to his authority, and he prepared to meet an army of Crusaders which was advancing from the North. They met at Thermopylæ; the Franks were victorious; and Sguros and his remaining Peloponnesians, as unlike Leonidas and his Spartans as possible, fled to Corinth and shut themselves up in the fortress on the Acrocorinthus. Thebes and Athens readily opened their gates, and submitted, on favorable terms, to the invaders; and Otho de la Roche became master of Attica and Bœotia.

Five princes of this family ruled at Athens from 1205 to 1308. During this period Athens was one of the most populous, wealthy, and civilized capitals of Europe. The country around it was covered with flourishing villages, well watered by aqueducts and cisterns. Vineyards, orchards, olive-groves, almond and fig trees, furnished the materials of an extensive commerce; cotton, silk, and leather were manufactured at home, and sold at high prices in the markets of Western Europe; and the splendor and luxury of the Dukes of Athens were celebrated everywhere. Muntaner, the true and loyal Spanish chronicler, who had been made familiar, in a long and adventurous life, with all the countries around the eastern end of the Mediterranean, says: "The chivalry there was the best

in the world, and they spoke French as well as at Paris." "The Duke of Athens was one of the noblest men in the empire of Romania, and next to the king the richest." The old chronicler, *apropos* to this text, describes a ceremony which took place at Athens, accompanied with an extraordinary display of wealth and splendor; on which occasion the Duke presented to Boniface, a nobleman from Verona, a knightly estate, and the daughter of a Baron of the Duchy, who was heiress of one third of the city and island of Negropont. "What think you?" he asks. "The festival began in full splendor. When they were assembled in the principal church," (probably the Parthenon, which had been converted into a church of the Panhagia, or Blessed Virgin,) "where the Duke was to receive the accolade, the Archbishop of Athens said mass, and laid down the arms of the Duke on the altar." His description of the ceremony, which is extremely interesting, shows how completely the principles of Western chivalry were established in this gay and gallant court. It does not appear that the governing orders blended with the native population by marriage. The same authority says: "The Duke distributed castles, houses, lands, among his knights, and so a thousand Frankish knights were settled there, and sent for their wives and children from France. Their successors took wives from the noblest houses in France, and they remained unmixed noble families."

The house of De la Roche was succeeded by the Duke of Brienne, the Grand Catalan Company, the Sicilian branch of the house of Aragon, and the house of Acciauoli in Florence, thirteen princes reigning in Athens until 1456. It is not within my plan to enter into the military events that belong to this period. The chronicle of Muntaner relates many of them with graphic simplicity, and we have still more in the versified Greek chronicle of the wars of the Morea, published by Buchon, — a record of the greatest interest and importance, both with respect to the history and the language of that age. But these two centuries form a singular episode in the life of

Greece, — the feudal system, the institutions of chivalry, the language of France, established on the classical soil of the ancient republic, and dukes and knights assisting at high mass in the Parthenon, and holding revels in the Propylæa of the Acropolis, converted into a baronial residence, the keep of which still remains, — mighty princes, whose splendid pageants were famous all over Europe in the days of Dante, Boccaccio, and Chaucer. Another curious episode in Hellenic life is the history of the empire of Trebizond, the ancient Trapezous, on the southern shore of the Black Sea. Of this Gibbon knew but little. Professor Fallmereyer published, in 1827, a history founded upon a Greek chronicle of Panaretos, discovered by him at Venice. Down to that time little or nothing was known of this remarkable offshoot from the Byzantine empire, which endured from the thirteenth to the middle of the sixteenth century, notwithstanding its exposed position and the assaults of the sultans. It is interesting and important as a part of mediæval history, but we cannot dwell upon it here. The details are very ably given in Mr. Finlay's last historical work, under the title of "Mediæval Greece and Trebizond."

The capture of Constantinople by Mahomet II., in 1453, was the prelude to the reduction of Greece under the power of the Turks. Francis, the last Duke of Athens, surrendered the city to Omar, the son of Turakhan, in 1456, three years after the fall of Constantinople. The wealth of Attica, so remarkable at the beginning of this period, had perished under the successive hordes of invaders, and city and country had fallen into the deepest poverty; "but still," says Emerson Tennent, the historian, "the haughty spirit inherent to the blood, which crept, however sluggishly, in their veins, forbade them totally to relinquish the habits of their fathers for the customs of the barbarous stranger, and they still retained a sufficiency of their former characteristics to tell the world that they were Greeks."

Greek life slumbered under the Turkish despotism until,

in our day, the ancient spirit of the people roused itself, and shook off the ignominious yoke. A writer of the sixteenth century, Nicolas Gerbel, in alluding to the condition of Athens, exclaims: "O unhappy revolutions in human affairs! O tragic change of human power! A city once so mighty in walls, shipyards, buildings, arms, wealth, men, so flourishing in prudence and all wisdom, now reduced to a small town, or rather hamlet; once free, living under its own laws, now under the yoke of slavery to the cruelest brutes. Go to Athens, and, instead of the most magnificent works, behold piles of rubbish and lamentable ruins. Rely not too much on thy strength, but put thy trust in Him who saith, 'I am the Lord thy God.'" Another writer, Pinet, soon afterward says: "Of Athens, once so renowned, not only the chief of Greece, but of many other nations, there now remains — good God! — only a small castle, and a hamlet, undefended from the foxes, wolves, and other wild beasts." And Laurenburg finishes the sad picture in these words: "Greece once was; Athens once was; now neither in Greece is Athens, nor in Greece is Greece."

The few intimations gathered from native writers agree in representing the condition of the country and its inhabitants as deplorable; while all assert that the old Hellenic spirit still survives. In a letter of Zygomala to Martin Kraus, written in 1575, that writer says: "The cause of their ignorance is the poverty produced by the oppression of the tyrants; but the inhabitants of this country are of the quickest apprehension, when they have an opportunity of acquiring learning from a master." There was but one school in which ancient Greek was taught, and that was at Napoli di Romania. Cabasilas writes that the dialects in Greece were numerous, being more than seventy, that of Athens being the worst. "Athens," he continues, "still contains many of its splendid monuments, such as the Areopagus, the old Academies, the Lyceum of Aristotle, the grand Pantheon [Parthenon], which is, of all existing edifices, the most excellent, being covered externally

with the sculptured history of the former Greeks; and amongst others we can there behold, above the grand entrance, two horses said to have been the work of Praxiteles, which so closely resemble nature that they seem snorting for human flesh. But why do I dwell upon Athens? It remains to-day nothing more than the skin of an animal long since dead." The population of Athens, reduced to a small remnant of the descendants of her former inhabitants, mingled with Jews and Turks, and all together less than twelve thousand, supported a miserable existence by fishing in the Gulf of Salamis, or by cultivating a few olive-groves on the banks of the Ilissus. The condition of Greece attracted the attention of De Courmenin early in the seventeenth century; of the Jesuits and Capuchins, who, a little later, established missions in Athens; and of several French and English travellers, of whom the most entertaining are old Sandys, Spon, and Wheeler. Sandys remarks that the spoken Greek differs not so much from the ancient as the Italian from the Latin. "And there be yet of the Laconians," he writes, "that speeke so good Greeke (though not grammatically) that they understand the learned, and understand not the vulgar. Their liturgy is read in the ancient Greeke, with not much more profit perhaps to the rude people than the Latin service of the Romish Church to the illiterate Papists." In the middle of the last century the great work of Stuart and Revett made the condition of Greece and the antiquities of Athens the common property of the civilized world; and from that time to the present, the series of works published by tourists and scholars is innumerable. When Wheeler returned to England in 1676, the event was considered a special providence, and he closes his narrative with an appropriate psalm. Now the tour of Greece is only a vacation ramble.

The apparent resurrection of Hellas is one of the most remarkable phenomena of our day. There can be no doubt that the old Hellenic blood still flows in Hellenic veins. The Greek language is still heard on the scene of its former tri-

umphs, — in broken tones, it is true, — its ancient musical character and the rhythms of the poets lost forever, modern in its construction and versification, but retaining a large proportion of the words employed in the age of Demosthenes, with the same accents and many of the same grammatical forms. A Greek newspaper published now may be easily read by one who understands the language of Thucydides and Xenophon. Mr. Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, insists that it is not a dead but a living language, and teaches his students to pronounce it as they do in Greece. He says: "The language of Homer is not dead, but lives, and that in a state of purity to which, considering the extraordinary duration of its literary existence, — twenty-five hundred years at least, — there is no parallel, perhaps, on the face of the globe, certainly not in Europe." Quoting an article giving an account of Kossuth's visit to America, he says: "In three columns of a Greek newspaper of the year 1852 there do not certainly occur three words that are not native Greek." In this country the same opinion was ably maintained more than a quarter of a century ago, by Mr. Pickering, who in his private reading adopted the modern Greek pronunciation. I think that Mr. Pickering had strong arguments in his favor, and I join in the commendations which some of the English journalists bestow on Mr. Blackie for rejecting the established system, which has little or nothing but the inveterate prejudices of English and American colleges to uphold it.

Whether there is to be a new lease of national life to Greece, under the guaranty of the great powers of Europe, remains to be determined. It is very certain that Hellas still suffers from the exhaustion of many oppressive ages. To restore the Hellas of antiquity, the physical properties of the country must be restored. The mountains, now bare and rocky, must be clothed again with forests; and the streams and rivers must be replenished with copious and sparkling waters. Can these things be in the present state of the world? Can Athens regain her ancient precedence

in arts and civilization while London and Paris exist? Can the Bema resound with the eloquence that once fulmined over Greece, so long as her nearest neighbors, who control her policy, are despots who abhor the voice of freedom? The thrilling associations of the past will forever fix upon her the regards of the world; but the tide of power and prosperity has worn for itself other channels, where, in the times of her ancient splendor, hung the night of barbarism and the silence of intellectual darkness. The teaching of history is summed up in the poet's majestic line: —

"Westward the course of empire takes its way."

Having made this rapid survey of the life of Greece down to the present time, let us now return to what is commonly understood by the national existence of that country. The idea of Greece usually entertained is that of a country of heroes, poets, artists, and philosophers; and in truth, the great significance of Hellas in the history of man is embodied in the individuals belonging to these illustrious classes of her sons. Yet the common life of man was lived there as well as by us. Through the openings of the splendid curtain which presents itself to our vision as the true picture of Hellas, we catch glimpses of familiar scenes, — of the toil for daily bread, of the vulgar wants of humanity. The life of Greece was not all heroism, romance, poetry, and art. It rested, as life everywhere rests, on the bosom of the common Mother Earth. If the Greeks were pre-eminently a nation of poets and artists, they were no less pre-eminently a nation of farmers. They understood the theory and the practice of agriculture, though some of the sciences now deemed important to the best cultivation of the earth were wholly unknown to them.

In Homer we find lovely sketches of the primitive country life and the rural tastes and habits of the most eminent personages. Hesiod's Works and Days is chiefly devoted to the rustic lore which experience had taught to the cultivators of

the earth in his age, both with respect to the virtues of industry, temperance, and thrift, and to the practical methods of husbandry. The precepts seem to have been drawn in a great measure from the poet's own experience. He was a Bœotian farmer, and, like the farmers of New England, had a great amount of proverbial philosophy at his tongue's end. The early Greek agriculturists carefully observed the phenomena of the heavens, and knew all about the weather. The habits of animals; the flight of birds, according to the season; a knowledge of the properties of different soils, and their adaptation to different kinds of crops; the method of discovering springs, — were among the subjects of their practical observation and study; and their skill in them would surprise those who think that sense and observation are of modern growth. Wagons, carts, ploughs, and harrows were generally manufactured on the farm, if it was a large one, or in its neighborhood, by smiths and carpenters; and the kinds of wood chosen for these purposes were determined with much care. Corn was ground, first, in a large mortar, with a pestle. The list of other implements — scythes, pruning-hooks, saws, spades, shovels, rakes, pickaxes, hoes, and the like — could hardly be extended now. The methods of enriching the soil were carefully studied; the utility of guano and sea-weed, as well as of the common manures, was perfectly understood and largely verified in practice. Land was allowed to recover its strength by lying fallow, as Xenophon teaches in his Œconomicus. To protect the grain from birds, scarecrows were set up in the fields; and to make all sure, they were accustomed to try a curious spell. Having caught a toad, they carried him around the field by night alive, and then put him into a jar, sealed him up, and buried him in the middle of the ground. After these precautions it was supposed that the growing blade was safe from enemies. Hay was an article whose value was well understood. The time for mowing was carefully determined; and the hay-ricks were made with due precautions against dampness on one hand, and spontaneous combustion on the other. When the time of harvest came, the laborers at

Athens ranged themselves round the agora, and waited to be employed by the farmers. Homer has an animated passage in which he compares the rushing together of two hostile armies to rival parties of harvesters starting from opposite sides of the field: —

> "As reapers each to the other opposite
> With haste rush forward, mowing quickly
> Stalks of wheat or barley in some rich man's field,
> While dense before them fall the sheafy heaps;
> So rushing terribly, with mutual rage,
> Trojans and Greeks the slaughter waged."

In another place, the same incomparable poet presents to us a delightful harvest-scene: —

> "There, in a field, 'mid lofty corn, the lusty reapers stand,
> Plying their task right joyously, with sickle each in hand.
> Some strew in lines, as on they press, the handfuls thick behind,
> While at their heels the heavy sheaves their merry comrades bind.
> There to the mows a troop of boys next bear in haste away,
> And pile upon the golden glebe the triumphs of the day.
> Among them, wrapped in silent joy, their sceptred king appears,
> Beholding in the swelling heaps the stores of future years.
> A mighty ox beneath an oak the busy heralds slay,
> With grateful sacrifice to close the labors of the day;
> While near, the husbandman's repast the rustic maids prepare,
> Sprinkling with flour the broiling cates whose savor fills the air."

The grain was trodden out from the straw by horses, oxen, or mules, on a circular threshing-floor, usually placed on an eminence in the open field. A pole was set up in the centre of the floor, and the cattle were fastened to it by a rope reaching to the circumference. As they moved round it, the rope coiled itself about the pole, until they were brought up at the centre; then their heads were turned in the opposite direction, until the cord was unwound. Sometimes a rude threshing-machine, toothed with stones or iron, or a flail, was employed. As early as the time of Homer winnowing-machines were used. The whole process is described by him, in one of those similes which are finished off like elaborate pictures. The granaries were prepared with the utmost care; and when

the fruits of the season were housed, the event was celebrated by a festival in honor of Demeter and Dionysos, of which the distinguishing feature was that no bloody sacrifices were offered, but only cakes and fruit, — fine loaves made of the new corn being among the offerings at the festival of the Thalysia.

The culture of the vine, it is perhaps needless to say, was a subject of great interest and importance among the Greeks. The selection of the spot for a vineyard, whether on a sloping hillside or on a plain, the direction of the exposure, and the effects of climate and of particular winds, were sedulously considered. The hedging in of the ground, the rooting up of whatever might be harmful to the vine, the trenching of the soil, the setting out of the slips, the treatment of the growing vine, are all discussed very minutely by the ancient writers who preceded Virgil. The appearance of a vineyard composed wholly of tree-climbing vines, one of the three varieties created in Greece by different modes of cultivation, is thus described by Mr. St. John: "A vineyard, consisting wholly of anadendroids, most common in Attica, presents in spring and summer a very picturesque appearance, especially when situated on the sharp declivity of a hill. The trees designed for the support of the vines, planted in straight lines, and rising behind each other, terrace above terrace, at intervals of three or four and twenty feet, were beautiful in form and varied in feature, consisting generally of the black poplar, the oak, the maple, the elm, and probably also the platane, which is still employed for this purpose in Crete. Though kept low in some situations, where the soil was scanty, they were in others allowed to run thirty or forty, and sometimes even sixty, feet in height. The face of the tree along which the vine climbed was cut down sheer like a wall, against which the purple or golden clusters hung thickly suspended, while the young branches crept along the boughs or over bridges of reeds, uniting tree with tree, and, when touched with the rich tints of autumn, delighting the eye by an extraordinary variety of foliage. As the lower boughs of these noble trees were carefully lopped away, a

series of lofty arches was created, beneath which the breezes could freely play; abundant currents of pure air being regarded as no less essential to the perfect maturing of the grape than constant sunshine."

The vintage was a season of great rejoicing, as it is everywhere. In Greece it was particularly memorable on account of its connection with the origin of tragedy and comedy. A considerable portion of the grapes was reserved and kept fresh, or converted into raisins for the use of the table.

It would be endless to describe the variety of fruits, and the methods of raising and preserving them practised by the Greeks. The olive was perhaps the most extensively used, as the oil was not only employed for lights, but was the basis of cookery. Figs, citrons, pomegranates, apples, quinces, and pears were among the principal; and from apples and pears large quantities of cider and perry were manufactured.

The farm-yard had a multitude of noisy tenants. Geese and ducks often waddled into the kitchen, in one corner of which might be heard the comforting sounds of the occupant of the pig-sty. The art of enlarging the goose's liver to please the fastidious appetite of the gourmand, by cooping him up in a heated room and stuffing him with fattening food and drink, was not left for German gastronomers to invent, but was well known to the Greeks, and to the Egyptians before them. Henneries, furnished with roosts, were attached to the kitchen, so as to receive its smoke, which was supposed to be agreeable to barn-door fowls. Peacocks, pheasants, guinea-hens, partridges, quails, moor-hens, thrushes, pigeons in immense numbers, many smaller birds, and even jackdaws, were found in the establishments of the wealthier farmers. The curious scenes in the Birds of Aristophanes show the great familiarity of that poet with the habits and character of every known species of bird.

The laboring animals were much the same as in modern times, except that the horse was less commonly employed in the work of a farm. Oxen were used as now. The arrangements of a Greek dairy were not unlike our own; and though

butter was not much used in the classical ages, it is mentioned by Hippocrates, under the name of πικέριον (*pikerion*). Cheese was universally eaten, generally while fresh and soft. Milk was sold in the Grecian markets by women; and it frequently reached the customer in the shape of milk and water. A method sometimes employed for detecting the fraud — perhaps it may be useful now — was to drop a little milk on the thumb-nail: if the milk was pure, it would remain in its place; if not, it would flow away.

These are only a few points in the rural life of the Greek farmer; sufficient, perhaps, to show the homely side of the life of Greece, or at any rate to open a glance into its labors, resources, and joys, behind the splendid scenes that fill the theatre of history.

Another aspect claims our regard in the pastoral life of the Greeks, — "a kind of parenthetical existence," — to borrow the words of St. John, — "a remnant of the old nomadic habits once common to the whole race, of which we obtain so many glimpses through the leafy glades and grassy avenues of Greek poetry." Pastoral life in the East is said by travellers to remain much as it is described by the ancient poets. Indeed, it could not well be otherwise; since its entire simplicity and the very limited range of its objects afford but few possibilities of change. Modern pictures of pastoral life, by poets of Western Europe, are feeble and mawkish, because they are mostly drawn by men who know nothing of the realities on which pastoral poetry is founded. In Greece, and in the East generally, the care of flocks in the primitive ages was not below the dignity of a prince; and the royal shepherd, in the tranquil solitudes of the country, on the hillsides, under the lovely skies of those delightful regions, could not help becoming a poet, and giving utterance to his meditations in song. "Abroad much after dark," says a writer whom I have already quoted, "in a climate where the summer nights are soft and balmy beyond expression, and where the stars seem lovingly to crowd closer about the earth, they necessarily grew romantic and super-

stitious. Their very creed was poetry. Tree, rock, mountain, spring, everything was instinct with divinity, not mystically, as in certain philosophic systems, but literally; and, as they believed, the immortal race — their invisible companions at all hours — could when they pleased become visible, or rather remove from their eyes the film which prevented their habitually beholding them."

In Greek poetry, Paris, Anchises, Bucolion, and many others, will at once occur to memory; and in sacred history, David, the psalmist of Israel. The superb description of the night in Homer lights up a pastoral scene: —

"As when about the silver moon, when air is free from wind,
And stars shine clear, to whose sweet beams high prospects under the brows
Of all steep hills and pinnacles thrust up themselves for shows,
And even the lonely valleys joy to glitter in their sight,
When the unmeasured firmament bursts to disclose her light,
And all the signs in heaven are seen that glad the shepherd's heart."

The dangers of the shepherd's life afford Homer an apt term of comparison: —

"As when the hungry wolves on folds forsaken by the watch
Descend, the kids and tender lambs by thievish force to snatch;
Or when the timid, browsing crew are scattered far and wide,
And seized, by witless shepherds left upon the mountain-side."

And again, the lion appears on the scene: —

"Thus the night-watching shepherds strive, but vainly, to repel
The angry lion, whom the stings of want and rage impel.
Upon the carcass fastens he; his heart no fear can quell."

The shepherd's pipe, made of the *donax*, or reed, sounded, I fancy, much better in poetry than in fact. Of the shepherd's dog we know more. Let me quote the eulogy passed upon this noble animal by an ancient writer well acquainted with his virtues. "The dog is falsely said to be a mute guardian; for what man announces the wild beast or the thief more clearly or with so great an outcry as he does by his barking? What servant more fond of his master? what companion more faithful? what guardian more incorruptible? what watchman can

be found more vigilant? what defender or avenger more constant?"

The Arcadians called themselves προσέληνοι, or *older than the moon;* and they passed among the ancient, and, we may add, the modern poets, as a race devoted to eating acorns and singing to the pipe. Arcadia suggests to the reader a vague idea of shepherds and shepherdesses, sitting in the cool shade, contemplating their kids feeding among the rocks, and breathing strains of sentimental passion. Palmerius discovers the descendants of the Arcadians among the Irish, one of whose national insignia is a triangular harp. Arcadia, however, was not the most agreeable seat for this contemplative, poetical existence. The best pictures of pastoral life are those — so fresh and radiant with natural beauty — in the idyls of Theocritus, beside which all subsequent pastoral poetry seems flat and foolish; and they are drawn from shepherd-life in Sicily. There are fragments of other writers belonging to this school, which are full of charms. The shepherdesses in these pieces are bewitching in hexameters, whatever they may have been in the fresh air of buxom life; and they are not wanting in coquetry, if we are to believe Theocritus, who, in a beautiful description of a scene wrought on a pastoral cup, writes: —

"And there, by ivy shaded, sits a maid, divinely wrought,
With veil and circlet on her brows, by two fond lovers sought, —
Both beautiful, with flowing hair, both suing to be heard,
On this side one, the other there, but neither is preferred;
For now on this, on that anon, she pours her witching smile,
Like sunshine on the buds of hope, in falsehood all and guile,
Though ceaselessly, with swelling eyes, they seek her heart to move
By every soft and touching art that wins a maiden's love."

There is a daintier bit of life-painting in a fragment of Chæremon, representing a troop of these beauties sporting by moonlight. I will read a few verses.

"Another danced, and, floating free her garments in the breeze,
She seemed as buoyant as the wave that leaps o'er summer seas;
While dusky shadows all around shrank backward from the place,
Chased by the beaming splendor shed like sunshine from her face."

After describing another, the poet exclaims: —

"And oh! the image of her charms, as clouds in heaven above
Mirrored by streams, left on my soul the stamp of hopeless love."

A critic not much given to sentiment remarks: "There is here no straining after the ideal. Like Titian's beauties, these shepherdesses are all creatures of this earth, filled with robust health, dark-eyed, warm, impassioned, and somewhat deficient in reserve. They understand well how to act their part in a dialogue. For every bolt shot at them they can return another as keen. Each bower and bosky bourn seems redolent of their smiles; their laughter awakens the echoes; their ruddy lips and pearly teeth hang like a vision over every bubbling spring and love-hiding thicket which they were wont to frequent."

I need not dwell longer on this subject. The pastoral poets of the Greeks seem to me to have the magnetic attraction belonging to all literature that breathes the fresh air of life and is racy of the earth. Their pieces are the only pastoral poetry that I can read without an uncomfortable feeling, — something akin to sea-sickness.

The love of rural life was one of the deepest passions of the Grecian heart, beyond the realm of Arcadia, real or ideal. What lovely touches of nature adorn with their exquisite beauty the Dialogues of Plato, and even the Comedies of Aristophanes! Through the whole compass of Greek literature, the sights and sounds of the country — the sweet, calm sunshine; the fleecy clouds; the song of the lark and the nightingale; the murmuring of the bees; the rising sun, smiting the earth with his shafts; the rich meadows; the cattle feeding in the pastures — furnish images on which the most artificial of the city poets delight to dwell, and share with the sea the thoughts that move harmonious numbers. The rustic land-owner, shut up in the city by the fashionable wife whom in an evil hour he was tempted by the matchmaker to wed, sighs to return to his fields and his farm-house. When the Peloponnesian war began, the plains of Attica were covered

with residences, elegantly furnished, on which the inhabitants looked back with regret and tears from the walls of the city, while the Spartan armies were laying all waste with fire and sword. The country was tastefully decorated with little temples or chapels, consecrated to the nymphs and rural deities; and the lands were made holy ground, because in them were buried the ancestors of the families now occupying them, — a circumstance alluded to in one of the legal arguments of Demosthenes to prove an ancient title to an estate, as one of the usual concomitants of long possession in the same family.

Statesmen and generals delighted to surround themselves with gardens, combining every conceivable feature of a picturesque retreat. Xenophon, after his return from the expedition of Cyrus the Younger, lived on a beautiful estate near Elis, which the Lacedæmonians had granted to him. The description of its various attractions is one of the most pleasing passages in the Anabasis, and we cease to wonder that he could bear his exile with resignation. It was three miles from the temple of Zeus. A river flowed through it, well stocked with fish. There were groves and wooded hills with plenty of game. There was a temple to Artemis, built by Xenophon at his own cost, and an annual festival established in her honor, to which was devoted a tithe of the income of his property. The neighbors, with their wives and children, assembled to enjoy the hospitality of the goddess. Friends came from far and near to hunt with Xenophon; and as his residence was on the way from Lacedæmon to Olympia, gentlemen going to attend the games dropped in, and were welcomed to the best by the hospitable host. And so the pupil of Socrates, the leader of the immortal retreat of the ten thousand, passed the remainder of his days, dividing his time between the manly pleasures of elegant rural life, literary pursuits, the society of friends, and religious duties. Even at this distance of time one can hardly picture to himself the retirement of the illustrious exile without envy.

As we read his books we call up the delightful scenes so in harmony with the simplicity and quiet beauty of his style. We feel the influence of woodland, plain, and mountain, with their refreshing breezes and cooling shades and flowing waters, stealing over us from the ever-enchanting page.

Peisistratus and Pericles relieved the cares of state by occasional repose in their gardens. Epicurus is called by Pliny *the master of gardens*. He held his school at Athens in the midst of a garden, in which was assembled everything that could charm the senses.

The Greek gardens were laid out with lawns, groves, thickets, arcades, and avenues. Fountains poured their waters, which flowed in winding rivulets, feeding a perpetual verdure. Myrtles, roses, pomegranate-trees, shed their perfumes, which were wafted by the breezes through the opened apartments of the house. Beds of violets, hyacinths, and asphodel gave a soft and varied beauty to the scene. Here Athenian taste and luxury were displayed. Here the poetry of nature soothed the fierce ardor of ambition, or, blending with the contemplations of philosophy, gave to them that living charm which they possessed in the eyes of Milton, —

> "Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
> But musical as is Apollo's lute."

With what rich and melodious rhythm Socrates sets forth the beauty of the scene on the banks of the Ilissus, where the immortal dialogue takes place between him and the youthful Phædrus! "Is not this the tree to which you were leading us? It is indeed a delightful spot; for the plane-tree is lofty and spreading, and beautiful the stature and shadiness of the *agnus*, which, in full blossom, should load the air of the place with its sweet fragrance; and most graceful the fountain that flows from under the plane-tree, and cooling its water, to judge by the foot; sacred to the nymphs and Acheloüs, it would seem from the offerings and images there. How sweet and grateful the breeziness of the spot! It resounds with the summer music and the chirping chorus of the cicadæ;

and tne gentle slope of the grassy lawn is a soft and quiet pillow for the head, inviting to repose." Yet it is sometimes affirmed that the Greeks had no appreciation of the beauties of nature!

The city and the country present one of the contrasts in the life of Greece. I have dealt with the country very briefly, with the purpose of suggesting rather than completing the picture. The intimations are numerous in the Greek writers; on some points the details are quite complete; but they form no part of the common conception of ancient Hellas. The Greek, as a farmer or country-gentleman, is not the Greek of classical associations; and yet, perhaps, precisely in these relations he was most intensely Greek. "Now, O Socrates," says Ischomachus, the model man of Xenophon, "you shall hear the philanthropy of this art. For can it be otherwise than noble, — an art not only the most useful, but most agreeable to exercise, most beautiful, most dear to gods and men, and, besides all this, most easy to learn? For the learner is not obliged, as in the other arts, to spend a long time before he can earn his living. Other craftsmen conceal the most essential rules and principles of their professions, but the most skilful farmer is best pleased when others witness his operations; and if you ask him, he conceals nothing from you, but will readily explain to you the secret of his greatest successes; so that you see, Socrates, farming has the strongest tendency to exalt the moral character of those who are devoted to it."

LECTURE IV.

ROADS. — HOUSES. — FURNITURE. — MARRIAGE. — XENOPHON'S ŒCONOMICUS.

We know but little of the state of the roads by which the communication between the Greek commonwealths was carried on. The roads are alluded to incidentally, but nowhere particularly described; and very few traces of them, I believe, are to be found at the present day. The Sacred Way, from Athens to Eleusis, over which the processions passed to the celebration of the mysteries, is still discernible, with some of the paving-stones, and the ruts worn by the chariot-wheels. The direction of other roads leading out of Athens, east, north, and south, is tolerably well ascertained. It seems certain that the principal thoroughfares were, from an early period, passable for chariots, but probably narrow, and not very elaborately built. Telemachus, journeying in search of his father, goes by ship to Pylos, but travels thence, with Nestor's son, in a carriage drawn by a pair of horses, in which the careful housekeeper has bestowed a plenty of food and wine for the journey. At the nightfall of the second day they arrive at Lacedæmon, and stop at the palace of Menelaus, having travelled at no very rapid rate. In the legend of Œdipus, the murder of his father takes place in consequence of a quarrel between the attendants of Laius, who is travelling in his royal car with a retinue, and Œdipus himself. The general use of cars by the princes of the heroic age implies the existence of roads. Herodotus employs a phrase that points to two kinds of roads: the one, cut roads, that is, built and fenced in; the other, mere tracks. Thucydides, in describing the improvements introduced into Mace-

donia by Archelaus, says that "he cut straight roads." Dicæarchus, in the passage I read in a preceding lecture, points out some of the characteristics of the roads over which he travelled. The nature of the country generally indicates the direction which the great highways must have taken. The sea and rivers, so far as was possible, were resorted to as the most convenient means of intercourse between country and country. The principal towns had inns for the accommodation of travellers, and those who stopped at them often had occasion to complain of bad wine and extortionate charges. It frequently happened, however, that the traveller enjoyed relations of hospitality with some citizen of the place he desired to visit, in which case he lodged at the house of his friend. Travelling in the best times was a tedious affair in ancient Greece; and it is no wonder that distances which appear to us insignificant then seemed enormous.

But let us turn from these external arrangements to the privacy of domestic life in Greece. We cannot enter into numerous antiquarian details, which would be inconsistent with the purpose of this course. I shall attempt nothing further than to select some of the main points, so as to present the most characteristic features, and a few of the leading scenes. "First provide a house," was a precept as old as Hesiod. Following the spirit of this rule, let me ask your attention to such particulars of the building and furnishing of a Greek house as are least doubtful or disputable. It will be readily understood that in the arrangements of houses, as well as in all the other accommodations of life, fashions varied from age to age, passing from the extreme of simplicity to the height of luxury. In different parts of Greece, also, the houses were probably constructed after different patterns. There certainly was a wide difference between country and city residences; and in both there must of course have been the greatest contrasts between the dwellings of the rich and those of the poor. The small farmer, with his few acres, and only a slave or two to assist him in their cultivation, lived in a plain and homely way, as

compared with the man of large property and refined education, who surrounded himself with all the elegances of wealth and taste. The Spartan lived in a style quite different from that of the Athenian; and in the city itself, the poorer citizen contented himself with a lodging according to his circumstances, sometimes narrow enough. Domestic comforts were not so necessary to any in the Grecian climate, which had every quality to tempt one out of doors, as under the sterner skies of the North.

From the notices that have come down to us incidentally in the authors, we can form only very general notions on this subject. In putting these notices together, care enough has not always been taken to discriminate among the various circumstances of time, place, and rank, to say nothing of the individual taste of the tenant. In Homer we have several princely establishments described with considerable detail, as the palace of Priam, the house of Ulysses, the palace and gardens of King Alcinoüs, the palace of Menelaus, the dwelling of Nestor. The most detailed accounts are given of the regal dwellings of Priam in Troy, of Ulysses in Ithaca, and of Alcinoüs in Scheria. When Hector returns to Troy, to beseech the Trojan dames to offer up prayers to Athene, the poet pauses, as he reaches the royal threshold, to point out its arrangements. Priam's family was an Oriental, not a Grecian household. His harem was numerous, and his domestic accommodations were as extensive as those of a Turkish sultan. He had fifty sons and twelve daughters; and with the most comprehensive hospitality, they, with their wives and husbands, are lodged beneath the paternal roof.

> "To Priam's beauteous palace he proceeds,
> With polished porches framed; within were built,
> Of polished marble, fifty chambers high,
> Beside each other built; and there the sons
> Of Priam dwelt, each with his wedded wife.
> And opposite, within the court, were built
> Twelve other rooms of polished marble, made
> Beside each other, where the sons-in-law
> Abode, each dwelling with his wedded wife."

In the twenty-fourth book of the Iliad, Priam drives his chariot from the vestibule and sounding portico; and in another place Hecuba descends to a *thalamos*, or chamber, in which precious articles are kept, and selects from a chest a splendidly wrought robe, as an offering for Pallas Athene.

The house of Ulysses, in Ithaca, is somewhat more carefully described; and remains, in some degree corresponding to it, were discovered by Sir William Gell, and delineated in his work on the geography and antiquities of Ithaca.

> "This house, Eumæus, of Ulysses seems
> Passing magnificent, and to be known
> With ease for his among a thousand more.
> One pile supports another, and a wall
> Crested with battlements surrounds the court.
> Firm, too, the folding doors all force of man
> Defy."

Homer, indeed, gives no detailed outline of this mansion; but as so much of the action of the Odyssey takes place in and around it, almost every part of it is mentioned in the course of the poem. The establishment of King Alcinoüs — his palaces, and magnificent gardens yielding fruits through the year — is upon the whole the most attractive one described by Homer.

But perhaps we have already lingered too long among these epic abodes. They contain the elements of the subsequent house-building of the Greeks, and as such deserve something more than a passing allusion.

The houses of the farmers, in the historical times, were more comfortable than elegant. Strepsiades, — in the play of the Clouds, — who has been tempted into a marriage with a fine city lady from the aristocratic clan of Megacles, has had time to repent at his leisure. Kept awake by the heavy debts incurred by his spendthrift son, — the effect of which he compares to the biting of fleas, — he muses with regret upon the ease and homely abundance he enjoyed in the country, and heartily wishes himself back again.

"Alas! alas! forever cursed be that same matchmaker
Who set me on to wed thy lady-mother;
For I the sweetest rustic life was leading,
Unwashed, unswept, and doing what I would;
Full of my bees, my sheep, my figs and raisins.
Then I, a farmer, married from the city
A niece of Megacles' long-descended house, —
A proud, luxurious, and high-flying dame.
And so we married, I of cheeses smelling,
And lees of wine, and mighty store of wool,
But she with myrrh and saffron and tongue-kisses scented,
Feasting and dainties, and rites of Genetyllis.
I can't say she was idle, but too fast.
I used to tell her, showing my old coat
All out at the elbows, 'Wife, you are too fast.'"

In the earlier times of Sparta the private dwellings appear to have been rude; but after the Peloponnesian war, the Spartans, at least in the country, would seem to have built for themselves costly houses, and furnished them with many luxuries. In Athens, also, during the simple days of the Commonwealth, the most eminent citizens contented themselves with dwellings no richer or better furnished than those of their poor neighbors; but with the progress of luxury and the arts, the republican plainness of the Marathonian times disappeared. In the age of Dicæarchus, the general aspect of the private residences, compared with the splendor of the public edifices, was, as we have seen, far from imposing; yet there must have been, even then, many houses whose interiors, at least, were embellished with costly furniture, ornaments, and works of art and taste; and the luxury of their times, contrasted with the virtuous frugality of their ancestors, is the subject of frequent rebuke by the orators. But, whether it be right or wrong, such is the inevitable progress of events. There was one circumstance, however, which may have hindered the growth of this species of extravagance among the Greeks, and especially among the Athenians. Indoor life was by no means so general or important among them as among us. The market, the court, the gymnasium,

the odeum, the theatre, the barbers' shops, the work-shops, the schools of the philosophers and sophists, and the *leschæ*, or club-rooms, filled up the days of the citizen, leaving him but little time for home, except at meals and during the period of sleep; and even these hours were not always passed under his own roof. Socrates, as we know, was very irregular in his hours, haunting every sort of place where he could enjoy the delights of talk and argument. If he went to a symposium, he was likely enough to stay all night, and, having composed all his companions on their couches, just to wash his face, go to the lyceum or academy, and set in for another day's talk; while his wife stayed at home with the children, "nursing her wrath to keep it warm."

Vitruvius, the architect of Augustus, gives the plan of a Greek house in his day; and so far as concerns the general divisions and their uses, his description coincides with the intimations of other authors; but in one important point he contradicts them, and that is as to the position of the women's apartments, which he places in the front part of the house. This has given great trouble to the architectural critics, who cannot conceive that the Greeks should have allowed the women to live next the street, while the men were thrown into the background. Some of them propose a compromise by arranging the two suites of apartments side by side, on the front, giving both sexes an equal privilege of peeping into the street; others have placed the women's apartments in the front of the second story; but though the second story was so used in the heroic palaces, the general arangement in the historical times was undoubtedly to place the rooms occupied by the chief members of the family on the ground floor. Perhaps Vitruvius was giving directions for building according to a fashion prevalent in his times, or in some single locality. At all events, though no specimen of a Greek house remains to illustrate the subject, unless the houses of the buried Pompeii may be so termed, the outline of the usual arrangements can be determined with tolerable precision.

These arrangements may, however, have differed much at different periods.

The two principal divisions, into which all houses were laid out, were the *andronitis*, or men's apartments, and the *gynæconitis*, or women's apartments; and according to Lysias, in the time of the Peloponnesian war, or later, the women's apartments were on the ground floor, and behind those of the men. The front was narrow, but the space required for all the household purposes was secured by carrying the house in to a considerable depth; and in the city, houses were built side by side with only party-walls between them. The outside wall was usually constructed of stone or brick, very skilfully made, and then covered with stucco. Socrates's idea of a good house was, that it should be cool in summer and warm in winter; convenient for the family, and safe for their property; that the winter-rooms should be towards the south, and higher, to let in more sun; the summer-rooms lower, and towards the north, to receive the cooling breezes. This seems to imply a semiannual migration from one side of the house to the other. Usually there was no open space between the street and the house-door, though the more aristocratic residences sometimes stood within enclosures. In front was placed a statue of Apollo Agyeus, or a bust of Hermes, the object of religious veneration to the members of the household. Over the door was set an inscription containing the name of the owner, and some words of good omen, as *ἀγαθῷ δαίμονι, to the good genius.* The threshold was the object of a superstitious notion, that it was unfortunate to tread on it with the left foot; and this is the reason why the steps leading into a temple were of an uneven number. The door was generally made of wood, but sometimes of marble or bronze, especially the doors of temples. It turned on a pivot, and was secured by bolts running into a socket in the sill, and by a cross-bar, inserted into sockets on each side. Locks and keys are also described, the locksmith being called a κλειδοποιός, or key-maker; and

if we may believe the novelist Achilles Tatius, doors were sometimes locked both inside and out, and the door opened indifferently either way. Passing the hall-door, we enter a passage called the θυρών or θυρωρεῖον, on the sides of which were arranged the porter's lodge and the stables. Beyond these we enter a square court open to the sky, surrounded by a peristyle and covered arcades. This is the andronitis, around which chambers for the use of the male members of the family opened into the columned passages. Directly in the rear of this a passage conducted to another open square, surrounded on the sides by columns, and similarly furnished with covered arcades, upon which, on each of three sides, chambers opened. The passage was called μέταυλος or μέσαυλος, and these apartments constituted the gynæconitis and its appurtenances. On the side of the gynæconitis opposite the entrance was a sort of alcove, called the προστάς, or *antechamber*, which opened on the right and left into the *thalamos* and *amphithalamos*, or principal bedchambers of the mansion; and the rooms on the other sides were rooms for eating and various household purposes. The rooms around the andronitis were saloons, eating-rooms, and other apartments for the use of the men, and in some houses a particular apartment was designated especially for the entertainment of company. In many houses there was a second story; but it was used only to lodge the slaves and servants, or sometimes, when the house was crowded with visitors, for the accommodation of guests. In the wealthier establishments the guest-chambers were separated from the rest of the house, that the visitors, if they chose, might be perfectly retired. The upper story, in some houses, projected so as to form balconies. Behind the *thalamoi* were large rooms, in which the mistress of the house superintended the work of her handmaids, — the preparation of wool, spinning, embroidery, and the like. A door is also mentioned as opening from the rear of the house into a garden. The roofs were mostly flat, though pointed roofs are also alluded to; and they furnished an agreeable resort in the cool of the evening.

The rooms were lighted by openings in the roofs of the arcades, and by windows. Glass was probably not used till a later age. The house was warmed sometimes by fire in fireplaces. It has been strangely supposed there were no chimneys; but there are certainly several words (like *καπνοδόχη*) meaning *smoke-receivers*, if not *chimneys*, and it is difficult to imagine what they were used for, since human smoke-receivers had not yet vexed the patience of much-enduring housekeepers. In one of the comedies a young man shuts up his father, to keep him out of litigation. Suddenly he calls for help, as the old gentleman, anticipating the sooty sweep of modern times, is creeping up the chimney. He exclaims:

> "Poseidon, what a noise is in the flue!
> Who 's there?"
>
> "Smokelander, soaring up aloft!"

But his escape is prevented by clapping a lid on the top of the chimney, — from which I infer that there were chimneys in those days. Some of the rooms were heated by braziers, or portable stoves, — like those carried by our grandmothers to church in the winter, before furnaces formed a part of public worship, — and by chafing-dishes.

Until a late period, the floor and walls were only plastered and whitewashed. Mosaic floors and painted walls belong to the times of advancing wealth and luxury. Plato and Xenophon declaim against these innovations, and Socrates considers such ornaments more plague than profit; and these discussions among the thinkers of the age show that the arts of household embellishment were creeping in, even in their days. Before the time of Pompeii, they were the universal rage, in spite of the philosophers. The following is a curious charge against Alcibiades by Andocides, the orator, when speaking of his pretensions to democracy in the midst of deeds of great violence. "He went to such a pitch of audacity, that, having persuaded Agatharchus the painter to accompany him home, he compelled him to paint the walls of his house. The artist remonstrated, alleging that he had other

contracts to execute, — which was true. But Alcibiades threatened to send him to prison unless he instantly went to work, which he did; nor did he get away until the fourth month afterwards, when, deceiving the guards, he made his escape. But this man was so lost to shame, that, instead of repenting of his deeds of violence, he commenced a suit against the artist for leaving his work incomplete."

Having built our house, let us proceed to furnish it. We have as great a variety of articles to select from in the shops of Athenian workmen, as anywhere else in the world. The principal rooms were furnished with sofas, or seats running along the walls, covered sometimes with skins, sometimes with purple carpets, with heaps of cushions to rest upon, — sometimes movable and sometimes immovable. The tables were, like ours, either round, square, or oblong, and for these the most costly woods were imported from the East. There were no table-cloths; but the tables were wiped down with sponges. Chairs, ottomans, and couches, of every variety of form and in the most elegant styles, adorned the room. In the Homeric times, the men sat at table; but afterwards they adopted the Oriental custom of lazily reclining on a luxurious couch. They had the greatest variety of earthen and metallic plates, cups, and goblets, as we see them delineated on the vases and other works of art. Drinking-cups were the object of special attention. Their forms were elegant, and of wonderful variety; and their size would have astonished a teetotaller. Nestor, that sober old councillor of the Grecian camp, made nothing of draining a beaker, mixed in thirds, which two common men could not lift; and — more extraordinary still — Hercules carried about with him a cup holding wine enough to quench his ordinary thirst, which having exhausted, he set it afloat and steered, more than half-seas over, to any part of the world he pleased.

I do not know that there is any form of bedstead, from the four-poster to the French, which may not be found described by writers or represented in works of art. Ulysses manufactured

one for himself, of olive-wood inlaid with gold and ivory. The bed rested sometimes on boards laid across the frame, on thongs of ox-hide stretched over one another, or on a netting of cord. Plato speaks of bedsteads made of solid silver; Athenæus describes them as made of ivory, and embossed with beautifully wrought figures; and Lucian has them veneered with Indian tortoise-shell, inlaid with gold. In Thessaly, beds were stuffed with fine grass. According to Athenæus, effeminate gentlemen sometimes slept on beds of sponge. Fashionable people in Athens slept under coverlets of dressed peacock-skins, with the feathers on. Clearchus, the author of a treatise on Sleep, describes the bed of a Paphian prince in such a way that one can hardly keep his eyes open while reading of it. "Over the soft mattresses, supported by a silver-footed bedstead, was flung a short-grained Sardian carpet of the most expensive kind. A coverlet of downy texture succeeded, and upon this was cast a costly counterpane of Amorginian purple. Cushions variegated with the richest purple supported his head; while two soft Dorian pillows of pale pink gently raised his feet."

One of the greatest improvements introduced by the Greeks into the art of sleeping was the practice of undressing before going to bed, — a thing unheard of until hit upon by their inventive genius. Bed-coverings were often perfumed with fragrant essences from the East. Counterpanes were not only perfumed, but embroidered with figures of animals and men. The luxury of laziness was celebrated by Ephippus: —

> "How I delight
> To roll upon the dainty coverlets,
> Breathing the perfume of the rose, and steeped
> In tears of myrrh!"

Theocritus speaks of

> "Carpets of purple, *softer fur than sleep,*
> Woven in Milesian looms."

The place of the kitchen, with a cooking-stove and frying-pans, was ascertained in one of the houses of Pompeii, —

that of Pansa. From the Greeks, although a great deal is said about cooks, we have very little about the locality of the kitchen. It seems sometimes to have been a separate structure from the house, and well supplied with all the necessary utensils. In Athens, the kitchen was furnished with sinks, kneading-troughs, pots, pans, and cutlery. Clearchus, of Soli, gives a tolerable list of kitchen-furniture, comprising, among other articles, a three-legged table and a *chytra*, or earthen pot for soup, on which considerable artistic taste was expended. In the Hippias of Plato, Socrates has something to say on the beauty of this useful vessel, particularly when it held seven gallons. The ladle was made of the wood of the fig-tree, to give a pleasant flavor to the soup. In the opinion of the philosopher, this kind of ladle was better than one of gold, which might crack the pot, spill the broth, and put out the fire. Next we have a mortar, caldron, mug, oil-flask, rush basket, cleaver, platters, bowls, larding-pins, stew-pans, tinder-boxes, chopping-blocks, fish-kettles, spits, andirons, ovens, bean and barley roasters, sieves, wine-strainers, colanders, crates, chafing-dishes, and a good many articles not to be found at Mr. Waterman's. The fuel commonly used was wood, charcoal, and sometimes mineral coal. Bellows were employed from the time of Homer.

From the kitchen we pass by the association of contrast, as the philosophers call it, to the toilette of the mistress of the house. Dress and costume will be referred to in another place; we are now considering only the different parts of the house, with their several furnishings. A good deal of attention was paid to the ornamenting of the person, even in the heroic age. Ear-rings are named in the Iliad and Odyssey; and eight or ten different kinds of them are mentioned. Necklaces were as various. Of armlets and bracelets there was a great diversity. Signet and jewelled rings adorned the taper fingers of the Grecian ladies. They had tooth-powder, black paint for the eyebrows, rouge-pots, blanching-varnish, essence-bottles, hair-powder, exquisite dyes for the hair, oils for softening it and

giving it a charming gloss, curling-irons, fillets, golden pins, and so on, without end.

Perhaps these few details will be sufficient to suggest the idea of what a Greek house of the better class was. It certainly was not deficient in any of the means and appliances of a tolerably comfortable existence. Following out the spirit of the ancient and modern maxim, which directs us to provide a house and then to get a wife, let us see how the second part of the rule was practised by the Greeks. I have already alluded to the fact that monogamy, or the marriage of one man to one woman, was early established as the basis of Hellenic society. It is true that the traditions of the heroes do not represent them all as adhering to this rule. Hercules travelled about the earth, subduing monsters and marrying wives; wherever he journeyed, he set up a domestic establishment: but the jealousies to which this vagrant style of domesticity exposed him cost him his life; he put on the poisoned tunic of Nessus, sent to him by Dejaneira, and expired in agony on the funeral pile. Yet despite this sad experience, his spirit ascended to Olympus, and there married Hebe, the daughter of Hera, greatly against the wishes of the old lady, and that is the last we hear of him. After all, there was not much in the earthly fortunes of Hercules to tempt his admirers into imitating his example; and the moral does not appear to have been lost on them.

The education of girls, in Athens, was for the most part a secluded one. Whatever accomplishments they acquired were acquired in the presence and under the superintendence of the mother. There were, however, many celebrations, connected with the religion of the country, in which the women participated. They walked in processions through the streets of the city to the temples of the gods; they attended funerals and marriages; and it would seem that, in the more primitive times at least, youths and maidens joined in some of the public dances. They were, also, present at the theatre, at least at some of the representations, and they took part in the Eleusinian mysteries.

Thus there were not wanting numerous occasions for men and women to become acquainted with each other, — occasions nearly as good as the modern ball-room affords. Thrasymedes, an Athenian youth, fell in love with the daughter of Peisistratus, and ventured to salute her as she walked in a religious procession. This liberty was resented by the young men, her brothers; but the father, taking a more sensible view of the case, said to them, "If we punish men for loving us, what shall we do with those that hate us?" But the course of true love did not yet run quite smooth. The lover determined to carry the young lady off. Taking some of his companions with him, he seized the opportunity of a sacrifice on the sea-shore, and, placing her in a boat, set sail for Ægina. Unfortunately, one of her brothers, happening to be cruising about the bay on the watch for pirates, captured the bark, and carried the whole party back to Athens. They were brought into the presence of Peisistratus, and, expecting nothing better than death, told him to do what he pleased, since they had staked their lives on the venture, and were quite ready to take the consequences. The old gentleman, admiring their spirit, freely bestowed his daughter on Thrasymedes. The lovers were married; and here, like a modern novel, the story ends.

It was not at all unusual for enamored young gentlemen to cover walls, columns, or trees with the names of the maidens who had inspired them with the tender passion. Says Lucian, "Every wall was carved, and all the bark of the soft tree proclaimed the beautiful Aphrodite." Even the leaves of trees were written over with the beloved name. Sometimes verses were sent to the object of affection; sometimes garlands of flowers were hung before her doors; sometimes the love-sick swain wore a wreath all awry upon his head, to signify the agitated state of his feelings. Maximus Tyrius, a later Greek writer, as quoted by St. John, speaking of the origin of love, says: "Its wellspring is the beauty of the soul, gleaming upward through the body; and as flowers seen under water appear still more brilliant and exquisite than they are, so

mental excellence seems to manifest additional splendor, when invested with corporeal loveliness." By the best minds of antiquity certainly the relation of the sexes in the family was as justly estimated as it is at the present day; and they have left as admirable pictures of the influence of the affections on life and conduct as are to be found in modern literature. Witness the stories of Odysseus and Penelope, of Alcestis and Admetus, of Hæmon and Antigone. Even the satirical Lucian calls the union of husband and wife a divine and holy law. To the god of love altars were built, sacrifices offered, and festivals instituted. In the words of an eloquent writer, "Love breathed the breath of life into their poetry; it was supposed to elicit music and verse from the coldest human clay, like the sun's rays from the fabulous Memnon; it allied itself in its energies with freedom; to love, in the imagination of a Greek, was to cease to be a slave; it emancipated and rendered noble whomsoever it inspired; it floated winged through the air, and descended even in dreams upon the minds of men or women; revealing to sight the forms of persons unknown, annihilating distance, trampling over rank, confounding together gods and men by its irresistible force."

It was a tendency of the Greek mind to trace every institution back to some inventor; and Cecrops has the honor of having invented marriage.

There is an opposite picture to that just given. From Hesiod downward, there were not wanting sarcastic writers, who held up the female character to derision and contempt; charging women, in the mass, with every vice that could render them most despicable, — with gossiping, gadding about the streets, intriguing, gluttony, hard drinking, extravagance. Euripides was the most poetical of these misogynists; and yet even he drew the lovely character of Alcestis. Of course, in their general representations of the marriage life, these writers regard it as a necessary evil, which must be submitted to for reasons of state. But it is a curious commentary on these satirists, that, while every conceivable crime is discussed by the

Attic orators as having been committed by men, there is, so far as I remember, in the whole body of the legal arguments preserved, only a single instance of the impeachment of the character of a married woman. It is true that Plato describes the feminine character as more secret and stealthy than that of man; and it is true, too, that the legal position of woman was, in the utmost degree, that of dependence.

The peculiar view which the law took of the duty of marriage perhaps has had some influence in lowering our estimate of the institution, as it existed in ancient Greece; and the particular modes by which marriages were doubtless, in many cases, brought about, have helped to strengthen the misapprehension. Thus at Sparta the man who did not marry, or who postponed marrying too long, laid himself open to a prosecution. Solon is said to have made a similar law, though he was never married. All this shows that marriage was looked upon by the lawgivers as an institution on which the whole political structure rested, yet without denying that it had another aspect with regard to its private relations, and its bearings on individual happiness. It is very true that the intermarriage of children was often settled by the parents, probably without much consulting the inclinations of the parties most concerned; young men were often put under the restraints of matrimony as a remedy for dissipation; fortunes were united by wedding the heirs of adjoining properties; dilapidated estates were repaired by seeking out and securing the hands of heiresses; and, in the last resort, the daughter was obliged to submit to the father's authority, and to take whomsoever he chose to give, for better or worse. It must have happened that marriages often turned out unhappily when contracted in this manner, with little or no mutual knowledge; and one of the reforms suggested by Plato was a mode of bringing men and women into a better acquaintance with one another. Besides this, there were in Athens persons whose business was match-making, as poor Strepsiades found to his cost.

Bachelors, if too old, were subject to a legal penalty, both in

Sparta and in Athens. At what age they were supposed to have reached the end of their tether we are not informed. Whether any indulgence was extended to those unhappy abnormals who, having made frequent experiments, could honestly plead the impossibility of finding any one to have them, remains also doubtful. Probably they were not excused; the law presuming that some one of the many methods of getting a wife would meet the most exceptional case. These are agreement between the parents or guardians; agreement between the parties; a bargain negotiated by a match-broker; elopement with an heiress; and, finally, the legacy of a departing friend, who, by the law of Athens, could devise not only his estate, but his widow, as a mark of particular regard, to a surviving friend or kinsman. In truth, a bachelor on compulsion, after these methods had been exhausted, must have been a deplorable nondescript.

In the Homeric age the suitor paid to the father of the lady a sum proportioned to his circumstances, or perhaps to his estimate of the value of the purchase; though the princely brides of that age are also spoken of as bringing large possessions to their husbands. In the historical times the dowry was the subject of legal regulation; and at Athens a considerable part of the movable property was held in this form. It was a matter of frequent litigation, as appears especially in the speeches of Isæus. The dowry was generally indispensable to marriage. We are told that the dowry of the daughters of the poor citizens varied from ten to thirty minas, or from one hundred and eighty to five hundred and forty dollars, which last was the sum bestowed by the state on the daughters of Aristides, who died poor. The daughter of Hipponicus received ten talents, or about eleven thousand dollars, with the promise of as much more. This, however, was an extraordinary fortune. The husband was obliged by law to give security for the dowry, —he receiving only the income of it during the continuance of the marriage relation, —the property belonging to the wife and children.

The marriage having been determined on, the first step taken was the betrothal, made by the legal guardian of the bride, and attended by the friends and relatives of both parties, on which occasion the dowry of the wife was agreed upon.

A day or two before the marriage a sacrifice was offered by the father of the bride to Hera, Artemis, and the Fates, to whom the bride consecrated a lock of her hair. On the wedding day the happy pair were bathed in water taken from a particular fountain at Athens, the Enneacrounos. Then they put on their best attire, — their wedding garments; and the friends of both families having assembled, the women engaged in the recitation of prayers and the presentation of offerings. After these ceremonies were performed, the bride was led from the house, and placed in an open carriage between the bridegroom and his *paranymphus* or groomsman, — both robed in the most costly attire, and crowned with garlands. A procession was formed of the company present, which moved on to the temple, where a part of the ceremony was usually performed, the oath of fidelity taken, and the hand of the bride placed by the father in that of the bridegroom. In later times the ceremonies consumed nearly all the day, and the procession arrived at the house of the newly married pair not long before nightfall. Hymeneal songs, accompanied by the flute, were sung as the procession passed, and the people on the way poured out their good wishes and congratulations. The bride was conducted into her future home by the bridegroom's mother with a lighted torch, and sweetmeats were scattered over them as they entered. In some places the axletree of the carriage was then broken, to intimate that, having found a new home, the bride would have no occasion to return to her father's house. The house was splendidly illuminated; and, to suggest the idea of practical domestic duties, there was a great show of pestles, sieves, and pitchers. An ancient hymn was chanted, the burden of which was, "I have escaped the worse, I have found the better," — words to be commended to the serious consideration of all single gentlemen who have chosen the

worse and shunned the better. At the close of the hymn a troop of dancing girls, crowned with myrtle-wreaths, entered, and performed an expressive ballet, appropriate to the occasion. The feast was sumptuous, consisting of wines, meats, sweetmeats, and wedding cake. The guests at this feast were considered in the light of legal witnesses to the marriage. Women were present, but sat at different tables from the men, with the veiled bride among them. The last ceremony of the feast was the eating of a quince by the husband and wife together, to signify that their communion should be sweet and harmonious. When the company had retired, the epithalamium was sung by a chorus of damsels standing at the door of the παστάς, or nuptial chamber. Another song was chanted on the following morning, and the day was occupied in receiving presents from friends.

Perhaps I ought to leave the subject here; but as there is a pretty fair sketch of a good housekeeper in Xenophon's Œconomicus, I will close this Lecture by an abridged translation of it. The work is intended to embody the ideas of Socrates on the management of a family; and the passage to which I refer is that in which he gives an account of a conversation he once held with a friend, Ischomachus by name, shortly after that gentleman's marriage.

"Seeing him one day," says Socrates, "sitting in the porch of Zeus Eleutherios, as he seemed to be at leisure, I approached him, and, taking a seat by him, said, 'How is it, O Ischomachus, that you, so little accustomed to be unemployed, are sitting here?' 'I should not be here, had I not agreed to wait for some friends.'" After a few preliminary compliments, Ischomachus remarks, that he is entirely free to attend to his business out of doors, because his wife is fully competent to manage everything in the house; and that is the reason why he has risen so high in the estimation of the citizens, — alluding to a compliment Socrates had just paid him. "I should be glad to know," says Socrates, "whether you educated your wife yourself, or whether she was taught by

her father and mother to perform the duties belonging to her station." "Why, she was only seventeen years old when I married her; and she had been brought up in great privacy, where she could hear, see, and ask as little as possible. I think I ought to have been content if she knew how to superintend the weaving, and to distribute the tasks among her handmaids. One thing, however, she was particularly well educated in, — and that is the most important thing for man or woman either, — namely, temperance." "Then you educated your wife in all other things yourself, so that she became qualified to perform all her duties?" "Not," replied Ischomachus, earnestly, "until I had sacrificed and prayed, that I might teach and she might learn what would most benefit both of us." "Did your wife join in the sacrifice, and offer the same prayers?" "To be sure she did, and made many promises to the gods if she might become what she ought to be, and showed plainly that she was not going to neglect her lessons." "In God's name," said Socrates, "tell me what you taught her first: I would rather hear it than the play."

"Well, Socrates, when she began to get a little acquainted with me, so as to converse easily, I said to her, 'Do you know, wife, why it was that I chose you, and your parents gave you to me, when there were plenty of others we might have married? The reason was, that I was looking out for the best partner for myself, and your parents for the best one for you. If God give us children, we will, when the time comes, consider the best methods of educating them to be our dearest friends and supporters in old age. Now this is our common dwelling. All that each of us has brought is thrown into the common store. The question is not, who has brought in the largest sum, but whichever of us proves the better companion contributes the most.' She answered, 'What can I help you to do? What power have I? Everything depends on you. My mother taught me that my duty was to be virtuous.' 'Certainly,' said I, 'and my father taught me the same. But

it is the duty of an honest man and woman to make their present condition as good as possible, and to improve it by every fair and honorable means.' 'What can I do,' said she, 'to help improve our condition?' 'What the gods designed you should do, and the law approves, strive to do in the best possible manner.' 'What is that?' said she. 'Duties of the highest importance,' I replied, 'if the work of the queen-bee in a hive is of great importance.'"

He then enters upon a general consideration of the aim and end of the marriage relation, and the respective duties of the husband and wife. A large part of the work of life is to be carried on in the open air; but the care of children, the weaving of cloth, and the like, must be within doors. God has framed the constitution of man so as to fit him for business abroad, and the nature of woman He has adapted to the charge of the household. He has fitted the body and mind of man to endure heat and cold, journeys and marches, and therefore has laid upon him work out of doors. But he has made the body of woman less able to bear these hardships, and therefore has assigned to her the labors in the house. He has inspired her with a greater love of children, and has intrusted their care to her rather than to man. He has made her more timid, that she may keep a watchful oversight; and him more courageous, that he may the better defend the household against the wrong-doer. And as both have to give and to receive, on both he has bestowed the faculties of memory and intelligent superintendence, so that it is impossible to say which of the sexes has the superiority, except that whichever is the better God has made the superior. But as they are not equally fitted for both classes of duties, they stand in need of each other, and union is by far the highest good of both. This is the view taken by the law when it weds the man and woman, making them alike sharers in all the fortunes of the home; and the law is in harmony with the purposes of God in their creation. For it is more honorable to the woman to remain within than to be out of doors; and for the man it is more

shameful to remain within, than to attend to his affairs abroad. And if a man violates the natural law of God, he cannot escape the consequences of neglecting his proper business, and attending to that of his wife. It is therefore her business to look after the servants, assign them their tasks, receive what is brought into the house, and adjust the expenditures, so that the provision of a year may not be used up in a month. If a servant fall sick, she must take care of him.

"'It seems to me,' she replied, 'that, after all, you are the head; for all my care of the household would be ludicrous, unless you provided the supplies.' 'And all my supplies,' said I, 'would be ludicrous, unless there were some one at home to take care of them. . . . . There are other duties which become agreeable, — as when you make an ignorant person intelligent, and so double the value of his labor; and when you have it in your power to do good to those who are good and useful to the family; and, what is the most delightful of all, when you prove yourself to be better than I am, and so make me your servant, having no fear lest, as age advances, you be held in less honor in the family, but assured that, the older you grow, the more you will be honored in the home, according as you have discharged your duties to me and your children.'" This is the substance of the first curtain lecture. Socrates naturally desires to be informed what effect it had. Nothing could be more satisfactory.

The subject of the next lecture is Order, the most useful thing in the world. It is illustrated by the rhythmical movements of the chorus; of an army on the march or the field of battle; of a ship with its rowers and passengers; all of which require the most exact order for beauty or efficiency. Disorder, on the contrary, is like a farmer who sows barley, wheat, rye, and beans, all together, and who, when he wants a barley-cake, or wheaten bread, or pulse, must needs be picking and choosing, instead of taking directly what he wants. The true principle is, a place for everything, and everything in its place; and the servant must be taught whence to take and where

to put whatever is needed for use, which he will soon learn. This the speaker further illustrates by what he once saw on board a Phœnician merchant-vessel, where by a careful economy of space, and by exact order, a great quantity of rigging and warlike armament and a cargo of costly goods were snugly stowed away in a place not larger than a dining-room, and the officers of the ship knew the place of each article as well as he who can spell knows the letters in the name of Socrates. The master remarked, that in a storm at sea there would be no time for hunting after anything out of the way, for God threatens and punishes the indolent. "Now if seamen can find a place for everything, and keep such exquisite order in a vessel tossed about on the waves, it were a great shame to us if, in houses standing on the solid earth, we should not do the same. It is pleasant to have a place for shoes, for clothes, for bed-clothes, for brazen vessels, for table-furniture; and though an elegant gentleman might smile at the assertion, there is something rhythmical in seeing soup-dishes properly arranged. The arrangement of furniture is like that of a circüiar chorus; not only the chorus itself is a beautiful spectacle, but the clear space within it is beautiful. There is no difficulty in finding a person who will learn the places, and remember to put each thing in its proper place. If you send a servant out to purchase anything in the market, he will know precisely where to go and find it, because there is a particular place for everything; but if you look after a man you are not so certain where to go, because there is no fixed place to await him in." This was the second curtain lecture. "Well," says Socrates, "did she promise to undertake all this?" "To be sure she did, with the greatest alacrity, and entreated me to set about putting things in order at once."

They then together examine the arrangements of the house, in which utility had been studied more than ornament. It was well built for comfort both in summer and winter. They first collected all the furniture connected with sacrifices; then the ornaments and apparel for festival occasions, armor,

bed-clothes, women's shoes and men's shoes, the implements for spinning, cooking utensils, bathing-furniture, towels, table-furniture; then the things that were to be used every day, those reserved for company, and so on. Every kind of furniture was put in its proper place. Servants were properly instructed, and a housekeeper selected, whose interest it was made to enforce the regulations of the family. "I taught my wife," proceeded Ischomachus, "that as it is not enough in well-regulated states to enact good laws, but guardians of the laws must be chosen to see that they are duly executed, so the wife ought to be the executive officer in the house, to see that the laws are enforced, and, like a queen, to distribute blame and praise and honor as they are deserved. I told her, too, that she must not take it hard if I charged her with more duties in relation to the property than I should require of a servant to undertake, since it was merely taking care of her own." "What did she say to that?" "Why, that I did not understand her if I thought the duty proposed were a hard one, — to take care of her own; it would be much harder if I told her to neglect it." "By Juno," said Socrates, "your wife has the sense of a man." "I will tell you something better than all this, as a proof of her good sense and magnanimity." "What? I would infinitely rather listen to the virtues of a living woman, than see the finest picture Zeuxis ever painted."

"I noticed that she was in the habit of using cosmetics, that she might seem fairer and ruddier than she was, and of wearing high shoes, that she might appear taller than she was by nature. 'Tell me, my dear,' said I, 'should you esteem me more highly as a sharer of your fortunes, if I told you exactly the state of my property, or if I tried to deceive you by exhibiting false coin, and necklaces of gilded wood, and robes of spurious instead of genuine purple?' She replied instantly, 'Heaven forbid! Were you such a man, I never could love you from my heart.' 'Well, then, would you like me better, if I appeared before you sound and healthy, fair and

vigorous, or with painted cheeks, and artificially colored eyelids, trying to cheat you by offering you paint instead of myself?' 'Why,' said she, 'I like you better than paint; I prefer the natural color of your cheeks to rouge, and I would rather look into your eyes sparkling with health than with all the cosmetics in the world.' 'Then I would have you to know that I am more charmed with your native complexion than with paint. These false pretences may deceive the casual observer, but not those who live together. They are exposed before the morning toilette, or by perspiration, or by tears, or by the bath.'" "What, in heaven's name, did she answer?" "Why, she said she would not do so any more, and asked my advice as to the best means of making herself really beautiful. I advised her not to sit all the time, like a slave, but to be up and stirring; to look after the bread-maker; to stand over the housekeeper as she measured out the allowance; to run all over the house, and see if everything was in its place; for this would combine both duty and exercise. I said that it was a good exercise also to mix and knead the bread, to shake out the clothes, and make the beds; and that thus she would have a better appetite, and grow healthier, and would in reality appear handsomer. And now, Socrates, my wife lives and practises according to my instructions, and as I tell you."

LECTURE V.

HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES. — OCCUPATIONS. — FOOD. — FEASTS. — MARKETS.

Socrates admitted that all he had heard of Ischomachus and his wife was very pleasant, and highly creditable to both. Perhaps a sigh of regret escaped him, philosopher though he was, when he was reminded, by these details of his friend's household, how different a home awaited him when he returned from strolling about the city. The image of Xanthippe contrasted painfully with the fair and docile bride of Ischomachus, and we may fancy that he felt a momentary doubt whether, after all, he did the wisest thing in the world when he married her for the sake of the moral discipline of being compelled to bear the outbreaks of her violent temper. At all events, the experiment is not one to be recommended, except perhaps to philosophers and reformers. The conversation between him and Critobulus in the same piece illustrates his usual way of thinking about money. "I do not need anything more than I have, O Critobulus; I think myself already sufficiently rich; but you seem to me poor, and by Jupiter I sometimes pity you very much." "In Heaven's name, Socrates," replied Critobulus with a smile, "how much do you suppose your property would bring, if sold? and how much mine?" "Why, I suppose, if I could find a good purchaser, that all my property, including the house, would easily bring about five minas; yours, I know, would bring more than a hundred times as much." "How is it, then, that you think you need no more, and pity me for my poverty?" "Because my property is sufficient for my wants; but your style of living, and the figure you make

in the world, are such that, if your estate were three times as great, it would not equal the demands upon it. You have to offer numerous and magnificent sacrifices; you have to receive and entertain sumptuously a great many strangers, and to feast the citizens; you have to pay heavy contributions towards the public service, keeping horses and furnishing choruses in peace, and in war bearing the expense of triremes and paying war-taxes; or, if you fail to do all this, they will punish you with as much severity as if they caught you stealing their own money. Besides, I see that you fancy yourself rich, and you are careless about making money, and occupy your mind with trivial subjects, as if you had a right to do so. Therefore I pity you, and am afraid you will suffer some incurable evil, and get involved in great embarrassment. As for me, I know and you know that, if I need any addition to my income, friends stand ready to help me, and a very small sum would overwhelm me with abundance; whereas your friends, though much better able to bear their own expenses than you yours, are always expecting to be benefited by you."

The property which Socrates declared to be sufficient for his wants amounted to something less than a hundred dollars of our currency, from which, at the rate of interest usual in Athens, he might have received an annual income of twelve dollars, — a slender revenue to support a wife and three children. His own expenses were small. He wore no under garment, and his outer garment was always an old one, both in summer and winter. He went barefoot, having been known to possess but one pair of shoes in all his life. When he was invited to the drinking bout at Agathon's house, in honor of a dramatic victory gained by that poet, he appeared in a dress so much smarter than usual that all his friends were astonished, — as remarkable a transformation as Mr. Samuel Weller's first appearance in the new suit which Mr. Pickwick gave him. He lived on bread and water, except when he was invited out; and the only seasoning he took was a long walk before dinner. But how did his wife and children live? Per-

haps they worked; perhaps Xanthippe had a little property of her own; perhaps Socrates had, as Demetrius Phalereus asserted, besides his real estate, seventy minæ, or twelve hundred and sixty dollars, lent on interest to Crito, which would give something over one hundred and fifty dollars a year for household expenses. However this may have been, these three men present a not uninstructive picture of society; — Socrates, reducing the wants of life to the lowest amount, and maintaining a sturdy independence; Ischomachus, a wise and prudent man, managing his property with thrift, living on a liberal scale of expenditure, relieving the poor, helping his friends, and performing every public and private duty with order, punctuality, and a conscientious regard to the rights and interests of all around him; Critobulus, a man of high birth, hereditary property, large and liberal tastes, open-handed hospitality, somewhat ostentatious in his way of living, and, though sometimes pressed for ready cash, recklessly going on with the profuse expenditures which his rank and reputation seemed to demand. Ischomachus is the mean between the two extremes, — in his day doubtless regarded as the best citizen of the three; beloved by his friends; adored by his slaves; called a καλὸς κἀγαθός, or perfect gentleman, by the citizens; looked up to by his amiable little wife as the complete model of a man. Yet we should never have heard of his name but for Xenophon, who has made the whole world wiser and better by his records of the goodness and wisdom of Socrates.

The occupations of a day, for an Athenian of the rank and character of Ischomachus, were not disagreeable. Since the gods have connected happiness with the performance of duties, and these again require the light of knowledge, he opens the labors of the day by a prayer for health, strength, and prosperity, for a good name among the citizens, and success in worldly affairs. Having risen early enough to find people at home, he eats a morsel, and then makes his business visits in the city, combining exercise and profit. If no affairs detain him in town, he sends his horse out into the country by a servant, and walks

thither himself; and having inspected the work going on at the farm, he mounts his horse, and takes a rapid gallop, not minding whether it is up hill or down, leaping over ditches and trenches, just as he would have done in war. Then he gives his horse up to the servant, walks home to a light breakfast, and devotes the day to intercourse with friends, miscellaneous business, visiting places of amusement, or discharging the civil duties which belong to every Athenian citizen, to say nothing of hearing and adjusting the complaints of servants, reconciling differences among friends, endeavoring to convince them that it is much better to be friends than enemies, and discussing the conduct of public men; "and sometimes," says he, "I am taken to task, O Socrates, and put on my trial."—"By whom? for this had escaped my notice."—"By my wife."—"And how do you get on in the defence?"—"When it is for my interest to tell the truth, pretty well; but when the contrary, O Socrates, I cannot make the worse appear the better reason."

But let us look a little more closely into the interior of this establishment. How did the family live? What was their food? When and how many times a day did they eat? Of course, the principal provisions were brought in from the country. The grain had been trodden out on the threshing-floor, in the manner already described, and, after some further preparation, either pounded in the mortar, or ground in hand-mills, or, at a later period, in mills worked by mules. Bread was made of many other grains besides wheat and barley, as rye, millet, spelt, rice, mixed with lotus-root, which was used as the potato is sometimes used now. The variety of loaves and cakes produced by the ancient bakers is exceedingly puzzling; and the forms were as curiously contrived as in any modern bakery. Some were baked in ovens heated by wood, and large enough for a batch of prodigious magnitude; others in vessels set on the coals; and some kinds, as our corn-cakes, before or on the coals. The size varied from slender rolls to loaves requiring three bushels of flour. The bread sold by the

artopolides, or bread-women, in the Attic markets, enjoyed a reputation throughout Greece, like that of French bread at the present day. The principal vegetables used were lettuce, radishes, turnips, asparagus, beans, peas, garlic, and onions. A great many other articles were used as vegetable food, which I believe are seldom sold for that purpose now, such as chokeweed, clematis, and elm-leaves. Beef, mutton, goat's flesh, and pork were the most ordinary meats. The flesh of the ass was sometimes eaten, but rarely, except perhaps when the sausage-sellers seasoned it so that it passed for something else. Hares were a favorite luxury. Attic poultry was famous everywhere. Thrushes enjoyed a reputation similar to that of the canvas-back duck. There was a good supply of doves, blackbirds, becaficos, starlings, partridges, wild pigeons, geese, francolins, and quails, most of which have not lost the estimation in which they were held by the ancient gastronomers. Fish, however, were the objects of the greatest solicitude, — Copaic eels, conger-eels, soles, the tunny, the mackerel, the young shark, the mullet, turbot, carp, gudgeon, anchovy, halibut, and a great many others which cannot be identified with species now known, though mentioned by Athenæus, and most of them described by Aristotle; and among shell-fish, snails, periwinkles, mussels, oysters, echini. A Spartan, being once invited to dine where echini constituted one of the dishes, took one upon his plate, and put it into his mouth. The prickly shell was somewhat uncomfortable, and he disdained to inquire how to eat it. In short, he found himself much in the condition of Davy Crocket with the olive. At last he got angry, and, crushing the shell with a mighty effort of his teeth, he exclaimed, "Accursed beast! I will not let thee go, now that I have cracked thee to pieces; but I will never touch thee again!" Archestratus says: —

> "For mussels you must go to Ænos; oysters
> You 'll find best at Abydos. Parion
> Rejoices in its urchins; but if cockles
> Gigantic and sweet-tasted you would eat,

A voyage must be made to Mitylene,
Or the Ambracian Gulf, where they abound,
With many other dainties. At Messene,
Hard by the narrows, are Pelorian conchs,
Nor are those bad you find near Ephesus.
For Tethyan oysters go to Chalcedon."

The Copaic eel — celebrated in Aristophanes — is found by modern travellers fully to justify the classical eulogies bestowed upon it, and the eagerness of the old Acharnian to put an end to the Peloponnesian war, that he might again enjoy its flavor roasted on the coals and wrapped in beet-leaves. The principal fruits were figs, apples, quinces, peaches, pears, citrons, plums, cherries, mulberries, blackberries, filberts, walnuts, almonds, olives, chestnuts, pistachio-nuts, dates, and, last and best of all, the noblest fruit of the earth, — the grape.

The two principal beverages of the Greeks were water and wine. The wines of Thasos, Cos, Myndos, and Halicarnassus enjoyed a high reputation. Egyptian wines were not disliked. Nectar was made near Olympus in Lydia, by mingling honey and fragrant flowers with the juice of the grape. Not to enter into the particulars of this subject, we may say that the use of wine as a beverage was universal among the ancient nations, with a few individual exceptions. Demosthenes was a water-drinker; but Æschines was so far from agreeing with him, that he made this a ground of insult and reproach to his antagonist. Some of the deepest thinkers arrived at the conclusion that the highest efficiency of the bodily and mental powers is to be attained only by total abstinence from wine. "Old wine," some of the physicians said, "shatters the nerves and produces headache; new wine is the parent of horrible dreams." The doctors and wine-dealers were at feud, considering each other as natural enemies. The philosophers, too, differed from the doctors. Plato and Socrates — though not hard drinkers — could stand a good deal upon occasion. The poets, however, in word if not in deed, were the vintners' best customers. Musæus thought that the reward of virtue in the next world would be everlasting intoxication. Anacreon describes himself as making

his breakfast on a piece of cake and a whole cask of wine, — like Jack Falstaff's bit of bread and monstrous deal of sack. Pindar, who said, "Water is the best," meant it for something else besides drinking, and in another place professes a liking for old wine and new songs. The comic poet Diphilus expressed the general feeling (I am sorry to believe) in verses as flowing and glowing as Tom Moore's: —

"O friend to the wise, to the children of song,
Take me with thee, thou wisest and sweetest, along.
To the humble, the lowly, proud thoughts dost thou bring;
For the wretch who has thee is as blithe as a king;
From the brows of the sage, in thy humorous play,
Thou dost smooth every furrow, every wrinkle, away;
To the weak thou giv'st strength, to the mendicant gold;
And a slave warmed by thee as a lion is bold."

The hero worshipped at the port of Munychia was named Acratopotes, or the drinker of unmixed wine. Wine was imported into Athens from nearly all the islands and cities of the Mediterranean. They had Lesbian, Eubœan, Thasian, Pramnian, and several kinds of Italian wine. In the island of Thera they thickened wine with the yolk of eggs, making a sort of egg-nog. Ice and snow were used to cool wine, just as in our times.

The ordinary style of Greek living was frugal and temperate. The usual number of meals was three a day. The breakfast (ἀκράτισμα) was taken immediately after rising, sometimes while it was yet dark, and consisted only of bread soaked in wine; but what perhaps should more properly be called the breakfast (ἄριστον) was commonly eaten towards noon, as we saw in the case of Ischomachus, who made his morning calls or visited his farm, and took a long gallop, before he breakfasted. This meal was somewhat more elaborate, consisting of warm food. The principal meal was towards the close of the day, and was called δεῖπνον, which corresponded nearly to our dinner. The common meals were prepared, under the direction of the mistress of the house, by her slaves, one of whom was usually a cook; but at dinner-parties, or *symposia*, professed cooks were

employed. It is supposed that generally the men and women in a family took their meals apart; but this could not have been universally the case, since Menander introduces a young dandy complaining what a bore it was to be at a family party, where the father, holding the goblet in his hand, first made a speech, abounding with exhortations, the mother followed, and then the grandmother prated a little; then afterward stood up her father, hoarse with age, and his wife, calling him her dearest, while he meantime nodded to all present.

The occasions for more formal entertainments were numerous among the wealthier class. Public and private sacrifices were at all times celebrated by convivial meetings, as were birthdays of members of the family and of distinguished individuals, living or dead; also the leave-taking of a friend, or his welcome home after a long absence; and after the burial of a person, a funeral feast was held by the surviving relatives and friends. The gaining of a victory or a prize in a dramatic contest was likewise thus celebrated. Entertainments were sometimes got up by parties, dividing the expense among themselves, or each bringing a share of the provisions, after the manner of modern picnics; and excursions into the country or to the sea-shore, with provisions packed in baskets and wine in jars, were no uncommon method of passing a pleasant day. The usual expression was σήμερον ἀκτάσωμεν, "*Let us go to the shore*," — meaning, *Let us have a good time to-day*. Parties given by individuals at their own houses and at their own expense were the customary occasions of social intercourse. The host would go out to the usual places of resort, — the market-place or the gymnasium, — and, meeting his friends there, request them to visit him without further ceremony at such or such a time; or, if he intended to make a more formal affair of it, he gave a list of the guests he proposed to invite to a slave, whose business it was to deliver the invitations in person. It was not the fashion to invite women to these parties, at least at Athens. The fashion appears to have been different at Sybaris; for Plutarch states that the Sybarites used to ask the

ladies a year beforehand, that they might have time to dress. There was some question whether it was quite proper to bring an uninvited guest. Socrates takes Aristodemus with him to Agathon's entertainment, and in the course of the night Alcibiades, at the head of a troop of revellers, breaks in with a great deal of noise; and they are all very politely received. Parasites and mountebanks always took the liberty of dropping in wherever they found a feast was going to be given, which they ascertained by walking through the fashionable streets, and snuffing at the kitchens. These characters were sometimes called *flies*, and sometimes *shades*. There was at one period a law at Athens limiting the number of guests at a marriage-feast to thirty; and it was the duty of a particular officer to enter the banqueting-hall and count the guests. On one occasion the whole number had been invited; but a fly, scenting the savor of the viands, could not resist the temptation to try his fortune. He accordingly entered, and took his place at the foot of the table. The officer came in, and counted the guests, ending with the fly. "Friend," said he, "you must retire; I find there is one more than the law allows." "You are quite mistaken, my dear sir," said the fly, "as you will find if you will be so kind as to count again, — *only beginning with me*." The guests were expected to dress in their best, and to be punctual at the appointed hour; tardiness being justly considered as a piece of impoliteness and presumption.

In all the entertainments described by Homer the guests sit; but in later times the fashion of reclining at meals was universally adopted, except in Crete, where the old fashion was still retained. At ordinary meals, the women and children sat erect. The guests occupied couches, furnished with cushions, and ranged round the dining-room; two persons commonly occupying a single couch, but sometimes three, four, or even five. Before taking their places, a slave removed the shoes of the guests, and washed their feet with wine and perfumed essences. It would seem to have been the Athenian custom for the giver of the entertainment to assign the places

of the company; the place of honor being next his own, which was at the upper end of the room, or farthest from the door. The position they took was so as to let the left arm rest on the cushion, keeping the right arm free and ready for action. The head of the second man reached near the breast of the first, while the feet and legs of the first extended down behind the second. When the guests were duly placed, the slaves brought in water to wash their hands, which Philoxenus, a fly, said was the best use that could be made of water. Generally a table was placed before each couch, and the provisions laid upon it; though some of the dishes were carried round. They had no knives and forks, but helped themselves with their fingers, which, according to the ancient saying, were made first; but as soups could not be managed in this way, necessity, which is the mother of invention, led to the manufacture of spoons. It was not consistent with good manners to talk much until the substantial dishes had been duly honored; and in order to reach this point with the greatest ease and despatch, the guests sometimes lay flat, like sportsmen watching for their prey. The room was brilliantly lighted with lamps and chandeliers, and the guests were crowned with wreaths or garlands.

The entertainment commenced with sweetmeats, cakes, lettuce or pungent herbs, oysters, and thrushes. Then came in a dish of eels done crisp and brown, or some other rare delicacy from the fish-market, such as shrimps, broiled tunny, or mullet. Poultry and meat, of which pork and sausages were favorite kinds, calf's pluck, pig's harslet and chine, feet and snout, kid's head, small hams, and so on, finished the first course. The second course consisted of honey, curdled cream, cheese-cakes, fresh and preserved fruits, and confectionery. Ices were not known. To dine well without knife and fork was an art requiring a great deal of study and practice. The more skilful gourmands prepared themselves for the heat of the battle by playing with hot pokers, or, like Philoxenus, hardened their fingers by dipping them in boiling water, and gargled their mouths and throats with it, that they might seize the delicate

slices smoking hot, and swallow them without serious inconvenience; and one of them is reported to have worn metallic finger-guards. Such persons enjoyed great advantages over the inexperienced, sweeping off the whole dish before the more verdant gentlemen dared to put a finger into the pie. There was no table-cloth or napkin. Crumbs of bread or dough, served round for the purpose, were used for wiping the hands, when that process became necessary, as it often did. At the close of the first course, the tables were removed, and water, with towels, was carried round to wash the hands. Until this period in the feast, silence had been maintained; but now wine was brought in, of which each guest just tasted, and libations were made to the good demon, accompanied by the singing of a pæan to the music of the flute. After this, wine mixed with water was handed to the guests, who drank the first cup to *Ζεὺς Σωτήρ*, Zeus the Preserver.

Here closed the first act, or the substantial part of the dinner; and the symposium proper then commenced, or, to quote the customary phrase, "they set in to drink." Drinking wine unmixed was usually considered as the mark of a barbarian, and as extremely prejudicial to mental and bodily health. Even half and half was thought to be too strong. The common proportion was three parts of water to one of wine, and this was sometimes mixed with honey and spices. The drink was prepared in a vessel called a *κρατήρ*, or *mixer*, and poured into drinking-cups of various names, shapes, and sizes. The *culix* was a shallow cup with two handles; the *phiale* had but one handle; the *rhuton*, or drinking-horn, had this to recommend it, that it was impossible to set it down until it was emptied. The drinking was presided over by a master of the revels, called the *symposiarch*, generally chosen by a throw of *astragals*, or dice. He had the entire control of the entertainment; determined the proportion of wine and water, how much each guest should drink, and the penalty to be paid as a forfeit for failure in any of the duties of the feast; and had the attendants under his exclusive command. The cups were

carried round to the right, smaller ones being first used, then larger, as the business of the night advanced. At Agathon's entertainment, Alcibiades and Socrates each drained at a single draught a cup that held two quarts. At the funeral feast given by Alexander the Great in honor of Calanus the Brahmin, a drinking bout was proposed, with a crown for the prize of the victor. Promachus was the happy mortal who gained the wreath by swallowing a couple of gallons; but he died three days afterward. Alexander himself was a terrible toper, and died at Babylon in consequence of a drunken debauch; the brilliant history of his achievements ending in a fever of intoxication, and serving only "to point a moral or adorn a tale." The amusements of the night were by no means limited to drinking. Conversation, music, and dancing added their attractions.

The two principal sources of our information as to these matters are the Symposium of Xenophon, a very elegant and graceful work, and the Symposium of Plato, one of his most animated and characteristic productions, — both undoubtedly founded on real scenes in the life of Athens in the times of their authors. Plutarch also has a work written in imitation of these agreeable compositions, but far inferior in liveliness and artistic effect. The Deipnosophistæ of Athenæus is very absurd, but invaluable for the information it contains and the extracts from earlier writers it has preserved.

Female flute-players and dancers were almost indispensable accompaniments to the symposium, having been engaged in the agora, where they stood waiting for employment. Jugglers were sometimes added, and all kinds of tumblers performed their tricks for the diversion of the company. Xenophon describes a female dancer, who would throw back her head until it reached her heels, and then roll off like a hoop. Then she would take some hoops, and, while dancing to the music of the flute, throw them, one after another, into the air, catching them as they fell, until a dozen or more were flying at once between her hands and the ceiling. Another

of her feats of agility was to pitch herself head foremost into a hoop of large size set round with upright swords, then, standing on her head, to balance her body over the naked points, and, finally, with a single spring, to regain her footing outside of the circle. Jesters and buffoons excited the merriment of the company by their jokes and tricks; but a foreign guest, on one occasion, said that, though a monkey always diverted him, he felt nothing but disgust at the man-monkey. Toasts were drunk by the guests to one another, and in honor of the absent. Young gentlemen in love pledged each his mistress, sometimes taking a glass for each letter in her name; sometimes drinking three glasses only, one for each of the Graces; or, when it was desired to testify to the lady's charms with especial emphasis, equalling the number of goblets to that of the Muses. The following lover's song, composed for such an occasion, is found in the Anthology: —

"Pour out ten cups of the sparkling wine,
To crown Lycidice's charms divine;
One for Euphrante, young and fair,
With the sparkling eye, and the raven hair.
Then I love Lycidice more, you say?
By this foaming goblet, I say you nay.
More valued than ten is Euphrante to me;
For as when the heavens unclouded be,
And the stars are crowding far and nigh
On the deep blue of the midnight sky,
The moon is still brighter and lovelier far
Than the loveliest planet or brightest star, —
So 'mid the stars of this earthly sphere,
None are so lovely or half so dear
As to me is Euphrante, young and fair,
With the sparkling eye and the raven hair."

Though devoted especially to Euphrante, he had no objection to a few glasses in honor of another, — "all for love and a little for the bottle."

Pantomimic and dramatic dances lent variety and interest to the entertainment. The dining-room was arranged, after the drinking was over, as a temporary theatre; and the piece

was played in the centre, the guests looking on. In Xenophon's Symposium of Callias, there is a very remarkable description of a scene of this kind, representing the loves of Ariadne and Dionysos. A company of strolling players from Syracuse comes in, like the players in Hamlet. The leader or manager announces the piece: — "Ariadne enters the *thalamos;* afterwards Dionysos will come in, and they will play together." The drama is performed with great spirit, as if the counterfeit presentment of the passion had been changed into a reality.

Conversation, jokes, puns, and sportive trials of skill were of course among the staple amusements of these occasions. There was a club of sixty at Athens, in the time of Demosthenes, whose principal object in life was to say good things; and their reputation rose so high that Philip of Macedon sent them a present of a talent, or about a thousand dollars, with a request that they would furnish him a collection of their jokes for his private use. There was one of them, — an unfortunate gentleman from Metapontum, — of distinguished fortune and family, — who had lost the power of laughing by going down into the cave of Trophonius, in Lebadeia, — a cave supposed to be haunted by sundry demoniac spirits. He made a pilgrimage to Delphi to inquire by what means he might cure himself of this inexplicable calamity. The Pythoness replied, "Unpleasant mortal, thou inquirest of me concerning pleasant laughter. The mother shall give it thee at home; honor her supremely." He went home, expecting to have a hearty guffaw as soon as he saw his mother. He was disappointed, and thought that the oracle had been quizzing him; but happening to go to Delos on some occasion, he walked about the island full of admiration at what he beheld, and at length entered the temple of Leto, the mother of Apollo, expecting to find her statue well worth seeing. But when his eyes fell upon a shapeless bit of wood, he burst into a sudden fit of laughter. Remembering the oracle, and cured of his infirmity, he worshipped the mother goddess with the highest degree of veneration.

The *cottabos*, a Sicilian game, by which the inclinations of the beloved one were supposed to be announced, was a favorite sport at these entertainments. The trick consisted in throwing a glass of wine upon one balance of a pair of nicely adjusted scales, so as to make it strike the head of a brazen figure placed below it, without spilling the wine. If the experiment succeeded, then "she loves," if not, "she does not." Other games were chess, drafts, and dice, though these were not all nor exclusively played at the symposia.

Another favorite amusement was the guessing of conundrums. Athenæus has preserved a considerable number of these. One is as follows: —

> "Know'st thou the creature that a tiny brood
> Within her bosom keeps securely mewed?
> Though voiceless all, beyond the ocean wide
> To distant realms their still, small voices glide;
> Far, far away, whome'er to address they seek
> Will understand; yet no one hears them speak."

Antiphanes represents the poetess Sappho as propounding this *griphus*. One of the company guessed that the creature was the city, and the tiny brood the orators, whose voices, heard beyond the sea, bring in bribes from Thrace and Asia, while the Demos sits down before them, unable to hear or see for their uproar and quarrelling. He is mistaken; and when he gives up further attempts, Sappho tells him, "The creature is an epistle, and the brood the letters in it, which, though dumb, speak to those afar off." The recitation of fine passages from the poets was occasionally introduced. Perhaps the most striking amusement of this class was the singing of *scolia*, so called, because one of the party improvised a strophe or stanza, and then, on his passing the lyre or myrtle-branch he held in his hand to any other guest he chose, the person receiving it was obliged to improvise a stanza to match on the same subject. These compositions, from the irregular manner in which they went round the saloon, were called *scolia*, or crooked songs. It naturally happened that this part of the entertainment fell

to the lot of the most skilful and practised persons present. The best known specimen of this kind of performance is the ode to the tyrannicides Harmodius and Aristogeiton: —

"'Wreathed with myrtle be my glave,
Wreathed like yours, stout hearts! when ye
Death to the usurper gave,
And to Athens, liberty.

"Dearest youths! ye are not dead,
But in islands of the blest,
With Tydean Diomed,
With the swift Achilles, rest.'

"'Yes, with wreaths my sword I 'll twine,
Wreaths like yours, ye tried and true!
When at chaste Athene's shrine
Ye the base Hipparchus slew.

"Bright your deeds beyond the grave!
Endless your renown! for ye
Death to the usurper gave,
And to Athens liberty.'"

The action celebrated in this piece was as favorite a subject of rhetorical and poetical eulogium among the Athenians, as the exploit of William Tell with modern sons of liberty. A shorter specimen, in choriambic and dactylic measure, is preserved, with a good many others, by Athenæus.

THE LYRE AND THE VASE.

"'O that I were the sweet-tuned lyre, of burnished ivory bright,
Which beautiful youths, in the festive choir, attune to the Dionysiac rite!'

"'O that I were the golden vase, so pure, and of form so fair,
Which beautiful dames, at the festive games, in their arms to the sacred altar bear!'"

From thirty to forty scolia have been preserved.

In the Symposium of Athenæus, the subjects discussed would have occupied at least three months' hard talking. Of course it represents nothing that ever took place on this earth. The Symposium of Xenophon is beautifully written, and may well

embody the substance of discussions that were actually held at a social meeting during the celebration of the greater Panathenæa, between such men as Socrates, Critobulus, Charmides, and others. The accessories of the entertainment are lightly and gracefully presented, and the subjects of love and friendship agreeably handled. Plato's Symposium collects the most brilliant wits in Athens; — first and foremost, Socrates; Agathon, the poet, who gives the feast; Aristodemus; Pausanias; Eryximachus, a physician; Phædrus; Aristophanes, — in all twenty-eight. In the midst of the conversation, a great noise is heard at the door; and when it opens, in rushes Alcibiades, not so sober as he should be, followed by a band of revellers, who fill the saloon, and take part both in the drinking and the talking. The great topic of the evening is Love, and the guests, one after another, give their opinions on the matter. After midnight, some of them go home, others fall asleep; and Socrates commences a lecture on the art of Poetry, to which Agathon and Aristophanes do their best to listen, and at last fall dead asleep. Socrates places them comfortably on their couches, washes his face, marches off to the Lyceum, where he talks all day long, and finally reaches his own home on the following evening. The whole piece is intended, doubtless, to give a vivid picture of one of those celebrated Attic nights, in the first place, and in the next, to embody the whole Platonic theory of love, the sum and substance of which is, that affection for objects and persons of the visible creation should lead us to the love of divine things, which shine with a beauty incomparably more lustrous than the most exquisite forms of those we love on earth. Love, therefore, has the closest connection with philosophy itself, which is, as it were, its culmination; for by this alone the mind of man is imbued with a true knowledge, inflamed by a love of perfect and consummated virtue, and, by the contemplation of divine things, finally brought to the enjoyment of supreme happiness and blessed tranquillity.

But to descend from these Platonic altitudes once more into

the terrestrial purlieus of the kitchen, that illustrious personage, the cook, ought not to be neglected. For such an entertainment as those described by Plato and Xenophon, the family cook would be wholly insufficient. Athens abounded in professed cooks, as we may gather not only from numerous allusions in the Platonic Dialogues, but from the direct testimony of other authors. The art was so highly appreciated in that capital, that gentlemen of this profession from other countries and cities found there the most brilliant theatre for the display of their genius. The Sicilians bore the palm from all others. Some of them aspired to the fame of authorship, and professed an acquaintance with philosophy, geometry, astronomy, painting, sculpture, and medicine. Astronomy taught what was the best season for mackerel and haddock; geometry, where a boiler or gridiron might be placed to the greatest advantage; and medicine, what dishes were wholesome and what were not. Philemon, the comic poet, thus introduces one of these gentry: —

"How strong is my desire fore earth and heaven
To tell how daintily I cooked his dinner
'Gainst his return! By all Athene's owls,
'T is no unpleasant thing to hit the mark
On all occasions. What a fish had I!
And ah! how nicely fried! not all bedevilled
With cheese, or browned atop, but, though well done,
Looking alive, in its rare beauty dressed.
With skill so exquisite the fire I tempered,
It seemed a joke to say that it was cooked.
And then, just fancy now you see a hen
Gobbling a morsel much too big to swallow.
With bill uplifted round and round she runs
Half choking; while the rest are at her heels,
Clucking for shares. Just so 't was with my soldiers.
The first who touched the dish, up started he,
Whirling round in a circle like the hen,
Eating and running; but his jolly comrades,
Each a fish-worshipper, soon joined the dance,
Laughing and shouting, snatching some a bit,
Some missing, till like smoke the whole had vanished.

Yet were they merely mud-fed river dabs.
But had some splendid scar-fish graced my pan,
Or Attic blue-fish, O Servator Zeus!
A boar from Argos, or the conger-eel,
Which old Poseidon to Olympus sends
To be the food of gods, — why then my guests
Had rivalled those above. I have in fact
The power to lavish immortality
On whom I please, or, by my potent art,
To raise the dead if they but snuff my dishes."

These sublime artists were to be found in the agora, where they were hired, with all their cooking apparatus, as their services were required.

Among the famous diners-out commemorated by Athenæus, there was Charinus the Syracusan, who had a poetical passage *apropos* to every dish, and sometimes, it is said, suffered the fish to cool while he was showing off his learning. Callipha-nes, Cleanthes, and Pamphilus kept portfolios of poetical extracts, that they might be provided for every dinner-table emergency. Archestratus wrote an epic poem on good eating, laying down the maxim that the number at the table should never exceed four or five. Timachidas wrote a poem on the same subject, in eleven books. Four or five other authors are mentioned by Athenæus; one of whom, Philoxenus, the fly, already mentioned, celebrates the merits of the kettle and the frying-pan. The same man invented the Philoxenian cakes. Another gourmand exclaims: "Ah, how delightful it is to refresh my throat with the crackling flakes of broiled fish!" Suidas relates that Philoxenus was in the habit of frequenting the neighborhood of rich men's houses, accompanied by slaves, with wine, oil, vinegar, and other seasonings, and where he smelt the best dinner, he would go into the kitchen, season the dishes, and then take his place among the guests. It was he who wished that Nature had given man the neck of a crane, that the pleasure of swallowing might be prolonged. Pithyl-lus contrived an artificial covering for the tongue, by which the flavor of a good dish was retained for a long time on the palate.

Perhaps too much time has been occupied by this subject, — frivolous, no doubt, in the estimation of many, — but still one aspect of the life of Greece in its best ages. I have taken only a few of the prominent points, simply proposing to place the outlines before you. But the life of man exhibits everywhere the same great phenomena, however modified by transient conditions and influences.

The details which have been here brought together naturally lead us to say something of the Grecian market. A visit to the market was one of the arrangements of the day. You will remember that Dicæarchus said the Athenian agora was well supplied with all the necessaries and luxuries of life. Isocrates speaks to the same purport. Its locality was between the Pnyx and the Acropolis. It was adorned with temples, galleries, altars, and statues, and shaded by plane-trees, planted by Cimon. The time for visiting the agora was about the middle of the forenoon, when that quarter of the city exhibited a spectacle not unlike high 'Change. This time is designated by the words *ἀγορὰ πλήθουσα*, or *full market*, — of frequent occurrence in the Greek writers. The breaking up of the market was about noon. The other places of common resort for the more respectable of the male gossips were the barbers' shops, the surgeries, and the shops of the ointment-sellers and shoemakers. Thus Peisthetairos, in the Birds, says: —

> "You must have heard, yourself, elderly people
> Sitting conversing in the barber's shop,
> And one says: 'Well, Diitrephes has talked
> So much to my young man, he has brought him at last
> To plume himself on driving.' And another
> Says that his son is quite amongst the clouds,
> Grown flighty of late with studying tragedy."

It was in such places that Socrates rejoiced to hold forth to anybody who liked to hear him; and who did not listen with delight to the resistless charm of his talk?

All kinds of trade were carried on in the market; the

native traders and foreigners equally paying a fee for the privilege. Here advertisements of things found or lost were posted up, or proclamation was made by the city crier; and here philosophers and sophists gathered their hearers about them to discourse on the nature of things. The merchant who imported and sold his goods by wholesale; the retail-dealers; the farmers from the country, with the produce of their gardens and fields, — were here brought together. The market was divided into circles, for the different kinds of merchandise, — furniture, slaves, meat, fish. The sellers had booths, hung with wicker-work or wattles; and each place was called by the name of the article sold there. Thus, *to go to the fish*, or *to the wine*, means to go to the fish-market, to the wine-market, &c. In one quarter stood the auction-mart, where all sorts of merchandise were disposed of to the highest bidder. Women, except of the lowest class, never made purchases in the market. Either the master of the house or his slave — a male slave called ἀγοραστής, *the purchaser* — attended to this part of domestic duty. On one side of the agora stood cooks waiting to be hired, as we have already seen. Crockery and cooking utensils were to be found on another. Articles of luxury and splendor had their particular place. Wine brought to the city in wains, as distinguished from the καπηλεῖα, or dram-shops, was sold in open market. The dram-shops, inns, or taverns were not considered very reputable places to be seen in, though, of course, frequented by the loungers in the streets. Their keepers were accused of weakening their wines with waters from the Ilissus, besides using small measures. Poultry was sold at tables. The name of a noted poulterer, Philocrates, is preserved in the Birds of Aristophanes, where the birds set a price on his head. The use of chaplets for sacrificial ceremonies, feasts, and numerous other occasions at all seasons in the year, created a large demand for this article, which was manufactured by women, who, with the sellers of ribbons and of ready-made head-dresses, occupied a place called "the myrtles." Salt fish was sold outside of the

gates, although it was so extensively used as an article of food that the inventor of it had a statue erected to his memory as a public benefactor. Bread-women sold their loaves at stalls. This class of dealers was notorious for vituperative eloquence, as the dealers in chaplets and the flute-players were for their pleasant manners and ready wit. On one side of the agora were ranged the tables or banks of the money-changers, — a class of men essential to the commercial enterprises of the Athenians, — who will be mentioned in another place.

The most important part of the agora was the fish-market. Notice was given when the sale commenced by ringing a bell; and all other quarters were deserted, everybody rushing to the spot. Rich gourmands hurried in with their baskets and slaves to get the first choice; the poor looked away, as one of them expresses it, —

> "Lest, if I saw the fish they ask so much for,
> I should at once to marble turn."

The fishmongers, both male and female, bore the same character in Athens as in London and Paris. Amphis, the comic poet, describes their surly manners: —

> "Ten thousand times more easy 't is to gain
> Admission to a haughty general's tent,
> And have discourse of him, than in the market
> Audience to get of a cursed fishmonger.
> If you draw near and say, 'How much, my friend,
> Costs this or that?' — no answer. Deaf you think
> The rogue must be, or stupid; for he heeds not
> A syllable you say, but o'er his fish
> Bends silently like Telephus, (and with good reason;
> For his whole race he knows are cut-throats all).
> Another, minding not, or else not hearing,
> Pulls by the legs a polypus. A third
> With saucy carelessness replies: 'Four oboli, —
> That 's just the price. For this no less than eight, —
> Take it or leave it.'"

And Alexis writes: —

> "But when a paltry fish-fag will look big,
> Cast down his eyes affectedly, or bend

His eyebrows upward like a full-strained bow,
I burst with rage. Demand what price he asks
For, say two mullets; and he answers straight,
'Ten oboli!' 'Ten? that's dear; will you take eight?'
'Yes, if one fish will serve you.' 'Friend, no jokes;
I am no subject for your mirth.' 'Pass on, sir!
And buy elsewhere.' Now tell me, is not this
Bitterer than gall?"

There was a law forbidding the fishmongers to water their fish so as to give them the appearance of being fresher than they were. Another regulation required them to have but one price. With regard to the former law, Xenarchus says: —

"Commend me for invention to the rogue
Who sells fish in the agora. He knows,
In fact there's no mistaking, that the law
Clearly and formally forbids the trick
Of reconciling stale fish to the nose
By constant watering. But if some poor wight
Detect him in the fact, forsooth he picks
A quarrel, and provokes his man to blows.
He wheels meanwhile about his fish, looks sharp
To catch the nick of time, reels, feigns a hurt,
And prostrate falls just in the right position.
A friend placed there on purpose snatches up
A pot of water, sprinkles a drop or two,
For form's sake, on his face, but by mistake,
As you must sure believe, pours all the rest
Full on the fish, so that you almost might
Consider them fresh caught."

I will close this ancient and fish-like subject with a fish-story from Strabo. A harp-player had gathered a circle of admiring listeners around himself, when suddenly the bell of the fish-market began to ring. In an instant they all deserted him, except one man who was deaf. "I thank you," said the musician, "for the honor you have done me in not going like the others at the sound of the bell." "What!" said he, "did you say the bell had rung?" "Yes." "God bless you, then," said he, and took to his heels.

LECTURE VI.

DRESS. — ARMOR. — ARTISTICAL DRAPERY. — MANUFACTURES, TRADE, AND COMMERCE.

A PICTURE of the private life of the Greeks would be very incomplete, without some account of their style of dress. The ancient draperies were doubtless much better suited to artistic representation than the dresses in which human beings have disguised themselves in our own more enlightened days. The body was less constrained by the contrivances worn to shield it from the rigors of an inclement sky, than it is by the walking fetters and jails in which modern tailors bind and shut us up. Small-clothes and knee-buckles have some venerable associations; cocked hats remind us of our grandfathers; long waistcoats, with deep pockets, excite a profound respect; silk stockings, with silver-buckled shoes, have an aristocratic sound; but can anything be more absurd, if looked at in an economical or æsthetic point of view, than each and all of these instruments of torture? The present costume is even less picturesque. Boots, trousers, waistcoat, coat, and hat,—lay them out or hang them up together, and what logical connection would Aristotle himself have imagined to exist between them and man, that paragon of animals? Yet the personality of man is so closely identified with these monstrous productions of the nightmare of dyspeptic tailors, that probably no human being would be recognized by his next-door neighbor in his simply draped humanity. The female costumes have always been more tasteful, owing to the instinctive loyalty to the spirit of beauty which is the characteristic of the sex; and why any one of them should so far forget the innate gracefulness of her

being as to cherish a morbid desire to step into the shoes and so on of the more tasteless sex, is to me one of the most inexplicable mysteries of the times. If it depended upon my vote, the exchange should very readily be made. The modern hat, a piece of funnel with a top and border, is modelled probably from "Luke's iron crown," selected by the poet as an illustration of the wanton excesses of tyranny. Shoes and boots are so contrived as to mutilate the fair proportions of the foot, pinching the toes, — which in their natural condition are ornaments to human nature, in cases of emergency capable of supplying the place of hands and fingers, — into the most pitiable deformity and imbecility. To be set in the stocks was once a disgraceful punishment; yet what are boots and shoes but stocks, with this great disadvantage, that they go with us wherever we go, turning our feet into bunches of corns, and making the services of the chiropodist of more imminent necessity than those of the surgeon in the economy of life? The Greeks had a great variety of sandals, shoes, and boots; but to go barefoot never offended the usages of society, except on festive or state occasions; and any one who remembers with what delight he felt the first touch of the soil, in spring or early summer, when the time came for throwing off his shoes and stockings, will agree with me in thinking that the Hellenic usage in this respect was more natural and agreeable than our own. Of all the enjoyments of childhood and youth in the country in former times, that of the soft, fresh feeling of the genial earth, pressed by the unshod sole of the foot, is undoubtedly one of the most delicious, — a pleasure, I fear, now fast vanishing from the face of our planet. Though the Greeks had various coverings for the head, it was also perfectly in accordance with the customs of polite society to go bareheaded. They had no fear of uplifting the noble throne of the intellect into the clear air, and allowing the breezes of heaven to play freely around it; and here they showed their instinctive sagacity. But to pass from the painful contrasts which these comparisons suggest, let us spend a few moments upon the details of the Grecian dress.

There was one striking difference between the dresses of most of the other known nations of the ancient world and those of the Greeks and Romans. Trousers, or pantaloons, were worn by the Oriental nations, — Medes, Persians, Assyrians, Parthians, —and by the principal Western nations of Europe known to the ancients, especially the Dacians and Gauls. The first women who are known to have assumed this dress were the Amazons; but even these ladies, unlike their successors, the Bloomers, modestly limited the time of imprisonment in such masculine habiliments to the period of warlike expeditions, after which they resumed the customary and graceful attire of their sex, laying aside the garb of manhood with the helmet, shield, and spear. These garments were made of skins, or richly wrought cloth, sometimes fitting tightly to the limbs, like those in use here, and sometimes loose and hanging in folds over the shoes, like the Turkish trousers. The Greeks never wore them at all; nor did the Romans until the time of the Emperors, who attempted to introduce breeches among their subjects, as a means of making them forget their ancient liberties. The Greek style of dress was not, however, precisely the same as the Roman, though there was a general resemblance. The *himation* of the Greeks and the *toga* of the Romans were different in shape, and differently worn, though as an outer garment they answered the same purpose. The materials used by the Greeks were furnished partly by domestic manufacture, and partly by commercial exchange. They were fabrics of woollen, cotton, linen, and, in the later times, silk. The woollen was frequently spun and woven by the women of the household, though there were also large establishments where this as well as the other tissues was manufactured to supply the market. The Dorians differed somewhat from the other Greeks in their notions of propriety. At Sparta, the women appeared in the public games and dances in a style of undress or half-dress, which shocked the refinement of Athenian society. At Athens, a much more becoming style prevailed, except perhaps among the *artistes* who danced for hire at the private

and public entertainments, at which, be it remembered, modest women were never present. The essential parts of the Grecian dress remained, with some changes in form, fashion, and make, nearly the same from Homer down to the latest times. When Agamemnon's morning slumbers are broken by the deceptive dream from Zeus, he first sits up in bed, rubs his eyes, and then proceeds to dress, much as Alcibiades or Pericles would have performed the same operation seven or eight hundred years later. First he put on his soft *chiton;* next he threw over it the ample *pharos;* under his shining feet he bound his beautiful sandals; and over his shoulders he slung his silver-hilted sword.

The articles of a Grecian wardrobe may be classed under two heads; — first, those drawn on, or got into; and second, those thrown over the person: the former called by the general term ἐνδύματα (*endymata*), and the latter ἐπιβλήματα (*epiblemata*). The principal garment of the first class was the χιτών (*chiton*), which was worn next the body, like a flannel under-waistcoat. In early times, it was large and long, reaching to the feet; but later it was of varying length, extending sometimes to the knees and sometimes to the feet. Sometimes it was made with two sleeves, closed, either by the needle, or by clasps or hooks placed at intervals down the arm; but frequently there was only one sleeve, or arm-hole, the garment being secured by a broach or pin over the other shoulder; and in some of the works of art it is fastened by broaches over both shoulders. The one-sleeved kind was called the ἐξωμίς (*exomis*), and was less elaborately made, being worn by laboring people. Whether any garment was at any time worn under this among the Greeks is doubtful. The principal outer garment of the class of ἐπιβλήματα was the *himation.* This was a square piece of cloth, of a more or less costly fabric, according to the circumstances of the wearer. It was thrown over the left shoulder, drawn across the back to the right side, generally below the right arm, but sometimes over it, and again over the right shoulder or arm. There were many styles of wearing this garment,

and the gentility of the personal appearance depended much on the adroitness with which it was managed. It usually reached to the knee, but the Spartan *tribon* was much shorter. In the time of simple and hardy manners, the boys commonly wore only the *chiton*. The young men, from the age of seventeen to twenty, called ἔφηβοι (*ephebi*), instead of the *himation*, wore a garment of a somewhat different shape, the *chlamys*, differing principally in being oblong, — the length about twice the breadth, — gores being added at the sides. This garment was also the military cloak, since it was more convenient for journeys, especially for riding on horseback. The shorter side was passed round the neck, and fastened by a broach; then it hung down the back and reached the heels. That worn by the youths was saffron-colored. Sometimes it was hung over the left shoulder, so as to cover one side of the body; or it was passed across the back, and over one or both arms, like a lady's shawl. There was indeed an infinite diversity in its adjustment.

The dress of the women consisted of the same principal elements, but greatly diversified in form and in the manner of wearing. A belt or zone was clasped about the waist, and sometimes a second confined the dress below. They had, too, a number of additional contrivances, and one or two garments seldom worn by the other sex. Julius Pollux describes first the *epomis* or *diploidion*, — an outer garment with sleeves falling down to the feet, and often made so long as to fold over at the top, and hang down over the breast and the back. Sometimes this garment was so nearly the same for both sexes, that husband and wife could wear it with equal convenience. Xanthippe is said to have steadily refused to wear her husband's. The most distinguishing article of female apparel was called the κροκωτός (*crocotos*), a saffron-colored under-garment, and even this on state occasions was worn by the men. *Peplos* is a general term for almost any kind of garment or cloak. Capes and tippets formed a part of the lady's wardrobe; and various mantles, purple or embroidered with gold, floated about her per-

son as she walked. The Athenian women appear not only to have resorted to cosmetics, as we saw in the sketch of the wife of Ischomachus, but they had many ingenious contrivances for the improvement of the figure. Corsets and tight-lacing were frequently employed. If a damsel was too short, she had cork put into the soles of her shoes; if too tall, she wore thin soles, and dropped her head on her shoulder. If her figure was too thin, the defect was removed by padding; so that, says Alexis, the comic poet, the beholders would cry out at the beauty of her form. Red eyebrows, according to the same authority, were blackened; a dark complexion was whitened; one too pale was rouged; and any peculiar beauty of the person was carefully displayed. She who had white teeth must needs laugh, that the passer-by might see what a handsome mouth she had, and so on. But I do not think it would be fair to disclose any more secrets of the toilette; though, as these ladies, if living now, would be twenty-three or four centuries old, perhaps no great harm would be done to their prospects.

It is a mistake to suppose that these dresses were always simple, and of a single color. The women naturally dressed, as a general rule, in gayer tints than the men; but white, yellow, purple, gray, brown, olive, green, azure, and changeable were worn by both sexes; only it was considered essential to good taste to avoid very staring colors. The undergarment, in times of mourning, was sometimes black. On great occasions, such as festivals and religious processions, a richer splendor of dress was of course exhibited than in daily life; and there were some kinds of garments, as the *xystis*, or purple robe, never worn except on these occasions. The white mantle was the dress for many festival occasions, long after the dyer's art had given a variety of colors to the ordinary costume. It is, of course, understood that slaves and laborers in the country wore dresses different from those which have been described, and such as were convenient for their several occupations.

Generally speaking, the head and feet were covered only

out of doors. The common term for the dress of the foot was ὑπόδημα (*hypodema*), meaning *something bound under;* but there was a great variety in form and fashion, from the simple sandal up to the high boot. The sandal was secured to the sole of the foot by a leather thong passing between the great and the second toe, and attached to another across the instep, that again connecting with a strap that passed round the back of the heel. These straps were sometimes so multiplied, and so closely crossed each other, that they nearly covered the foot. The half-shoe covered the fore part of the foot. Gradually the whole foot was covered by the upper leather, and ornamented with bows and buckles. Persian shoes, of red morocco, were fashionable at Athens in the time of Aristophanes; and Lacedæmonian shoes were considered in good taste. Boots, open and laced in front, were worn chiefly in hunting. A species of sock or stocking made of felt appears to have been sometimes worn. The soles of the shoes, when thick and high, had the middle layer of cork; and sometimes men's shoes were studded with nails, though this was considered a mark of rusticity. A good fit was thought as important in the Athenian circles as it is now. Even Socrates put on an elegant pair of shoes when he went to that famous supper at Agathon's house. Many colors were admissible, — white, red, brown, and black. Gloves were not used, except in certain kinds of work.

The wedding-dress for the gentleman consisted of a *chiton* of Milesian wool, a white *himation,* half-shoes with crimson thongs and clasps of gold, and a chaplet of myrtle-branches and violets. The bride wore embroidered sandals, adorned with emeralds, rubies, and pearls, with white thongs, a necklace of gold richly set with precious stones, armlets, and pearl ear-drops; her hair, fragrant with the richest perfumes of the East, was restrained by a fillet or coronet and a chaplet of flowers; and her fingers, ungloved, were resplendent with jewels and rings. Over her simple but magnificent costume, brilliant in colors and costly in ornaments, floated the silvery tissue of the nuptial veil, like a cloud.

In Homer, the Achaians are designated as καρηκομόωντες, or long-haired. At all times the hair was especially cultivated by the Greeks. Brasidas said, "The hair makes the handsome handsomer, and the ugly more terrible." Herodotus relates that the spy of Xerxes found the Spartans combing their heads just before the battle of Thermopylæ. At Athens, the youth reaching the age of an ephebus (seventeen) cut off his hair, and consecrated it to some deity; but in manhood the hair was worn longer, and the fashion in which it was worn was a point of as great consequence as any other part of what Mr. Hamilton calls the personal scenery of a gentleman. The barbers in Athens were numerous; and hair-cutting, as well as paring the nails and removing warts and freckles, was attended to in their shops. Persons dissatisfied with the natural color of the hair found here the means of correcting the mistakes of Nature; ointment, perfumes, oils, essences, were recommended by the professional gentlemen, and were often used by those whose minds were exercised on such subjects. The first appearance of gray hairs was frequently a warning to call in the art of the hair-dresser. The beard and mustache were usually allowed to grow, though not universally. It was considered rather effeminate to have them taken off. In short, shaving was a little disreputable. Alexander ordered his soldiers to be shaved, because the beard presented the most convenient handle for the enemy in battle. The successors of Alexander shaved, and so the poets of that period — Menander, for example — appear to have done. The care of the beard and mustache cost a good deal of time and thought, except among the sophists, who rather affected to leave it untrimmed, to designate their contempt of sublunary affairs. Some of the philosophers, however, such as Aristotle, and the physicians generally, are represented as shaved.

Alciphron, to whom I shall have occasion to refer on another occasion, says in one of his pleasant epistles: "You saw what a trick the cursed barber near the street played on me, that prating, gossiping fellow, who sells the looking-

glasses of Abrotesion, — the fellow that tames crows and ravens, and plays cymbal-tunes with his razors. When I went to get my chin shaved, he received me with great politeness, perched me up in a high chair, put on me a new napkin, and brought the razor down softly over my jaws, thinning off the beard. But in this he proved a villain and a reprobate; for, without my noticing it, he did his work only in part, and not over the whole jaw, so that it was left in many places rough, in others smooth. As I knew nothing about his villany, I went, according to my custom, uninvited to Pasion's, and the guests, as soon as they saw me, died with laughter, until one of them came forward, and, taking hold of the remaining beard, gave it a twitch. I tweaked it out with a deal of trouble and suffering. I should like to take a billet of wood and break the rascal's head." The writer of this epistle means to intimate that he did not look into the mirror after he had got shaved, which is the height of improbability; since large mirrors were usually ranged round the walls of the barbers' shops, in all directions. These same shops also furnished wigs of any size or color to gentlemen standing in need of them. Scented lard, and various other pomatums, were sold there. Young gentlemen resorted thither to get their hair curled, for which curling-irons were constantly heating. Other articles used for the hair were bear's grease, onion-juice, olive-oil, the gluten of snails, bruised cabbage-leaves, burnt frogs, walnuts, and pitch. It was thought that wearing a hat or bonnet tended to make the hair turn gray, so that such coverings were avoided as much as possible. Many of the works of art represent the hair of men, as well as of women, curled and hanging down in parallel ringlets. In some, indeed, it is drawn up and bound in a large bunch on the top of the head; but in many it is left long and luxuriant, without any restraint. The women had a variety of nettings, caps, and coiffures, from very remote antiquity. There was the sling-shaped band, the broad part passing over the forehead, and the narrow part round the sides of the head; there were hair-nets made of golden threads,

or silk, or byssus; there were sacks, — either covering the whole head, or leaving the front bare, — open behind, so that a kind of queue might hang out; and so on.

Umbrellas and sunshades, almost exactly of the modern shape, appear in the works of art.

It was the fashion to carry a cane, both in Athens and in Sparta. This was a sort of reminiscence of the spear, borne universally by the heroes in the Homeric age. Young gentlemen, who whisk a slender stick as they walk through the street, seldom remember the martial origin of so innocent an implement in their white-gloved hands.

The men sometimes wore hats or caps, especially in certain trades and on journeys. The *petasus* was a broad-brimmed hat, varying in fashion as to the brim, but always with an arched crown. The *causia* had a higher crown, flat on the top, also with a broad brim. Boatmen wore caps fitting closely to the head, and without a brim, usually red. The *petasus* was sometimes white, with a red brim; but the purple *causia* was the more stylish.

Rings on the fingers came earlier into use among the men than among the women, for the reason doubtless that they were employed for seals. Ear-drops, however, and rings and chains about the arms, neck, hands, and feet, were the peculiar ornaments of the better sex. These were all included under the name of χρυσία (*chrysia*), as golden ornaments.

Coan and Amorginian tissues were famous for their gauze-like and transparent fineness of texture, and were used to enhance the effect of female costume, as well as for other more objectionable purposes. In Ionia, the extravagance of dress appears to have been carried to its height. In Athens, luxury went very far in this matter; but generally speaking, the fashions were restrained, among respectable men and women, within the limits of good taste. The profligate, there as elsewhere, outraged modesty by their style of dress no less than by their vices.

Crowns and wreaths were much used by the Greeks; and

particular species were consecrated to certain deities, — as that of oak-leaves to Zeus, that of laurel-leaves to Apollo, of wheat-ears to Demeter, of myrtle to Aphrodite. Wreaths were the prizes of the victors in the games, — wild olive in the Olympian, laurel in the Pythian, parsley in the Nemean, and pine in the Isthmian. The diadem was the emblem of royalty; a wreath of olive-branches was worn on occasion of the birth of a son, a flower-garland at weddings and feasts; and golden or gilded crowns were conferred on public men for signal services to the state.

This may be as suitable a place as any to mention the principal pieces of armor used in war, since the hardships and dangers of military life naturally made a great change necessary in the covering of the body. The defensive armor consisted of helmet, breastplate, greaves, and shield. The helmet had a visor, either movable or immovable; the top adorned with plumes or with horses' manes cut square at the edges, and passing over from the back to the front, and the surface embellished with chariots, griffins, and other insignia, richly wrought. The breastplate was sometimes in two pieces, — one to cover the front and the other the back, — fastened together at the sides; sometimes of square plates or long slips, secured by studs on a leathern doublet. The shoulders were protected by a separate piece, coming down to the breastplate, and fastened to it by strings or clasps. To this was attached the *zoma*, — a sort of kilt, — hanging below, and under it a belt lined with wool, to protect the body from the friction of the armor. A girdle, often richly ornamented, was worn outside of the armor. The greaves were the defences of the legs, rising above the knees, and secured behind with loops or clasps. The shield was commonly circular, but often oval. It was provided with loops inside, and a strap or bar across. The arm passed under the latter, and the shield was held by the loop on the opposite side. In the centre, on the outside, was a raised knob or boss; and around it were numerous devices, like the arms on the shields of the knights of chivalry.

In a passage of the Seven against Thebes, this feature of ancient knighthood is brilliantly displayed. The Messenger, in describing Tydeus, says: —

"On his shield's face
A sign he bears as haughty as himself, —
The welkin flaming with a thousand lights, —
And in its centre the full moon shines forth,
Eye of the night and regent of the stars."

And of Capaneus: —

"His orbed shield
The blazon of a naked man displays,
Shaking a flaring torch with lofty threat
In golden letters, 'I will burn the city.'"

And of Eteoclus: —

"His breadth of shield
Superbly rounded shows an armed man
Scaling a city, with this proud device, —
'Nor Ares' self shall hurl me from these towers.'"

Polynices, who stands at the seventh gate, bears upon his shield the double blazonry, —

"A woman
Leading with sober pace an armed man
All bossed in gold, and thus the superscription:
'I, Justice, bring this injured exile back
To claim his portion in his fathers' hall.'"

Six of the seven wear shields with these boastful devices; but, singularly enough, the poet gives to the wise seer Amphiaraus

"A full-orbed shield
Of solid brass, but plain, without device.
Of substance studious, careless of the show,
The wise man is what fools but seem to be,
Reaping rich harvests from the mellow soil
Of quiet thought, the mother of great deeds.
Choose thou a wise and virtuous man to meet
The wise and virtuous. Whoso fears the gods
Is fearful to oppose."

The chief offensive weapons were the short broadsword, suspended on the left side by a belt, and the long spear, with

a sharpened end to the shaft, by which it might be fixed in the ground. In Homer, the heroes usually carry two of these last-named weapons. Bows and arrows were not common in the later ages among the Grecian soldiers; but they appear in the Homeric warfare, with covered quivers to protect the arrows from rain and dust. Apollo, Artemis, and Eros are also represented as furnished with these arms; and what mischief they did — especially the last troublesome little immortal — the poets, from Anacreon down, abundantly testify. The Greek warriors in the heroic ages made frequent use of war-chariots, each drawn by two horses. By the side of the chief stood his attendant to guide the horses, while he fought. It is singular that in Homer, riding horseback, which one would think so much more convenient, especially where the ground was uneven, is never mentioned, except on a single occasion. Diomedes and Ulysses go out upon a midnight marauding expedition to the enemy's camp; they slay Rhesus and his attendants, who have just arrived with a superb team; they then steal the horses, and make their escape by mounting them and galloping back to camp.

The drapery of ancient art, in its best and most ideal days, is to be discriminated from the dresses worn in the common occupations of life. The principal object of dress is the protection and comfort of the body; and only so much of art as is consistent with this primary object is admissible in its form and texture. It is true that the natural desire to please leads young persons especially to sacrifice the substantial to the graceful. In our present style of manly garb, no amount of genius can throw a particle of grace into the dress-coat, for example, with its skirts and pockets. The ordinary dress of the ancients was much better suited to the purposes of art than ours, and might be copied with effect in a marble statue; but think of putting either our dress-coat, or that still more ludicrous deformity, the sack, — shaped like a pea-jacket, — into stone, to be gazed at by laughing eyes two thousand years hence. Notwithstanding the superior effect of the ancient

dress, the Greek artists made a distinction between dress and drapery. Drapery was wholly subordinate to the form and motion of the body, which it was designed to exhibit, not to conceal; to set off, not to disguise. Says Achilles Tatius, "The chiton became the mirror of the body." All the arrangements of the drapery were made expressly for this purpose, and not to produce a counterpart of the every-day dress. It is this consideration which renders the drapery of the ancient sculptors as suitable to the purposes of art at the present moment as it was in the days of Pheidias. It was founded on artistic principles and ideas, not on practical utility. It was an accessory, not a leading part. This view does not in the least contravene the historical importance of portraiture in which a minute fidelity to the style of dress is observed; but it shows how unfounded are the objections sometimes urged against the employment of ancient drapery in the treatment of modern subjects, when a great idea or a momentous crisis is to be expressed through the medium of human form and action. Every one remembers the criticisms that passed current for a time upon the noble statue of Washington, by an eminent and lamented sculptor, — a work, both in design and execution, worthy of the best days of Grecian plastic art. Standing in the centre of a public square, with no covering but the arch of heaven, the marble semblance of the Father of his Country, in the simple majesty of form, attitude, and expression, makes a powerful impression on the mind of the beholder, and fills it with emotions of grandeur. Party spirit and personal aims are rebuked and abashed in the presence of that silent, heroic, godlike figure. Genius has here achieved one of its highest triumphs; it has stamped on the heart of the living generation the unforgotten lessons of patriotism, by the sublimity and beauty of an immortal act, embodied with noble simplicity in the imperishable form of art.

These details of private life — modes, fashions, and enjoyments — necessarily imply an extended system of domestic industry and foreign commerce. The policy of Lycurgus was

to encourage idleness among the free-born, except in warlike exercises. The policy of the Athenians was just the opposite. A Lacedæmonian, happening to be in Athens when a citizen was prosecuted for being a lazy fellow, remarked that the Athenians punished a man for being a gentleman. Draco punished this crime with death. Solon made laziness on the third conviction a capital offence. Rewards for distinction in any useful art were the same as those bestowed on eminent magistrates and generals, — a proof of enlightened views as to the real interests of the state seldom given by modern commonwealths. A constant competition was thus kept up in the career of invention and improvement. Plutarch, speaking of the great enterprises undertaken by Pericles, says: "The mechanics also did not go without their share of the public money, nor yet received it to maintain them in idleness. By the constructing of great edifices, which require many arts and a long time to finish them, they had equal pretensions to be recompensed out of the treasury — though they stirred not from the city — with the mariners, soldiers, and garrison. For the different materials, such as stone, brass, ivory, gold, ebony, and cypress, furnished employment to carpenters, masons, braziers, goldsmiths, painters, turners, and other artificers; the conveyance of them by sea employed merchants and sailors, and by land, wheelwrights, wagoners, carriers, rope-makers, leather-dressers, pavers, and iron-founders; and every art had a number of the lower people ranged in proper subordination to execute it, like soldiers under the command of a general. Thus by the exercise of these different trades was plenty diffused among persons of every rank and condition." There were industrial exhibitions, — called δείξεις, or *shows*, — which brought together specimens of all the inventions and improvements that had been entered for the prize in their respective departments. At Sybaris, as Athenæus relates, the author of a new dish in cookery was rewarded with the monopoly of the article during the year. Some occupations, indeed, such as that of the perfumer, were not considered reputable for a man to engage

in; and sausage-sellers and fishmongers were not held in high esteem.

Domestic industry was encouraged by restrictions laid on foreigners. Young persons were apprenticed to trades, as now; and no man could legally carry on more than a single branch of business, the division of labor being considered the foundation of all excellence in the manufacturing arts. This principle is discussed at great length by Plato in his Republic and Laws. "There are two things," he says, "which are the ruin of manufacturers, — wealth and poverty. A potter, for instance, getting rich, will grow idle and neglect his art; and if he has not the means of procuring proper tools and materials, he will manufacture inferior wares, and make his sons and apprentices worse workmen; so that a moderate competence is most desirable for the individual and the community." There was at Athens no system of castes, by which the son was necessarily brought up to his father's trade; but it often happened that the same pursuit was adopted by several generations of the same family in succession. The practical arts were successfully cultivated in many parts of Greece. Bœotia manufactured famous chariots; Thessaly, easy-chairs; Chios and Miletus, beds; Megara, Corinth, and Cnidos rivalled Athens in the exquisite form and finish of their earthen-ware. Public mills, worked by slaves or animals, and even windmills, were common in Attica. Menedemus and Asclepiades, when poor, supported themselves by laboring in a mill by night, giving their days to the study of philosophy. The story is told by Athenæus, that these poor scholars were charged with idleness, — few knowing the sources of their income, — and brought to trial before the Areopagus. The miller who employed them testified that he paid each of them two drachmæ (about two shillings) a night. The judges of the Areopagus, pleased with this honest method of procuring the means of obtaining a liberal education, not only acquitted them, but gave them a present of two hundred drachmæ.

I have already spoken, in connection with another topic, of

the manufacture of the articles of prime necessity to life, and of the bakers, cooks, vintners, and butchers. Other trades were those of the goldsmiths, stone-cutters, blacksmiths, cutlers, and armorers, who attained the highest degree of skill in their several branches of business. Mining was carried on under the auspices of the state. Charcoal-making was an important branch of industry, connected not only with various trades, but with the daily operations of the household. House-builders, cabinet-makers, wheelwrights, turners, glass-blowers (who carried the manufacture of this article to the highest possible perfection as to form, transparency, and color), oil-dealers, druggists, weavers, glovers, shoemakers, tanners, hatters, dyers, and innumerable other craftsmen, were to be found in every enlightened state of Greece, but especially in Athens, carrying on their business, and supporting the gigantic structure of prosperity and civilization, upon which, in those far distant ages, we gaze with wonder.

The genius and position of Greece equally invited her to engage in commercial enterprise; but the institutions of some of the states were much more favorable to its development than those of others. As a general rule, the Spartans were less inclined to this pursuit than the Athenians; but even they, with all their antipathy to foreigners, and despite their iron-money theories, could not resist the course of events and the march of civilization. The early traders of Phœnicia and Greece appear to have united the professions of merchant and pirate; but this state of things was limited to ages when the lines were not strictly drawn between mine and thine. The Æginetans were among the first to engage in distant ventures, carrying their trade eastward to the Black Sea, and westward to Tartessus. In Egypt the Greeks had commercial establishments at Naucratis in the Delta, like the English and American houses in Canton; and they built there nine cities, four of the Ionians, four of the Dorians, and one of the Æolians. Of all the Dorian cities on the mainland, Corinth was the wealthiest and the most addicted to foreign commerce, as well

as to manufactures. "No state," says Xenophon, "can ever export anything, if it be not submissive to the mistress of the sea; upon her depends all the exportation of the surplus produce of other nations." The inland traffic of Greece appears to have been carried on chiefly by fairs, held at convenient and accessible places, and particularly at the sites and seasons of the four great games, — the Olympian, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian. Athens, however, had a richer and more extensive commerce than any other portion of the Grecian world. The purity of her coin made it current everywhere, as a favored medium of exchange; her system of banking was especially adapted to the encouragement of trade; her harbors were admirable; her large commercial marine enabled her to export and import with the greatest facility; and as her own soil did not produce breadstuffs in sufficient quantities for the consumption of her teeming population, she was obliged to rely on the foreign producers, who were always anxious to supply her markets. At the same time, the freedom of her institutions, and the liberality of her commercial code, tended powerfully to develop the mercantile spirit into energetic action. She everywhere sought markets for her manufactures of every description, from wine and swords to books. Her relation to the other states of Greece also made her the general agent for all their business operations; so that Athens was the resort of merchants, traders, and all kinds of business-men, not only from the Hellenic states and the colonies round the Mediterranean Sea, but from the wealthy communities of the Oriental world; and there is but little doubt that an indirect trade was carried on with China, through India. The Peiræus, or port of Athens, always presented a busy, bustling scene, resounding with a hundred languages, and enlivened by the strange dresses of a hundred nations. Goods and merchandise from every part of the world were crowded into its warehouses and bazaars; and an incessant din of sellers and buyers was kept up from morning till night. It was the boast of Isocrates, that Athens had established the Peiræus as an em-

porium in the centre of Hellas, so abundantly supplied, that it was easy to procure there all those things which it was difficult to find in other places. And he justly sets forth this fact as one of the strongest claims of Athens to the supremacy he asserts for her among the Grecian states.

LECTURE VII.

DORIAN MANNERS AND CUSTOMS. — CLUBS. — PROVISION FOR THE POOR. — THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

The details which have been given of the private life of the Greeks relate mostly to the manners and customs of the Athenians. The same way of living, or nearly the same, prevailed in the other cities and states founded by the Ionian stock. The Dorians had different views of life, and manifested them in the adoption of widely different usages. Crete and Sparta were the principal seats of Dorian life; but a general similarity to the Doric type was to be seen in Argos, Cos, Cnidos, and many other places; the similarity embracing personal, domestic, and social customs, and the principles of government. Among its features we may name a rigid discipline in private and in public, respect for ancient usages, reverence for established laws, and submission to the authority of elders, who were regarded as so sacred that to treat them with disrespect, to apply to them contemptuous epithets, or to set them aside on any occasion, was deemed offensive alike to sound morals, polite manners, good taste, and common sense, — the surest mark of a wanton disposition, a vulgar tone of feeling, and a base soul, — at once coarse, impious, and sacrilegious. The genuine Spartans were not allowed or expected to engage in trade or agriculture; these occupations being limited to the inferior classes, — the Periœci and the Helots. Their houses were simple in arrangement and structure; the laws of Lycurgus aiming to restrain excess and extravagance in private dwellings, and forbidding useless ornaments, but not interfering with the architecture of public buildings. The solid and magnificent Doric

architecture — the noblest style in Greece — was at once the invention and the type of this race. With regard to their costume, I have already spoken in general terms. The unmarried women appeared in public more than the married; and when they appeared, their faces were not concealed behind a veil. It was in accordance with Dorian propriety for them to walk in the streets with young men; they were spectators in the gymnastic contests, and sometimes took part in them themselves. They wore a garment like the Athenian chiton, but with no sleeves, fastened by clasps over the shoulder, so arranged as not to impede the motion of the limbs, and without a girdle; and this was usually their whole dress when they performed their exercises or danced in the chorus. The dress of the men was equally simple. The *tribon*, a garment of thick cloth and small size, was worn by Spartan youths, and sometimes by old men, the whole year through. Ointment-makers and dyers were excluded from Sparta. Clemens Alexandrinus quotes the Spartan saying, "Deceitful are dyes, deceitful are ointments." The beard was considered the ornament of man, and in several Doric states shaving was prohibited by penal enactments. The hair remained uncut, and was tied in a knot over the crown. Like the Quakers, they wore hats with broad brims.

They differed widely from the Ionians in their usages with regard to daily meals. They dined together at public tables; and though they reclined like other Greeks, it was on hard benches without cushions. Foreign cooks were not allowed to practise their profession in Sparta; and native cookery was a business that passed by hereditary descent from father to son. The principal dish was the famous black broth, which was always made according to a traditional receipt, and continued equally detestable from age to age. They sometimes indulged in pork, poultry, beef, and kid's flesh. They drank wine mixed with water, but never toasted one another, apparently thinking this custom a waste of words. Fat men were looked upon with suspicion, and were liable to severe penalties. In-

toxication was forbidden by law, and all citizens were prohibited from attending symposia. The men were organized for the public tables in small companies, or societies, into which new members were admitted by election. Conversation turned chiefly on public affairs, though the terseness and point of the Laconian style of talking often enlivened these otherwise somewhat dismal entertainments with pungent jest and witty repartee. The adult men attended these meals; the youths and boys had their separate places and companies; and the small children sat on low stools near their fathers, and received from them a half-allowance, being permitted to steal something more, if they could do it without being found out. The women took their meals at home. Among the Cretans, tables were always set for strangers; and the citizens of allied states had the privilege of occupying a place at one another's tables unasked. The rigid rules which the Spartans adopted in accordance with a theoretical view of human nature and a mechanical idea of political communities, gave place to the most wanton excesses of luxury when the novelty had worn away, and the irksomeness of the undue interference of legal restraints with individual liberty made itself felt.

The domestic relations were on a different footing in Sparta. A broad line was drawn between the rights of the citizen at home and abroad. Inside of his hall-door he resumed his individuality, while outside of it he was completely merged in the state. Young persons of both sexes had many opportunities of free mutual intercourse. Young men, living more constantly in the presence of unmarried women, came to value their good opinion more highly than was usual in other parts of Greece; and Mr. Müller thinks that love-matches were much more common, because the damsels were so often seen dancing on ornamented cars on the way to the temple of Helen, and riding horseback in the midst of assembled multitudes. However this may be, the beauty of Lacedæmonian women was proverbial from Helen down, — a somewhat masculine beauty, owing partly to the gymnastic exercises. This is amusingly

alluded to in the Lysistrata of Aristophanes, where the ruddy health of Lampito, the Spartan delegate to the women's convention, is admired and applauded by her sister representatives.

Marriage at Sparta consisted of two ceremonies; — first, the betrothal by the father or guardian of the bride; and secondly, the violent seizure of the bride by the bridegroom, who carried her off from a chorus, or from some place where he chanced to meet her, placed her in the hands of a bridemaid, who cut off her hair, went to a public banquet as if nothing had happened, and then joined his wife without anybody's knowing it. These stolen interviews were kept up for a long time before he introduced his wife to his own house. The obligation to marry, as a matter of public duty, has already been alluded to. I will add here that old bachelors, very properly, were not allowed to be present at the gymnastic exercises of the young girls; and the magistrate was invested with the wholesome power of making them run round the market-place in winter naked, singing verses containing satires upon themselves. A penalty was enforced, not only on those who married late or not at all, but also on those who married unsuitably, — marriage being regarded less as a private relation than as a public institution. Each party was required to have a certificate of health and beauty, — a rule that must have operated severely on some of the single men. The Dorian wife seems to have enjoyed a high degree of respect and honor, as the female head of her family; she was saluted by the title of δέσποινα (*mistress*), while the husband was called ἑστιοῦχος (*possessor of the hearth*), and the Spartans were often laughed at for their quiet submission to the authority of their wives.

The clubs of Sparta and Athens form a feature of the life of Greece, not to be passed over. In every Grecian community there was a place of resort called the *Lesche*. In Sparta it was peculiarly the resort for old men, who assembled round a blazing fire in winter, and were listened to with pro-

found respect by their juniors. These retreats were numerous in Athens, and not only afforded a convenient place of meeting for the talkers and political gossips, but a refuge where the poor might obtain warmth and shelter gratuitously. The term "Lesche" is indeed used to designate any kind of convention or council, as well as the place where such meetings were held; but at Athens it is said that there were three hundred and sixty Leschæ for the special purposes I have mentioned. Clubs for mutual relief were common in Athens, the members paying a stated sum, and having the right to draw upon the treasury when they fell into distress or poverty; these were called *eranoi*. The laws of Solon allowed the members of these associations to frame such rules for their regulation as they pleased, provided that they infringed no public law. Clubs were formed in a similar manner for numerous other purposes of a social or business character, as to carry on mercantile expeditions, to perform certain sacrifices, to dine together on such occasions as the great national festivals. These classes of clubs were called *eranoi* and *thiasoi*, — the former more especially devoted to social pleasures, and the latter to religious affairs. But the charitable or relief clubs — also, as has been said, called *eranoi* — were the most common and useful. The sums advanced to needy members were, however, regarded as debts of honor, to be scrupulously repaid as soon as the circumstances of the recipient enabled him to do so. The subscription to most of the clubs was not only a debt of honor, but one which could be legally enforced, and many cases growing out of these club obligations were tried before a special court. The principal officer of the club was chosen by lot or elected by the members, and combined the functions of president and treasurer; his duty being to collect the assessments and regulate the meetings. The members of the convivial clubs dined at one another's houses alternately, or at taverns resembling the club-houses of our times; but they appear to have restrained their expenses within moderate limits, justly considering the legitimate object of such associations to be the pleasures of society

and conversation, rather than a show of extravagance and luxury. The nature of the obligation laid on members by these debts is seen in the fact that Leocrates, who was prosecuted by Lycurgus, the orator, for treason in deserting his country after the battle of Chæroneia, left it in charge of his brother in Athens to pay his club-debts.

In a society so intensely political as that of the Athenians, such reunions almost inevitably assumed a party character, and were often turned to the accomplishment of partisan purposes. The administration of justice was not seldom interfered with by partialities and attachments growing out of these associations; and popular votes on public questions were a good deal influenced by the prejudices of the clubs. Thucydides describes the feeling they generated as stronger than attachment to country. They were sometimes made the instruments of conspiracy and revolution. Thus the overthrow of the democracy, with the establishment of the Oligarchy of the Four Hundred, in the Peloponnesian war, by Phrynichus, Antiphon, and other conspirators, was brought about mainly through the help of the clubs. The various classes of these institutions, their character, objects, and influence, are tersely and ably described by Aristotle in his Nicomachean Ethics, where they are all treated under the head of political societies.

It is pleasing to find that the claims of the poor were not neglected in ancient communities. The question of their support, however, nowhere in antiquity assumed so formidable an aspect as it has in modern times. Their wants were easily provided for, not only by the associations I have briefly described, but in various methods, by the state or by the wealthier classes. On certain festivals, entertainments were given by the rich citizens to the members of their several tribes, either voluntarily, or in rotation by a fixed rule; for the feast must be given somehow. The number of guests on one of these occasions is estimated by Boeckh to have been usually more than two thousand. When sacrifices were offered, it was

customary to distribute parts of the victim among the poor. In times of famine or scarcity, corn was dealt out at the Odeion, or the Peiræus, or the Arsenal. On one occasion Psammetichus, the king of Egypt, presented to the people of Athens a quantity of wheat sufficient to bestow on each citizen seven or eight bushels. Athenæus relates that when Ion, a dramatic poet of Chios, won the tragic prize on the Athenian boards, he presented to every citizen a jar of the best Chian wine, which one would think must have nearly exhausted his cellars. The plunder brought home by victorious generals sometimes furnished the means of entertaining the people on a grand scale. Chares spent sixty talents, or about seventy thousand dollars, in feasting the Demos, in the agora. A similar entertainment was given by Conon after the naval victory over the Lacedæmonians at Cnidos. Cimon made himself immensely popular by throwing open his gardens to the public, and keeping a table constantly laid for any one who chose to dine there. Whenever he went abroad, two or three attendants followed him with bags of money to be distributed among the needy; and if he saw an Athenian meanly clad, he ordered one of his servants to exchange clothes with him, — an exchange no doubt infinitely more agreeable to the citizen than the servant. Provision was made at the public expense for soldiers disabled in war, and for the education of the children of those who had fallen in battle. Still beggars were not wanting, beginning with Irus in Homer, and coming down through every age. Some of them went about the country with a tame crow or raven, singing a ditty which has been preserved by Athenæus: —

"Good people, a handful of barley bestow
On the child of Apollo, the sable crow,
Or a little wheat, O kind friends, give,
Or a loaf of bread, that the crow may live;
For on these she loves to feast full well.
Who to-day gives salt, the honeycomb's cell
To-morrow will give. Pray open the door.
Why keep me waiting a moment more?

"Plutus has heard our prayers;
A little maid to the raven bears
A basket of figs all fresh and sweet.
God bless the maiden, so trim and neat;
May she all good fortune prove,
The joys of wealth, and a husband's love,
And in her aged father's arms
A grandson place, with his winning charms,
And on her loving mother's knee
A little maiden as fair as she."

The luxuries of the poor, in their ordinary way of living, were extremely limited. Antiphanes, as quoted by St. John, "describes a poor man's meal as consisting of a cake bristling with bran for the sake of economy, with an onion, and for a relish a dish of sow-thistles, or of mushrooms, or some such wretched produce of the soil, — a diet producing neither fever nor phlegm." Two Pythagorean philosophers are mentioned, who lived all their lives on water and figs, and grew very healthy and stout on this fare. But it gave their persons a very unpleasant odor, like that by which ancient smokers pollute the breath of heaven, so that when they appeared at the baths, or other places of public resort, their presence was like the reading of the riot-act, and caused an instantaneous dispersion. Alexis, the poet, introduces a poor Athenian woman describing, not without a natural pathos, the condition of her family: —

"Mean my husband is, and poor,
And my blooming days are o'er.
Children have we two, — a boy,
The father's pet, the mother's joy,
And a girl so fair and small, —
And this good nurse, — we 're five in all;
Yet alas! alas! have we
Food enough for only three.
So two of us must often make
A scanty meal on barley-cake;
And when the board there 's naught that cheers,
Our sorrows break in sighs and tears;
And we who once were strong and hale

By fasting grow so weak and pale.
For our best and daintiest cheer,
Through the bright half of the year,
Is but acorns, onions, peas,
Or beans, lupines, radishes,
Vetches, wild pears, when we can,
And a locust now and then.
As to figs, — the Phrygian treat,
Fit for Jove's own guests to eat, —
They, when happier moments shine,
They, the Attic figs, are mine."

The profession of the physician was held in the highest honor among the Greeks, from very early times. Says Homer,

"A wise physician, skilled our wounds to heal,
Is worth whole armies to the commonweal."

In the warlike scenes of the Iliad, the surgical part of the profession was naturally the most needed; and the practice was evidently of the simplest kind. Podaleirius and Machaon passed for sons of Æsculapius, who was afterwards worshipped as the god of medicine; but they knew how to fight as well as to heal. At first, the priests appear to have combined the practice of medicine with the functions of their sacred office; divination and the healing art having been closely connected in the ideas of men. Leech-craft never ceased to be accounted divine; and one of the titles of Apollo was the Healer. In the course of time, the priestly and medical characters were distinguished; and the recorded observations of ages were moulded into a science. But in the popular mind ignorant and superstitious notions always remained; magical arts were resorted to; amulets were used; dreams were relied upon; and it is even supposed that animal magnetism and clairvoyance were employed by the ancient quacks. Certain diseases, such as epilepsy, were accounted sacred, being supposed to have come directly from some supernatural interposition of the Deity. A sudden death was caused by the invisible and gentle shafts of Apollo or Diana. These ideas and illusions were never wholly dissipated, except among the most enlightened practitioners.

The great centres of the healing art were the Asclepieia, or Temples of Æsculapius, established in many places, and generally on spots known for the salubrity of their situation, as on some breezy highland or in the neighborhood of medical springs. The three principal schools or hospitals were those of Rhodes, Cnidos, and Cos. These places were frequented by invalids, who placed themselves under the care of the resident physicians; and the records of the cases, kept from one generation to another, constituted the basis of facts on which the theories of medicine were founded. The pupils of these schools appear to have scattered themselves all over Greece. What standard of professional attainment was applied in the admission of candidates, we cannot precisely tell; but no one was allowed to practise without giving some proof that he possessed the necessary qualifications for the performance of his delicate and important duties. In many places there was a body of physicians chosen by public authority, and paid by the state. Democedes of Crotona, 540 B. C., received in Ægina one talent, or about one thousand and seventy dollars; Athens made a higher bid for his services, of about seventeen hundred dollars; and at last, Polycrates, the tyrant of Samos, obtained him on a salary of two talents, or about two thousand one hundred and forty dollars. We are not told what duties were required of these public physicians in return for the salary; but they were probably limited to residence, a general supervision of the public health, and occasional consultation with the magistrates; at all events, they do not appear to have interfered with their fees, which were sometimes exacted in advance, for fear, perhaps, that the patient might die, and the heir dispute the bill, though, according to Aristotle, this was no plea in bar of the claim. The physician made up his prescriptions, as the *pharmacopolai*, or druggists, were generally ill-educated and low persons, unfit to be trusted. He had an office, called *Iatreion*, where his attendants and pupils remained, and where he received calls. His regular patients were visited at their own houses. The patients belonging to the lower classes of

society were attended by his subordinates. All the branches of the profession were exercised by the same individual, until a late period, when oculists, dentists, and the like occupied themselves each exclusively with his special department.

Of all the ancient physicians, Hippocrates was, by universal consent, placed in the very highest rank. I am, of course, incompetent to speak of his professional merit; but I am told by my friend Dr. Wyman, than whom no man living is better qualified to judge, that many of his professional writings are of the highest order of excellence; that his observations are of great value, and his descriptions of diseases and their symptoms, considering the imperfection of the measurement of time and the consequent uncertainty in counting the pulse, remarkable for precision and accuracy. There are among the writings of Hippocrates other works less strictly professional, and of general interest, embodying the observations of a most profound thinker on the characters of men and nations; showing that his long and various life had been actively and sagaciously employed in the accumulation of practical knowledge, and in the application of it to the service of the human race. It was said of him, "Hippocrates is a man who knows not how to deceive or to be deceived." He was born in Cos, probably in 460 B. C., — though there is considerable doubt as to the year, — of the family of the Asclepiadæ. His forefathers had long been at the head of the most distinguished temples of health, and he therefore inherited the accumulation of wisdom which they, the most illustrious family of this profession in the Grecian world, had left behind them. He learned the rudiments of his profession under the direction of his father, from the reports of cases in the Asclepieion of Cos, and was for a time under the tuition of Herodicus, a physician often mentioned by Plato as the one who first applied gymnastic exercises to the cure of diseases, but who killed more than he cured by his energetic practice. He was educated in polite learning by Gorgias and Democritus. Finishing his preliminary studies he set out upon his travels, and visited Delos, Athens, Thrace, Thessaly, and probably

more distant regions, practising and teaching his profession. He is supposed to have been in Athens at the time of the great pestilence, or during one of the subsequent attacks of the disease, and to have been consulted by the magistrates as to the best mode of treating it. Galen, as quoted by Dr. Adams, remarks that "Thucydides gives only those symptoms which would strike a common, that is, an unprofessional man, whereas Hippocrates describes the disease accurately, like a professional man, but gives few of those symptoms which appeared most interesting to Thucydides." The historian affirms that the skill of the physicians could do nothing to mitigate the severity of the disease. One of the traditions relating to Hippocrates is that he declined large offers from the king of Persia to pay a professional visit to his court. The reputation of the Greek physicians stood high at the court of that monarch, as we know from other sources. Hippocrates was well known at Athens, as unquestionably the most eminent man in his profession; and he is sometimes represented as the family physician of Pericles; but how long he remained in that city, and whether he resided there more than once, is not known. The latter part of his life he passed in Thessaly; and he died at Larissa, at a very advanced age, the statements on this point varying from eighty-five to one hundred and nine. Mr. Clinton places his death in B. C. 357, at the age of one hundred and four.

The writings which pass under his name are very numerous. They are not all, however, supposed to be genuine; but most of them belong at least to the Coan school. They are in the Ionic dialect; generally, however, in a brief and abrupt style, as if the ideas were jotted down by a man whose time was occupied with professional engagements, and who was solicitous only to preserve the substance. He was a person of the highest order of abilities, and, by character, position, and attainments, the worthy associate of his illustrious contemporaries, — Pericles, Socrates, Euripides, Sophocles, Ictinus, and Pheidias. To close the catalogue of his professional accom-

plishments, if we may take the bust that has come down to us as genuine, he was the handsomest man of his age in Greece.

It may not be uninteresting to give the views of this distinguished man on some of the general subjects relating to his profession. In a brief treatise called "The Law," he sums up the qualifications of the good physician. "Medicine," he says, "is of all the arts the most noble. . . . . Whoever is to acquire a competent knowledge of medicine ought to be possessed of the following advantages, — a natural disposition, instruction, a favorable place for study, early tuition, love of labor, leisure. First of all, a natural talent is required; for when Nature opposes, everything else is vain; but when Nature leads the way to what is most excellent, instruction in the art takes place, which the student must try to appropriate to himself by reflection, early becoming a pupil in a place well adapted for instruction. He must also bring to the task love of labor and perseverance, so that the instruction taking root may bear proper and abundant fruits. Instruction in medicine is like the culture of the productions of the earth. For our natural disposition is, as it were, the soil; the tenets of our teacher are, as it were, the seed; instruction in youth is like the planting of the seed in the ground at the proper season; the place where the instruction is communicated is like the food imparted to vegetables by the atmosphere; diligent study is like the cultivation of the field; and it is time which imparts strength to all these things and brings them to maturity. Having brought all these requisites to the study of medicine, and having acquired a true knowledge of it, we shall thus, in travelling through the cities, be esteemed physicians, not only in name, but in reality. But inexperience is a bad treasure and a bad fund to those who possess it, whether in opinion or reality, being devoid of contentedness, and the nurse both of timidity and audacity. For timidity betrays a want of power, and audacity a want of skill. There are indeed two things, knowledge and opinion, of which the one makes its possessor really to know, the other, to be ignorant."

The physician's profession was regarded as sacred, in many points of view, and as not to be entered upon lightly, or from motives of gain. The Asclepiadæ were very rigid in examining the characters and overseeing the conduct of their disciples. The oath required of them is preserved in the Hippocratic writings, and is substantially as follows: "I swear by Apollo, the physician, by Æsculapius, by Hygeia, by Panaceia, and all the gods and goddesses, calling them to witness, that I will fulfil religiously, according to the best of my power and judgment, the solemn promise and the written bond which I now make. I will honor as my parents the master who has taught me this art, and endeavor to minister to all his necessities. I will consider his children as my own brothers, and will teach them my profession, should they express a desire to follow it, without remuneration or written bond. I will admit to my lessons, my discourses, and all my other methods of teaching, my own sons and those of my tutor, and those who have been inscribed as pupils and have taken the medical oath; but no one else. I will prescribe such a course of regimen as may be best suited to the condition of my patients, according to the best of my power and judgment, seeking to preserve them from anything that may prove injurious. No inducement shall ever lead me to administer poison, nor will I ever advise its administration. . . . . I will maintain religiously the purity and integrity both of my conduct and my art. Into whatever dwellings I may go, I will enter them with the sole view of succoring the sick, will abstain from all injurious conduct, and observe the strictest propriety and purity of demeanor towards all. If during my attendance, or even unprofessionally in common life, I happen to see or hear of any circumstances which should not be revealed, I will consider them a profound secret, and maintain on the subject a religious silence. If I observe this oath, and do not break it, may I enjoy prosperity in life, and in the practice of my art, and obtain general esteem forever; should I transgress it, and become a perjurer, may the reverse be my lot!"

The notion formerly entertained that the ancients were ignorant of anatomy, except so far as a knowledge of it might be acquired by examining the skeletons of animals, appears to be at present abandoned in its absolute form. It is true that the religious respect entertained for the bodies of the dead by the Greeks interfered with this study; but there was a tradition that the Asclepiadæ of Cos possessed a human skeleton, which they used in the instruction of their pupils, and which was finally bequeathed to the Temple of Apollo at Delphi. It is stated by Dr. Adams, that the works of Hippocrates display a wonderfully minute acquaintance with osteology; but physiology, as now understood, belongs essentially to modern science, of which it is one of the noblest triumphs. There were peculiar opportunities for surgical practice in Greece, — so far as external wounds were concerned, — owing to the national passion for the contests in the games. Accidents of a serious nature, and often fatal, were constantly occurring; and the services of a skilful surgeon in setting fractured bones and reducing dislocations were very often called in requisition. The processes are minutely described, and in several cases are exactly the same as those in use at the present day. For example, the method of reducing the dislocation of the shoulder-joint, described in the treatise of Hippocrates on Articulations, corresponds to the one described as the best known in Sir Astley Cooper's work on Dislocation; except that the Greek physician suggests a modification, to meet particular cases, which did not occur to Cooper.

The description of the Iatreion, or Surgery, — a curious work, — contains minute directions for the operator, the patient, the assistants, the instruments, the adjustment of the light, the position of the patient, the kinds of bandages to be used in various cases, the amount of compression, the application of splints, and so on, with a clearness and precision which, to an unprofessional reader at least, appear very remarkable. Of bandaging, for example, he says: "It should be done quickly, painlessly, neatly, and elegantly; — quickly, by despatching

the work; painlessly, by being gently done; neatly, by having everything in readiness; and elegantly, so that it may be agreeable to the sight." And the method of doing all this is carefully laid down. Again: "The suspending of a fractured limb in a sling, the disposition of it, and the bandaging, all have for their object to keep it in place."

To illustrate a little further the character of his observations, allow me to quote a few of his aphorisms.

"Life is short; art is long; the occasion is fleeting, experiment fallacious, and judgment difficult. The physician must be prepared not only to do what is right himself, but also to make the patient, the attendants, and externals co-operate."

"Old persons endure fasting most easily; next, adults; young persons, not nearly so well; least of all, infants; and least of them, such as are of a particularly lively spirit."

"Both sleep and wakefulness, when immoderate, are bad."

"Neither repletion, nor fasting, nor anything else, is good, when more than natural."

"When in a state of hunger, one ought not to undertake labor."

"Persons who are naturally very fat are apt to die earlier than those who are slender."

"Those diseases which medicines do not cure, iron cures; those which iron does not cure, fire cures; and those which fire does not cure are to be reckoned as wholly incurable."

In his dissertation on the *sacred disease*, Hippocrates combats the popular notion with arguments drawn from observation and common sense. In the course of the discussion, he describes graphically several nervous affections, quite as remarkable, he thinks, as the sacred disease. "I have known many persons in sleep groaning and crying out, some in a state of suffocation, some jumping up and running out of doors, and deprived of their reason until they awake, and afterwards becoming sane and rational as before, although they are pale and weak; and this will happen not once, but frequently." His opinion on the sacred disease is: "They who first referred

this disease to the gods appear to me to have been just such persons as the conjurers, purificators, mountebanks, and charlatans now are, who give themselves out as being excessively religious, and as knowing more than other people." The tricks devised by them, to impose on the people, he does not hesitate to denounce as impious and unholy; since "the disease is nowise more divine than others; but has its nature such as other diseases have, and a cause whence it originates, and its nature and cause are divine only just as much as all others are; and it is curable no less than others, unless when, from length of time, it is confirmed, and has become stronger than the remedies applied."

In the work on Epidemics there are records of a series of cases of great interest, I presume, for the professional man; but I shall quote only a few sentences, to show how these things were managed by the ancient physicians. A considerable number of these cases were of disease brought on by intemperance. Thus, "Silenus lived on the Broad Way, near the house of Eualcidas. From fatigue, drinking, and unseasonable exercise, he was seized with fever." Then all the phases of the disease are recorded day by day, until his death, which occurred on the eleventh day.

The following case is very curious: "Criton of Thasos, while still on foot, and going about, was seized with a violent pain in the great toe; took to his bed the same day; at night, was delirious. On the second day, swelling of the whole foot; acute fever; became furiously deranged; died the second day from the beginning."

Another case is that of a man who supped in a heated state, and drank more than enough. The progress of the disease is minutely described until the eleventh day, when he died.

Here is another case of intemperance: "In Thasos, Philistes had headache of long continuance, and sometimes was confined to his bed, with a tendency to deep sleep; having been seized with continual fevers from drinking, the pain was exacerbated"; and so on. "On the second day, deafness; acute

fever; . . . . delirium about midday. On the third, in an uncomfortable state. On the fourth, convulsions; all the symptoms exacerbated. On the fifth, early in the morning, died."

It will appear by these records, that the weaknesses, excesses, vices, and sufferings of men have always been the same. The consequences of the violation of the laws of health have been, as they still are, bound by an adamantine chain to their causes. The ancients had no distilled liquors, it is true, and they escaped some of the worst forms of intemperance; but if any scholar ever dreamed that the intemperate drinking of wine, in the genial spirit of the Anacreontic and symposiac poetry of the Old World, could be habitually practised, and the terrible penalty of shattered nerves, broken health, shortened life, and a miserable death, not come at last, let him read the recorded cases of Hippocrates.

The practice of medicine was not only connected with the priestly office, but had close relations with the sects of philosophy. When the society of the Pythagoreans was dispersed by popular violence, many of its members became *περιοδευταί*, or travelling physicians, as distinguished from the Asclepiadæ, who had charge of the hospitals at the temples. Alcmæon, Empedocles, and Acron are among the prominent names belonging to this class of practitioners. The masters of the gymnasia also united the treatment of diseases with exercises for strengthening the body. They regulated the diet, and prescribed for invalids; and one class of the functionaries, called *ἰατραλείπται*, attended to the practical details of anointing, rubbing, bleeding, dressing wounds, fractures, and the like. Among these were Iccus, and Herodicus who has been already mentioned. For a long time there was a rivalry between the practitioners of the gymnasia and the travelling physicians on the one side, and the temple-physicians on the other. The Asclepiadæ long preserved the secrets of their profession; but when the other party brought the whole subject into public discussion, and seemed about to supplant the templars in the public confidence, it was found expedient to throw aside the veil of mystery, and yield

to the spirit of the times. The physicians of Cos and Cnidos published their methods and principles; and it was to this movement that the world was indebted for the Hippocratic writings, — "a collection," in the language of M. Renouard, "which threw into the shade all the medical publications of the period, and which constitutes one of the most precious monuments of ancient medicine."

LECTURE VIII.

EDUCATION.

One of the most remarkable and significant aspects of the life of Greece is presented to us by her systems of education. The spirit of caste, as we have already seen, which lay at the foundation of ancient Oriental society, was unknown in the Grecian commonwealths. The Greeks seem to have set out upon new principles, instinctively adopted even before the commencement of their authentic history. The germs of the peculiar Greek education are traceable in the ideas and characters around which poetry and fable have thrown their brilliant draperies; and with all the changes introduced by the advancing epochs of history, the same fundamental ideas prevailed. Here, as in other things, unity in variety was the law. Ages and races varied from one another in details, while they shared a common spirit, which distinguished the Hellenic type of civilization from every other.

The Orient, it is said, required a thousand years for what Greece accomplished in a century. Progress was the characteristic of the Grecian communities, though not equally of all. Some of the Greeks were moulded by political institutions into a spirit of reverence for the past, which made them distrustful of change; while others were eagerly looking forward, and hastily trying experiments with their fundamental institutions, — living, in short, in a perpetual fever of change and reconstruction. The education of the young varied in the several states of Greece according to these characteristic tendencies.

In the heroic age, the elements of education were simple;

but, not being borrowed from abroad, they corresponded to the character of the people, and so became the natural basis of the entire system of Greek culture. The aim was to render man energetic in word and deed, — able to make his influence felt in peace, to discharge his duties bravely and vigorously in war, and to defend himself and those around him from the assaults of the wrong-doer, from whatsoever quarter he might come. The women were trained to domestic honor, household prudence and virtue, and skill in the accomplishments of spinning, weaving, and embroidery. The hospitalities of the princely palaces were dispensed under their gentle superintendence.

The religious element — the belief in divine power and in its interposition in the affairs of the world — was an all-pervading element in the culture of the heroic age. The gods mingle in the affairs of mortals; the Erinnyes pursue the guilty soul, and work out a terrible punishment for crime. The man on whom a curse has fallen wanders an outcast over the face of the earth, until atonement is made, and the dreadful penalty is fulfilled. The will of the gods is signified to mortals by signs, omens, dreams, and sacrifices, which the prophet or diviner interprets.

The legend of Cheiron, the wise Centaur, who trained in knowledge Asclepius, Telamon, Peleus, Theseus, Jason, Machaon, Podaleirius, and, last of all, Achilles, the most renowned disciple of his mythical school, is a singular and interesting reminiscence of the earliest heroic education. Some have resolved the legend into an allegory; the double form of the Centaur being typical of the transition from the rude and savage state to milder manners and a more humane culture. The traditional picture of the education he imparted embraced instruction in the use of arms, the healing art, music, divination, and justice.

The principal elements of Hellenic education — musical and gymnastic culture — are very clearly indicated in the Homeric poems. Achilles and Odysseus are characters which illustrate in the most striking manner the prominent features of the phys-

ical, intellectual, and ethical training of that early age. The Achilles of Homer is the model of heroic vigor, with strength and swiftness unequalled, bravery that shrinks from no danger, and sensibility to honor and friendship which no fear of death can overcome. He knows no reserve in the expression of his feelings, and cares for no consequences in avenging an insult or enforcing his personal rights. Odysseus is the type of that peculiar form of intellectual ability — the power of devising means for ends, and of extricating one's self from difficulty and danger — which in every age commanded the admiration of the Greeks. Nestor, again, is the model of the wisdom of experience, — his counsels drawn from the observations of a life protracted to the third generation after those with whom he started on his career have disappeared. He indulges in wise saws, and makes long speeches, — sometimes a little tedious, but ending at last in the best advice the case admits of; and, aged as he is, he is equally ready to play his part at the feast and the council-board, — a hearty old soul, liked and respected throughout the camps.

The child of the heroic age is carefully nurtured under the supervision of the nurse, the mother, and the father. As he grows up, he is fed on the richest meat and the marrow of sheep. An attendant, his superior in age, is assigned to him, half friend, half servant, as Phœnix, first the friend of Peleus, afterwards had the charge of Achilles, — as Patroclus was the companion, attendant, friend, squire, of the same hero. Next come the teachers of song and the lyre, who even in these primeval times were held in high honor. Orpheus, Linus, and Thamyris are the traditional types of the older masters in these arts. Phemius and Demodocus appear in some of the most graceful scenes of the Odyssey; and Achilles himself solaces the weary hours of inactivity by singing the lays of heroes in his tent. The knowledge of good and evil — the one to be practised, the other to be avoided — is carefully instilled into the mind of the young chief; and maxims of civil prudence embodying the experience of the past — referring to the life

of men, the worship of the gods, the principles of humanity, the duties to one's country, and the obligations of friendship and hospitality — are interwoven in the Homeric poems, and doubtless comprise much of the educational wisdom of the times. Reverence for the aged and affection for parents are constantly inculcated. These sentiments and sayings constitute the groundwork of the remarkable eloquence which distinguishes so many of the debates in council, represented in the Iliad, and doubtless copied in their leading outlines from the life of the poet's own age.

Whether the young men of the heroic age were taught the use of letters is a much disputed question. The weight of tradition in antiquity is wholly in favor of the early knowledge of the art of writing, and the consequent instruction of the young in its use; and this is something, notwithstanding Wolf's elaborate attempt to prove that even Homer did not know how to read and write. But when we add to this the facts, at present unquestionable, that the art and the materials of writing existed in Egypt more than two thousand years before, that the Phœnicians borrowed the art from them many centuries before Homer, and that commercial intercourse existed between Phœnicia and Greece from the earliest times, I think we cannot well avoid the admission that the contemporaries, if not the predecessors, of Homer might have known their A, B, C.

After the Homeric age, the three leading divisions of the Hellenic race came more prominently and distinctly forward, and the methods and principles of education among them corresponded to these modifications of the national character. The outlines of the several types have already been presented. The Æolians of Bœotia made gymnastics and music the basis of their education. The tones of the flute were supposed by their lawgivers to temper the violence of the passions, and to produce a favorable effect on the moral condition. The music of the lyre was equally cultivated. In early times the discipline of the young in this part of Greece appears to have

produced a high degree of order and obedience to law. Similar ideas prevailed in the other Æolian communities, both on the European continent and in the Æolian cities of the Ægean Sea and of Asia Minor.

Sparta, as we have already seen, was the principal seat of Dorian education, which was completely interwoven with the political institutions. It was wholly subject to law, and subordinated to the interests of the state; the fundamental principle being the subjection of the individual will unconditionally to the collective will of the community. The new-born child was taken to the Lesche, and submitted to the inspection of the grave and reverend seniors, who decided whether he was worth rearing or not. If his promising appearance led to a favorable decision, he was allowed to remain in the paternal mansion until his seventh year, under the care of the mother and nurse. Nurses in Sparta were held in especial regard, and were allowed to celebrate an annual festival, called the *Tithenidia*, or nurse-day. The law required that the limbs of the infant should not be constrained by swathing-clothes. At the age of seven the child belonged to the state, and was subjected to the rules and regulations of public instruction. The first and principal object here attended to was the development of the bodily powers by gymnastic exercises. Reading, writing, and other branches of learning, though not absolutely neglected, were by no means made so prominent as in Athens. The poems of Homer were used as a means of education here, as well as in other parts of Greece. The didactic compositions of the later poets, Tyrtæus and Alcman, were also learned by heart in the schools, or by frequent recitation at meals or festivals, and on military expeditions. The tunes of the ancient musical composers were thoroughly taught, in study and practice, from the earliest years; and all were obliged to learn them. What was done to those unfortunate persons who had no ear, we are nowhere informed. In speech, the young Spartan was required to cultivate the habit of brevity, — called *brachylogia*, — condensing the greatest amount of meaning into

the fewest words. Many of these Laconic sayings were current in the ancient world, and have been handed down by Plutarch and others to our times. They hated eloquence, and proscribed the rhetoricians. To an ambassador from one of the islands in the Ægean, who at a time of famine asked assistance in a moving speech, they said, "We do not understand the conclusion, and we have forgotten the beginning." Another ambassador was sent, who, without saying a word, exhibited an empty sack; and the assembly unanimously decreed to supply the petitioners with provisions. A young Spartan, travelling in some other part of Greece, took it into his head to become an orator. On his return he was punished by the magistrate for attempting to impose on the understanding of his countrymen. Sometimes their sharp replies embodied wisdom as well as rebuke. An old man once complained to King Agis that all was lost, because some violation of the laws had taken place. He replied, "Quite true; I remember, when I was a boy, I heard my father say that, when he was a boy, he heard my grandfather say the same thing." Yet it would seem that, in the time of Sparta's supremacy, the able men who conducted her foreign affairs must have placed themselves in a condition to meet the representatives of other states, and to speak in popular assemblies, on a footing of equality; and according to Thucydides, who records many speeches of Spartan ambassadors and generals, this was actually the case.

The sciences were not admitted within the range of Spartan education; but dancing — especially war-dances — was a leading subject of attention. The gymnastic training of the women has already been spoken of. The result of the whole system — a highly artificial system it was certainly — exhibited for a time a race of men of unexampled hardihood, and of women whose beauty was celebrated all over Greece, and whose heroism fills some of the brightest pages of ancient history.

The Doric education was long and firmly retained in Crete, with some local peculiarities of detail. The domestic training here continued till the seventeenth year, when the boys

were admitted into a body called the *ἀγέλη*, or *herd*, and became thenceforth subjected to the hard discipline of public education. They remained in this stage ten years, during which they participated in the public meals of the men, but received only a half-allowance, and were under the charge of an officer called the *παιδονόμος*, or *superintendent of boys*, being themselves called *σκότιοι*, *shady*, because of the modest retirement in which they passed this period of their novitiate. Their time was chiefly occupied here, as in Sparta, with gymnastic exercises and instruction in the simple tunes of the Dorian music. Songs commemorating the deeds of ancient heroes were transmitted orally from father to son; hymns and poems in honor of the gods were learned by heart, and rhythmically recited; and even the laws were composed in verse, and chanted by the professors to their pupils.

These are the most characteristic points of the Dorian discipline. It embodied many admirable principles; but as it aimed to force the nature of man into forms not congenial to his instinctive feelings, it maintained only a temporary supremacy. The Dorian principles and character resisted the tendency to dissolution longer in Sparta and Crete than elsewhere; but even there, human nature could not be permanently suppressed; and the work of Lycurgus, and the stout leaders who followed him, went to ruin without the possibility of revival or restoration. When an attempt was made to call back the ancient spirit in the days of the Achæan League, it was found to be the dream of a pedant, hopeless as the return of a fossil skeleton to the life of the primeval ages. In the Sicilian and Italian colonies, corruption and overthrow came with speedier foot; and in proportion to the rigid restraints to which the passions were subjected were the excesses into which they ran when the checks gave way and the bonds were snapped asunder.

As in other things, so in education, Athens was the great centre of Hellenic culture. Nowhere else was it possible for a youth to acquire an education which could with propriety be

called liberal. Indeed, nowhere else was the term *liberal education* employed. The spirit of Solon's legislation was in this respect quite contrary to that of Lycurgus, as the spirit of the Ionian race in general was more free, discursive, and comprehensive than that of the Dorians; for it is the character of a race, however formed, which is the germ of the systems and institutions that mark the stages of its historical development. Attica had been less disturbed by foreign inroads than other parts of Greece; a more homogeneous population tilled its fields, and dwelt in its towns; and intellectual culture here unfolded itself in a more natural order, and to a higher stage of perfection, than elsewhere. It was the well-founded boast of Athenian writers, that Athens opened a safe refuge to exiles from other cities, and offered to visitors from every part of the world the most abundant means of entertainment and instruction. The ruinous conflicts between the orders of society were appeased by the wise and statesmanlike legislation of Solon, which secured a basis of political rights and domestic freedom unknown under the rival institutions of Sparta. Intercourse with the best examples of virtue and honor was a powerful means of elevating the sentiments of the rising generation; and the highest crime against the state was the corruption of the young. The unwritten laws of noble conduct — the traditional wisdom of an illustrious ancestry — blended with the influence of formal institutions and positive enactments to form the type of the Attic character. The methods and principles of education varied, however, from time to time; the most remarkable revolution taking place about the period of the Peloponnesian war.

The birth and the naming of a child were celebrated with festivals and rejoicings. The name of the first son was usually that of his paternal grandfather, as Callias, the son of Hipponicus, the son of Callias. The Clouds of Aristophanes contains an amusing sketch of a quarrel between the rustic Strepsiades and his fashionable city wife about naming their hopeful son.

"Well, when at last to me and my good woman
This hopeful son was born, our son and heir,
Why, then we took to wrangling on the name.
She was for giving him some knightly name, —
Callipides, Xanthippus, or Charippus;
I wished Pheidonides, his grandpa's name.
So for a time we argued; till at last
We compromised it in Pheidippides.
The boy she took, and used to fondle, saying,
'When you grow up, and drive the stately car,
In purple clad, like Megacles, your uncle.'
I used to say, 'When you grow up and drive
The goats from Phelleus, clad in leather jerkin,
Like me, your father.'"

The care and training of the child's early years were committed to the mother and the nurse. A nurse from Sparta was always considered a great blessing, because these nurses not only understood the management of the diet, but knew how to regulate and govern the temper, to stop the crying, which was deemed a great nuisance in an Attic baby, and to quell childish fears, in particular the fear of such spectres as used to haunt the classical nursery. Cradles, either rocking, swinging, or basket-shaped, helped to lull the young Athenian to sleep. Nursery-songs lent the aid of sweet voices and harmony to this most desirable object. Says the proud mother in Theocritus: —

"Sleep, ye that on my breast have lain,
The slumber sweet and light,
And wake, my glorious twins, again
To glad your mother's sight.
O happy, happy be your dreams,
And blest your waking be,
When morning's gold and ruddy beams
Restore your smiles to me."

Athenæus gives an account of these classical lullabies. A great importance was attributed to the early influence of nurses, both by the Greeks and Romans. The word *babia*, *baby*, is said to have been in use among the Syrians long before Greek history commenced; and Menage traces it with some probabil-

ity up to the tower of Babel. Injudicious mothers used to frighten naughty children into good behavior by stories about the goblin Empusa, or Onoscelis, a monster that haunted the shades, and roved through dark rooms and secret passages. Lamia, who once had been a beautiful woman, the object of love to Zeus himself, was now a witch, and occupied herself with the destruction of children. The *Kobaloi*, wild spirits of the woods, were another object of superstitious terror, brought to bear on the imagination of the Grecian infant. The earliest toy that diverted childhood was the rattle, invented by Archytas the philosopher, — a man of immense genius, seven times elected a general by his native city, and said to have been admired for his domestic virtues. But when I remember the nuisance he bequeathed to the world, I read with less regret Horace's story of his drowning. Colored balls and little wagons next occupied the child's attention. Painted dolls, made of clay, were to be had in the market, and received the caresses of the girls. Making boats, building mud-houses, framing go-carts out of leather, or cutting pomegranates into the shape of frogs, served to fill up the time which then, as now, hung heavily on the hands of the future citizen. Strepsiades, whose authority has already been given, describing the precocious abilities of his son, says: —

> "He is a lad of parts, and from a child
> Took wondrously to dabbling in the mud,
> Whereof he 'd build you up a house so natural
> As would amaze you, trace you out a ship,
> Make you a little cart out of the sole
> Of an old shoe, mayhap, and from the rind
> Of a pomegranate cut you out a frog,
> You 'd swear it was alive."

Whipping the top, driving the hoop, tying strings to the legs of beetles and letting them fly off only to be pulled back again, blind-man's-buff, hide and seek, pickapack, leap-frog, hot-cockles, ducks and drakes, hiding the rope, forfeits, bob-cherry, games at ball, odd or even, and a thousand other sports

of childhood, are described or alluded to by ancient writers, and have been learnedly discussed by the moderns.

At the age of seven, the superintendence of the nurse was dispensed with, and the boy was placed under the charge of the pedagogue, who was generally one of the domestic slaves. Under the care of this attendant he was sent to the school of the teacher of letters. Schools of this description existed as early as Solon, who enacts in his laws that the teachers of boys shall not open their schools before sunrise, nor keep them open after sunset. Here they learned their letters, which meant learning the alphabet, spelling, and reading. The nature of boys, and the necessity of reducing them to order and due subordination, were pretty thoroughly understood by the Greek philosophers. "A boy," says Plato, "is the most ferocious of animals"; and in another place he says, "Man is intended to be a mild and gentle creature. If he be endowed with a fortunate nature, and attain the right education, he may become the most amiable and divine of living beings; not educated sufficiently or nobly, he is the wildest beast the earth produces." The training of the schools was not wanting in exactness and severity. The rod was not spared as a potent instrument in teaching. On the interesting subject of vacations we have no details; but it is stated that, when the master was ill, a notice was posted up with the welcome announcement, "No school to-day."

The sum and substance of Athenian education are well and briefly described by Plato in his Protagoras. "Beginning with early childhood," says he, "they teach and discipline the young; and discipline is continued through life. As soon as the child can understand what is said, nurse and mother, master and the father himself, contend with one another to make him as good as possible, teaching by every act and word; pointing out that this is just, and that is unjust; this is honorable, and that is shameful; this is pious, and that is impious; do the one, do not the other; and if he goes astray, they treat him as a crooked stick, and straighten him by threats

and blows. Next, sending him to the schoolmaster, they are more urgent in requiring him to look after the manners and morals of the youth, than after his letters and music. And when he comes to the study of literature, they place before him the works of distinguished poets, and compel him to learn them by heart, — especially the admonitions, narratives, and eulogies of the great men of former ages, to the end that the youth may imitate them, and earnestly strive to become himself such as they were. Again, the teachers of the harp look carefully to virtuous habits; and the pupils are required to learn the compositions of other poets, — the lyrical, — accompanying them with tunes on the harp; and the rhythms and the harmonies are made familiar to the souls of the young, in order that they may be more gentle, and that, becoming more rhythmical and harmonious, they may be better men in speech and action; for the whole life of man needs rhythm and harmony. Next they send them to the gymnasium, that, having more efficient bodies, they may the better minister to virtuous minds, and that they may not be compelled to play the coward, on account of the evil condition of their bodies, whether in war or in the other affairs of life. When they leave the schools, the state requires them to learn the laws, and to live after the pattern they furnish, that they may not act at random, according to their own caprices. For as the writing-master directs by strokes the hands of those not yet skilled in the art, so the state, laying down laws devised by illustrious legislators of ancient times, requires the citizen both to govern and to obey according to them, and punishes him who steps aside from their path." This remarkable passage from the eloquent philosopher gives a brief but comprehensive outline of ancient Athenian education, embracing literature, music, gymnastics, and law; neither of these branches being confined to any particular class or profession, but all being thought necessary to the education of the citizen who should be able, in the language of Milton, "to perform justly, wisely, and magnanimously all the duties both of peace and war."

The schools were private institutions, but to some extent under the supervision of the state. Among the reforms suggested by Plato was the establishment of a common-school system at the public charge. The study of the myths, and of those traditions in which the public religion embodied itself, was connected with the earliest lessons in reading and writing. This, however, was a part of instruction in which the greatest discretion was required, so as not to crowd young minds with images of terror, which, in the vivid language of Lucian, would "haunt them all their life long, and make them frightened at every rustling sound, filling them with every species of superstition." The musical instruction had in view not only the ethical effect pointed out by Plato, but the further practical object of qualifying the young to take part in the recitation of poems and other rhythmical and musical compositions at the great festivals. Instruction in arithmetic and geometry, the latter of which Plato considered to be of the highest value in sharpening and invigorating the mental faculties, as well as of essential use in its application to the business of life, was included in the course. In these sciences, the Greeks attained a great proficiency. Their works upon them were numerous, and their terminology accurate and well defined.

Declamation, and the repetition of passages from the poets, are often alluded to. In Xenophon's Symposium, one of the collocutors, Niceratus, says, "My father, who superintended my education, required me to learn all the poems of Homer, and even now I could repeat the Iliad and Odyssey by heart." Particular care was taken to teach a correct pronunciation and accent, and a proper management of the voice, as well as a rhythmical delivery. The ethical and didactic verses of Simonides, Theognis, and Phocylides were highly esteemed as means of instruction, and much used in the schools; and these were accompanied with a critical investigation of the power of letters, syllables, harmonies, and rhythms. The liberal education of the Athenian young men, however, extended beyond the formal schools, in which the rudiments of science and liter-

ature were taught, to the lessons of the rhetoricians and philosophers. Becoming manners and a noble tone of thought, in contrast with a vulgar rudeness and a coarse disposition, acuteness and vigor of intellect, a refined taste, and purity of moral feeling, were the general aims of Athenian education.

Gymnastic exercises formed an essential element in the system. In childhood, only the lighter kinds of exercises were admitted into the course of training. Swimming appears to have been practised early; so that it was a proverbial expression, significant of utter ignorance, "to know neither swimming nor letters." Severer exercises were probably practised about the tenth year, and the pancration not until the fourteenth; so that the physical education, under the various teachers designated by the names of paidotribai, *trainers of boys*, gymnastai, *masters of the gymnasia*, aleiptai, *anointers*, went on gradually and regularly, corresponding very closely with the education of the intellect. The first two classes of teachers were specially occupied with instruction in single kinds of exercises; and the aleiptai superintended the diet, as has been already stated. The gymnasia and the wrestling schools, or palæstræ, were places where the physical training was carried on, not only in youth, but as a habit of mature life. A distinction was made between gymnastics, or physical training as a means of health and strength, and the athletic training by which men were fitted for the contests in the games. In the Ionic states, girls and women took no part in gymnastics. The gymnasium consisted of a peristyle, twelve hundred feet in circumference, with one row of pillars on three sides, and two on the fourth; but the details are not very clearly made out. The porticos on three sides were furnished with seats for the philosophers, sophists, and other privileged persons. On the fourth side was the ephebeion, for the ephebi; and on the right and left the rooms for undressing, anointing, the cold bath, and the hot bath. In the rear were porticos for various exercises, with margins for the spectators. At the end was the stadium for the race-course. There were three chief gymnasia at Athens.

Great pains and expense were bestowed in ornamenting them with statues of gods, heroes, victors in the games, and eminent men. After the gymnastic training came the orchestric; or instruction and practice in those graceful and elaborate movements wherein great mimetic skill was acquired, to be employed especially for performance in the choral exhibitions which embellished the festivals. The object of this branch of education was to give to motion, attitude, and physical action the highest degree of rhythmical expression. Later still came exercise in the use of arms, in riding, and perhaps in tactics, as a preparation for military duties.

These were the points of Athenian education. With the progress of society, and the increase of philosophical studies, the subjects of instruction were multiplied and extended, while the business of education had a most intimate connection with the duties of citizens under a free constitution. The lectures of the philosophers and rhetoricians were, of course, attended only by young men of leisure, and particularly by those who aspired to take an ambitious part in the affairs of state, by the exercise of the arts of persuasion. The study of rhetoric, with practice in dialectics, assumed a proud position. Isocrates, having listened to the discourses of Gorgias, Prodicus, and Socrates, and being prevented by some physical infirmity from engaging in public life, established a school of rhetoric in Athens, which became one of the most celebrated in Greece. In one of his discourses, — that on the Exchange of Estates, — he describes his manner of life and his occupations as a teacher. He kept aloof from political affairs, from courts of law, from assemblies, and devoted himself to compositions on the general interests of the Greeks, by which he gained so much reputation that many desired to become his disciples, for the purpose of acquiring wisdom and virtue. Some of these pupils remained with him three years, and became so strongly attached to their residence and their teacher, that, when they closed their course, they bade him farewell with a heavy heart and with tears. Many of these scholars were afterwards leading men in the history of their times.

The sons of sovereigns in Thessaly, Macedonia, and Thrace — though these countries were regarded as only half civilized by the haughty inheritors of pure Hellenic blood — were carefully educated in Greek learning. Philip received his education in Thebes. Others were brought up by private tutors, invited to the court, and supported there on the most liberal allowance. Alexander, having passed his earliest years under Leonidas and Lysimachus, had the good fortune to enjoy the instructions of the philosopher of Stagira in ethics, politics, philosophy, and rhetoric, to which he added an extensive course in poetry, particularly in Homer and the Tragedians. Music, gymnastics, the use of arms, and riding were taught him by the best masters that the wealth and wisdom of his royal father could find or command.

The education of girls at Athens was commonly much more restricted, and the book-knowledge they acquired was very limited. They were trained in the principles of virtuous conduct, and with sound ideas of domestic duty; but they do not appear to have had much literary culture. Cleobulus said, "Let your daughters, when you give them in marriage, though girls in age, be women in understanding"; — "by which," says Diogenes Laertius, "he implies that even girls should be instructed." Greater freedom was allowed to women, at least in the earlier times, among the Æolians, as the lives of Sappho, Corinna, and other poetesses, show; for they were not only trained in the arts of poetry and song, but were allowed to compete with men for the public prizes.

Purity of manners, a wise administration of the house, and a quiet and modest demeanor were accounted at Athens the foremost virtues of the female sex. We hear but little of distinguished women, known extensively to the public, excepting those brilliant and somewhat daring persons who set at defiance the usages of society, cultivated music, philosophy, and eloquence, and drew around them a brilliant circle of men, like the celebrated queens of the saloons in the time of the old French monarchy. Such was Diotima, whose society was

highly prized by Socrates himself, who, as the philosopher confesses, taught him the theory of love, and whose opinions are so amusingly detailed by him, in his discourse at the symposium of Agathon. Such, too, was Aspasia, who was enabled by her attractive eloquence, her splendid beauty, and her position as the second wife of Pericles, to break down the barriers of ancient reserve, and to gather around her the most gifted men and women of Athens; — such as the poets Sophocles and Euripides; the philosopher Anaxagoras; Pheidias, the sculptor; Socrates, playing the beau, and accompanying the wives and daughters of his friends, (not his own, for Xanthippe would not have made much of a figure in such society,) — all enjoying the pleasures of rational conversation and refined wit. Scandal dealt freely with the characters of these women; but there is no reason to suppose that there existed any ground for imputations on their moral conduct. What deductions should be made, on account of contemporary exaggerations, from the traditions of their age with regard to other saloons and their mistresses, we cannot easily determine.

If we take into view the general scope of Athenian literature, I think we shall come to the conclusion that the position of woman, though not so prominent as in some of the Æolian and Dorian communities, was happy, respectable, and powerful in the sphere of domestic life; and that her education, though not distinguished for the prominent cultivation of the intellect, yet was not deficient in the opportunities of imbuing the mind with the spirit of the national poetry, religion, and even the fine arts; while the experience of life made her the wise companion of man, and his equal in the position for which, according to Athenian ideas, she was created.

LECTURE IX.

GENERAL CULTURE. — WORSHIP. — DIVINATION. — ORACLES.

The education of the Greeks was planned with great wisdom, and the effects of it were seen in the extraordinary amount of intellectual ability exhibited by men of various classes. It is understood of itself that the mental training and the opportunities of culture differed according to the position and wealth of the individual. The working classes, of course, were limited in both these respects; but in Athens, at least, they not only had the elements of a common education, — as in reading, writing, and arithmetic, — but enjoyed many opportunities of cultivating the taste, — such as the constant spectacle of the masterpieces of architectural, pictorial, and plastic art, and the habit of listening to the public recitation of literary works, to the performance of tragedy and comedy, and to the panegyrical, deliberative, and forensic discourses of the orators. They were called upon to consider public affairs, and to decide political questions by their votes; and they were drawn to serve as jurymen in a vast variety of causes, which were brought up from the subject and confederated cities to be decided in the courts of the capital. The boast of Pericles, that political knowledge was not incompatible with the common business of life, was fully borne out by the actual condition of the people of Athens in his day.

No doubt the young men of the poorer classes left school early, to be apprenticed to the trades by which their livelihood was to be earned. Many occupations, such as making wreaths and garlands, were open to young women of the same classes; and it is probable that in the great manufactories also, espe-

cially of the different kinds of cloth, women were employed; though all these departments of industry were to a considerable extent carried on by the agency of slaves. But the young men of leisure and property generally went through the entire course already described, giving the years from sixteen to eighteen more especially to the completion of the gymnastic and military education. At the close of this period, they were enrolled in the registers of their several *demoi*, or wards, and were at liberty to marry, to appear as parties in the courts of law, and the like; from eighteen to twenty, they were liable to military service, under the name of περίπολοι (*peripoloi*), in the border-fortresses of Attica; and at the end of this period they attained their full majority, were enrolled in the register of citizens, entitled to the full exercise of civic rights, and made participants in the business of the popular assemblies. On attaining their majority, the young men betook themselves to their several careers. Some engaged in private business, as the father of Demosthenes, who carried on the manufacture of swords and cutlery, with a considerable body of slave-operatives; others embarked in commerce; others, like Ischomachus, employed themselves in agriculture, for which the well-born Athenians had a strong taste; and many devoted themselves wholly to military, naval, or political affairs; though, as a general rule, it was considered right that a good citizen should be competent to discharge the duties pertaining to all the departments of the public service, whenever occasion called for his activity. Poetry, the arts, and philosophy attracted an emulous multitude of the finest intellects to enter these paths of fame. The freedom of public life opened a brilliant prospect for the eloquent and aspiring; and the administration of justice filled up the time and furnished the means of subsistence for a large body of the people. But the tastes and passions of many among the young men of fortune drew them into every species of dissipation and profligacy. Pleasure, in its most dangerous and seductive forms, lured them into the inextricable snare. The tavern opened its doors, and set before them the

choicest wines from the islands of the Ægean Sea. The accomplished sirens from Ionia, the flute-players, dancers, singers, who thronged the pleasure-loving capital, and made their houses enticing by every allurement of taste, art, brilliant wit, and literary culture, wasted the time, exhausted the estates, and steeped in voluptuous oblivion the consciences of not a few youth, else of fair promise, to whom neither virtue nor ambition nor philosophy was a sufficient safeguard against the perils of wealth and leisure. Horse-racing corrupted and vulgarized the tastes of the fast Athenian, and forced the too indulgent father to resort to the money-lenders for temporary relief, to be speedily followed by more desperate embarrassments. Poor old Strepsiades is unable to sleep at night, thinking over the debts into which his hopeful son has plunged him. Getting up from his uneasy couch he says:

"What with debts and duns
And stable-keepers' bills, which this fine spark
Heaps on my back, I lie awake the whilst;
And what cares he, but to coil up his locks,
Ride, drive his horses, dream of them all night,
Whilst I, poor devil, may go hang?
. . . . .
What, ho! a light! bring me my ledger, boy,
That I may reckon up how much I owe.
Come, let me see; to Pasias, twelve minæ.
For what? why, for the Koppa-branded horse.
O that his eye had first been Koppaed out!
. . . . .
Now, then, what debt assails me next to Pasias?
Three minæ to Amynias; for what?
Why, for a curricle and pair of wheels."

Gambling, cock-fighting, and the sport called *ortugocopia*, or the striking of quails, were very attractive to the idlers of the market-place. Professional cock-fighters enjoyed much of the consideration that is now awarded to jockeys. "During their professional perambulations," says St. John, taking the description from Plato's Laws, "they presented a spectacle infinitely

ludicrous. With a couple of small cocks in their hands, and an old one under either arm, they sallied forth, like vagabonds who had been robbing a hen-roost, to give their favorite animals air and gentle exercise, and, thus laden, often strolled several miles into the country." Social intercourse in the clubs and symposia formed a less objectionable recreation. The festivals which crowded the Attic year helped to wear away the time. Hunting, field-sports, horsemanship, exercising and bathing in the gymnasia, listening to the disputes of the philosophers, lounging about the agora to learn the news of the day, and occasional journeys to Corinth, as the whim or pleasure of the moment directed, diversified the life of the gay young Athenian. Education and philosophy were not then a universal safeguard of good habits and virtuous character, any more at Athens than elsewhere; and even the boasted rhythmical ethics blended with the tones of music did not always arrest the recipient from running a headstrong course of the wildest debauchery. But the general result was honorable to the wisdom and sagacity of those who devised the system. A sound and well-balanced mind, with a healthy body, was theoretically its aim, and in most cases practically its result. Vivacity of intellect, and versatility in the many-sided application of talent to business, to the public service, to literary pursuits, and to speculative philosophy, distinguished the Athenians above all other ancient or modern communities.

After the Peloponnesian war, the education of the Athenians underwent important modifications. The subjects of study were considerably multiplied, and the severity of the ancient discipline was relaxed. A more forward and forth-putting style of manners was tolerated and encouraged among the young. Greater effeminacy in dress came into fashion. The simple music of the old Marathonian time gave way to more complicated rhythms and to the works of a new and artificial class of composers. Fluency of speech without corresponding abundance of ideas, sophistical arguments, and word-catching, wholly regardless of sound and solid reason, were

favorite accomplishments; and showy rhetoric, veiling religious indifference and moral deformity, passed current among the degenerate fashions of the times. Yet some of the best and ablest men appeared amid the growing corruption; many of the masterpieces of eloquence, history, and philosophy belong to this period; and the circle of sciences was immensely enlarged in the very midst of the moral perversion of the sophists. Plato, Aristotle, and Demosthenes are proofs of the undiminished vigor of the Athenian character.

After the time of Alexander, the system of instruction was expanded to what was called the *encyclic* education, that is, a course of studies including in its circle the principal subjects of human knowledge; and this course was gradually adopted as the basis of Hellenic culture, as far as the Greek language and literature extended. The Alexandrian scholars not only cultivated criticism and literature, but greatly enlarged the boundaries of mathematical and physical science. The professors of the Museum and the Serapeion gave their lives to these pursuits; and the patronage of the Ptolemies collected in the Alexandrian libraries the literary and scientific treasures of the world. The *encyclic* or liberal education, at this period, embraced seven departments; namely, Grammar, Rhetoric, Philosophy or Dialectics, Arithmetic, Music, Geometry, and Astronomy. And now came into existence the learned class, professionally considered; that is, a class of men set apart from the ordinary vocations of life, and wholly devoted to study. Erudition, without specific, practical aims, gradually grew into a distinct pursuit; special departments of study became exclusive professions; and the methods and details of instruction were changed and improved. The principal seats of science and education at this stage were Athens, Rhodes, Alexandria, Antioch, Ephesus, Smyrna, and especially Tarsus, immortalized as the place where St. Paul acquired that various and accurate learning which made him the most efficient teacher of Christianity among the first disciples of Christ. Strabo says, that here, so great was the zeal of men for the cultivation of

philosophy and the other branches of a liberal education, that Tarsus surpassed Athens, Alexandria, and every other place that could be mentioned, where the lectures and schools of philosophers have existed.

There was one peculiar defect in the liberal education of the Greeks, distinguishing it from that of our own times, which deserves to be pointed out. There was no study of foreign languages. It was but seldom, and then only for some practical purpose, that a scholar attempted the acquisition of any language but his own. Travellers indeed sometimes learned to speak the language of the nation they visited; and ambassadors sometimes, but not always or frequently, sought to facilitate their intercourse with foreign diplomatists by learning to converse with them in their own tongue. Themistocles, we are told by Thucydides, when he fled to the Persian court, asked permission to remain a year before presenting himself to the monarch; and during that time he made himself completely master of the Persian language. Appearing at court at the expiration of the year, he was received with distinguished honor, and was able to hold personal intercourse with King Artaxerxes, the son of Xerxes. During the Roman domination many Greeks studied the Latin language, either for the purpose of repairing to Rome, or for convenience of intercourse with the Romans who visited Greece. In Egypt the commercial establishments of the Greeks required the services of interpreters; and there were many persons whose sole business was to officiate in this capacity. According to Herodotus they were Egyptians by birth, who had been permitted to study the Greek language, and whose descendants constituted a class, caste, or guild, called the interpreters' guild. Similar arrangements were made at other important commercial stations, as at the emporium of the Borysthenes, where a considerable business was carried on with the Scythians. But the study of their own language was one of the most important subjects of attention, not only in the early system of the Athenians, but through all the ages of Hellenic culture; and

not only on the continent of Greece, but in Egypt, Asia Minor, Byzantium, and wherever Greek colonies were established or Greek culture was known. Improvisation was practised by the sophists of Smyrna, Pergamus, and other seats of rhetorical study. According to Philostratus, Herodes Atticus loved to extemporize more than to be looked up to as a man of consular rank, descended from consular ancestors. The same distinguished man gave to the sophist Polemon, for three discourses, twenty-five thousand drachmæ, or between four and five thousand dollars.

The Asiatic style was distinguished for excess of ornament, aiming constantly at brilliant diction, rhythmical sound, balanced sentences, sharp antitheses, metaphors, and comparisons, which delighted the ear, without always satisfying the understanding of the hearer. We have a considerable number of these showy discourses in the works of Dion Chrysostomus and Aristeides Quintilianus, some of which are not devoid of interest and value. In the schools, rhetorical exercises on themes propounded by the teacher constituted a favorite mode of discipline. The following may serve as a specimen of the subjects: — "Demosthenes affirming under oath his innocence of the charge brought against him by Demades, that he had received a bribe of fifty talents from Persia, on information drawn from the accounts of Darius sent by Alexander to Athens."

Gymnastic education was comparatively, though not wholly, neglected during these later ages; but training for the great games continued to occupy the young men, even down through the imperial times. The ancient spirit of law and liberty — a sense of the rights, privileges, and duties of the free citizen — had long ceased to animate the systems of education; and so, with many noble exceptions, and with a remarkable development of science and philosophical speculation, a false taste in style, pedantry of manner, and a want of practical wisdom in the aim of intellectual culture, gained ground with the slow and sure degradation of public morality. Christianity was slowly working her way; but the warfare she had to wage

with heathenism and sophistry was long and desperate, and for a time the confusion of the intellectual chaos seemed to grow more hopeless. The literary character, as has been more than once the case in modern times, ceased to enjoy or to deserve the public respect. Lucian, in his Hermotimus, introduces an old gentleman complaining to the teacher of his nephew that the young man had grown no better, but rather worse, by his instructions; and in his Symposium one of the personages, having listened to the discordant talk of the philosophers, says: "While these various matters were going on, I was reflecting by myself on the obvious thought, that science and literature are of no service, unless a man reform his life thereby. These men, so fluent and excellent in speech, I saw bring ridicule on themselves in their actions; and then it occurred to me whether the common saying be not true, that a literary education withdraws from the path of common sense those who look only to books, and to the ideas contained in them."

This is certainly a discouraging result; but, on the other hand, many eminent and venerable names occur to grace these ages of decline. Aristeides the rhetorician, Plutarch, Dion Chrysostomus, Philostratus, Libanius, Themistius, deserve especial mention; and that their examples and instructions were not without effect may be fairly deduced from the sketch, by the distinguished writer first named, of the character of Eteoneus, a Grecian youth of noble soul and liberal education, whose early death he deplores. "He was more beautiful and perfect than all his companions, and made the most agreeable impression on those who beheld him. In his bearing he was the most modest and liberal of men; distinguished by magnificence joined with simplicity, so that it was not easy to judge whether he was a boy, a youth, or a man in middle life; for he had the artless disposition of the boy, the blooming vigor of the youth, the intellect of manhood. The admirable feature of his mind was, that it had nothing over-bold, forward, and presumptuous. The vigor of his understanding was accompanied by a gentle reserve, while his

moderation had nothing paltry, low, or sluggish. His character was like the soft and well-attempered air of spring, wherein keenness is blended with mildness. Solidity and grace were so combined in his intellectual and moral character, that neither quality was injured by the other."

The religion of the Greeks, in its relation to the life of Greece, is to be looked upon from two principal points of view. First, it is to be considered as a system of positive belief in the existence of gods, or supernatural beings, who, under the human form, and with some of the passions and imperfections belonging to man, yet governed this world substantially according to the decrees of eternal justice, taking a direct and personal interest and agency in the scenes of life and the destinies of men. The second aspect in which it presents itself to us is as a system of moral and religious doctrines, on the divine being and nature, the moral law, the immortality of the soul, the obligations of purity, piety, humanity, beneficence, and the duty of making one's self as much like the divine being as possible in this life, — this system having been elaborated by the higher order of philosophical intelligences, like Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. These two systems were not always in harmony; the popular belief in the multitudinous deities of Olympus, with their appetites, passions, and intrigues, was often rudely jostled by the scepticism of the philosophers; and the philosophers, in their turn, by the freedom of their speculations, subjected themselves to popular odium and vehement persecution, as heretics with regard to the established church. The external worship of the Greeks was an imposing ritual, uniting the grandeur of art, the attractions of public and private festivity, processions, holidays, sacrifices, purifications, libations, intellectual and sensual enjoyment. Songs and dances filled the day, gladdening the eyes and ears of the worshipping multitude as the performers moved around the altar, or marched in festal array to the temple. The temples themselves, occupying places consecrated to the gods, were the habitations in which the deities

dwelt, embodied in statues wrought by the genius of art, and dedicated by the piety of the state. They were surrounded by sacred grounds, often planted with trees, or occupied by other buildings connected with the worship. Architectural magnificence was lavished upon them long before the art of the statuary or painter had made any important progress. But the tympana, friezes, and metopes, in the course of time, were embellished with the finest sculptures, and no expense was spared in rendering these structures houses fit for the godhead. Without entering upon architectural details, I may mention that the temples were classified not only according to the orders of architecture, Dorian, Ionian, Corinthian, — orders exclusively devoted to sacred uses, and never adopted for private residences, — but according to the number and position of the columns at the ends and sides, and as they were roofed or open at the top. They were generally divided into three parts, — the *pronaos* or vestibule, the *naos* or *cella*, and the *opisthodomos*. The *naos* contained the statue of the god, facing the entrance, which was in the centre of the front portico. In those temples which were connected with the celebration of the mysteries, the interior division was open only to the priests and the body of the initiated. Many of the temples, such as those at Delphi, and on the Acropolis of Athens, were filled with gold, silver, precious stones, and costly works of art, sent thither by states, kings, or private individuals, to propitiate the favor of the gods, or in token of gratitude for blessings received; so that, in times of war, these centres of Hellenic piety became tempting lures to rapacious leaders, whose soldiers were clamoring for plunder. Sometimes the temples served as a safe place of deposit for the public revenues. Thus the temple of Apollo at Delos was the treasury of the contributions paid by the allies of Athens for the common defence, until Pericles removed the deposits to Athens; and the public moneys of Athens were deposited in the *opisthodomos*, or rear apartment, of the Parthenon.

Connected with the temples were estates called sacred prop-

erty. This property consisted partly in lands, which, unless prohibited by a malediction, were leased, and the revenue appropriated to the support of worship, or the defraying of the cost of sacrifices. Taxes were in many instances levied on the community, and tithes were an invention of the Greeks, as well as of the Jews. The temple of Athene had a tithe of the prizes taken in war, and of certain fines; the temple of the Delian Apollo received tithes to a large amount from the Cyclades; the temple of Artemis in Ithaca received tithes from an estate, the possessors of which were bound to keep it in repair; and so with others. Each important temple had an officer attached to it — generally appointed by the people — who acted as receiver of the revenues and treasurer. The appointment of priests and priestesses was determined by different rules and principles in different places; the general idea of the priestly function being that of an intercessor between the gods and man, though the need of such an intercessor was by no means universally recognized. The head of a family might offer prayers and sacrifices without the help of a priest; but at each important centre of worship a body of officiating persons was generally attached to the temple, and directed the acts of religious homage performed there. A few priesthoods were hereditary, as that of the Eumolpidæ at Athens; others were temporary in their tenure; others were for life. In some cases celibacy was required; in others, marriage was allowed. In the more ancient worship of Zeus, Pausanias asserts that the officiating priest was a boy, chosen for his beauty; and that, as soon as his beard began to grow, he gave place to another younger person, chosen upon the same principle. The offices of these ministers of the gods were mainly prayer and sacrifice. They were bound in a peculiar sense to maintain themselves in all honor and purity of character, as was becoming those who were admitted into such intimate communion with the deity, and who dwelt in the sacred precincts, shared in the reverence paid to the gods, and lived upon the temple revenues. To them the place of honor was assigned in the theatre, and at other re-

sorts of amusement and business. Their costume was carefully studied, the stole being usually white. Garlands and fillets were worn on the head in public ceremonies, and the hair was suffered to grow long. Sometimes they appeared in the typical costume of the deity they served. Thus the priestess of Athene, selected from the tallest and most beautiful of the maids of Athens, appeared on some occasions with the panoply and the triple-crested helmet of the goddess. In the later periods it sometimes happened that the same individual held several priesthoods, and enjoyed their united incomes, — a fact which proves pluralities not to have been an original invention of modern hierarchies. The priests had under their direction a great number of attendants, to perform the labors connected with such an establishment, to assist in the sacrificial services, to bear the sacred vessels, to execute the choral dances and walk in the processions, besides a class of servants to perform the menial duties necessary in many parts of the ceremonial; and all these partook of the good cheer furnished by the victims offered on the altars. On the whole, these priests led a jovial life, — much like the merry times enjoyed by the monks, or some of them, unless the stories of the Middle Ages are inventions of the enemy.

The four great games — the Olympian, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian — were a characteristic feature of Hellenic worship and life, and a bond of union for all of Hellenic descent. They were celebrated at stated intervals under the sanction of religion, and drew together immense multitudes of people from every Grecian state. Originally intended only for athletic exercises, they combined in the course of time competitions in the fine arts, eloquence, poetry, and philosophy. To the Olympian celebration, held every four years, came Greeks from Asia, from Africa, and from every part of Europe where Greek colonies were established. Peace was proclaimed over the Grecian world. The territory of Elis, where stood the temple of Olympian Zeus, was inviolable. Commercial transactions on the most extensive scale were concluded there. Deputies, with

gorgeous equipments, from cities and states, made an emulous show of their magnificence. Women were not allowed to be present, under penalty of being thrown down the Typæan Rock, though they might send chariots to the races. The festival lasted five days, and was under the immediate superintendence of Olympian Zeus, whose statue, in gold and ivory, was deemed the greatest work of the sculptor Pheidias. Within the sacred precincts were altars and shrines to many other gods, statues to victors in the games, and magnificent offerings consecrated by the munificence of cities and princes. Besides the intellectual entertainments provided by the genius of poets, rhetoricians, and artists, the contests consisted in foot-races, wrestling, the throwing of the discus and the spear, boxing, the chariot-race, the pancration, horse-races of divers kinds, various exercises of boys, and the armed race. These exercises probably occupied four days, and the fifth was taken up with the processions, sacrifices, and banquets given to the victors. The garland of wild olive, cut from the sacred tree in the grove of Altis, near the altars of Aphrodite and the Horæ, was the only prize. The victor was crowned upon a table made of ivory and gold, or a tripod covered with bronze; and his name, with that of his father and his country, was proclaimed by the herald to assembled Greece. Such a victory was regarded as the highest boon the gods could bestow on mortals. Returning to his native city, the conqueror was escorted home by a triumphal procession, and his glory was commemorated by the loftiest strains of Pindar or Simonides. The occasion was one of the greatest splendor and stateliness in the varied range of Hellenic worship. The other national games agreed in their general type and aim with the Olympian; and there was an endless diversity of similar celebrations, of a local character and less comprehensive purposes.

Passing from the external pomp of Grecian worship to the influence of superstitious ideas upon the natural yearning of the human heart for intercourse with the spiritual world, and the insatiable curiosity to pry into the secrets of fate, we

shall find a wonderful apparatus, partly of delusion, partly of imposture, partly of mistaken apprehensions of the phenomena of nature, by which the eager minds of the Greeks — ever searching, but ever baffled — strove to appease the mighty hunger for the unknown.

The modes of divination, so far as the interpretation of the will of the gods was concerned, may be ranged under two general heads, — inspiration, and the interpretation of signs; and these were sometimes connected with temple-worship, sometimes wholly independent of it. The interpretation of dreams was considered of some importance, even by the most philosophical minds. The sort of divination which judges of the future by the past, though often attributed to divine inspiration, was generally conceded to be nothing more than the application of sense and sagacity to the current affairs of the world. The signs to be interpreted were innumerable. The most common were the flight and voices of birds, their habits, which were carefully observed, and their manner of alighting. In so common regard and use were these, that the word *bird* had become, even in Homer's time, synonymous with *omen*. Particular birds were more ominous or prophetic than others. Thus the crow and the raven were specially favored with the ability to act as mediums between man and the gods. Numerous accidental events, — a violent fit of sneezing, any little deviation from the ordinary course of things, a sudden sound, interrupting the stillness of the hour, the unexpected suggestion of a thought, a bright idea occurring to one not accustomed to such angel-visitants, — all these were special interpositions of the gods, and indications — often blind enough — of their will and purposes. In the sacrifice of victims, omens of the most important bearing were discerned. In the historical times, no important enterprise was undertaken, unless the omens favored it; though it is likely enough that the omens were favorable, or the contrary, much as the leaders in the undertaking desired. The circumstances from which conclusions were drawn on these occasions were the manner of burning, —

whether the flame shot up clear and bright, or smouldered and hissed, as it reached the victim's body, lying on the pile or altar; the form and appearance of the ashes, after the flame subsided; and, above all, the inspection of the entrails, and the shape and aspect of the liver. At the temples, where much of this business was carried on, the resident priesthood were the professional interpreters. In some places, simple altars were special seats of divination. At an altar of Hermes, the first word heard after the sacrificer had completed his offering, was supposed to contain the answer to the question propounded. There was in Thebes an altar of Ismenian Apollo, the ashes of which were prophetical. These, and a thousand other methods, were resorted to every day, and every hour of every day, all over Greece.

The oracular responses at the shrines and temples were more imposing, and had a wider influence over public affairs. The most ancient and venerable centre of oracular lore was the temple of Zeus at Dodona, where the responses of the gods were gathered from the rustling of the leaves on the sacred oaks that overshadowed the holy ground, and from the murmuring of the fountain flowing hard by. Apollo, however, was, in a pre-eminent degree, the oracular deity. His oracles were established in many parts of Greece. Not only was he the organ of communication between the monarch of the gods and the human race, but to him belonged the power of making men or women the mediums of his responses, by throwing them into a state of inspiration or ecstasy, in which they delivered unconsciously the words of the god. The sites selected for these oracles were generally marked by some physical property, which fitted them to be the scenes of such miraculous manifestations. They were in a volcanic region, where gas escaping from a fissure in the earth might be inhaled, and the consequent exhilaration or ecstasy, partly real and partly imaginary, was a divine inspiration. At the Pythian oracle in Delphi there was thought to be such an exhalation. Others have supposed that the priests possessed the secret of manu-

facturing an exhilarating gas, and kept it to themselves for this purpose, as no such phenomenon has been observed on that spot in modern times. Perhaps the fumes of the laurel which was burned there produced the effect. At first, the Delphian oracle was open to the consultation of visitors only once a year; next, every month; and finally, several days in each month. The persons wishing to consult the oracle were required to pass through a process of purification by bathing in water from the Castalian stream, and to offer sacrifice, before they could draw nigh to the presence of the god. In each of the oracular temples of Apollo, the officiating functionary was a woman, probably chosen on account of her nervous temperament; — at first young, but, a love affair having happened, it was decided that no one under fifty should be eligible to the office. The priestess sat upon a tripod, placed over the chasm in the centre of the temple. The smoke, gas, or ether, or perhaps her own imagination, reduced her quickly to a state of intoxication, and her ravings in this condition were taken down by the *prophetes*, — one of the managing priests, — embodied in verse more or less enigmatical, and delivered to the inquirer as the response of the god. The brain of the medium was the more easily affected, as before ascending the tripod she usually spent three days in preparing herself by fasting and bathing. The priesthood in this temple appear generally to have been very crafty and able. They had a vast amount of secret information about men and things, which they turned to the purposes of imposture. They kept poets in their pay, or as members of the fraternity, who acquired immense skill in turning the nonsensical prose of the Pythoness into high-sounding, but very unintelligible verse. The great point, in cases where no information was in their possession, was to give the response in such a way that, two opposite events being the only possible ones, the construction of the language would allow its application to either; while it would be impossible to know anything about it until after the event, which made the whole as plain as daylight.

The influence of the oracles of Apollo over Greece was boundless, and extended far beyond the countries occupied by the Hellenic race. There is no doubt that the statesmen and warriors of the historical times availed themselves of the oracles as a means of carrying out their plans. "The Pythia Philippizes," was an expression of the great Athenian orator, implying that the king of Macedonia had tampered with the sacred persons of the Delphian temple.

Sleeping in temples, and judging by dreams, which under such circumstances were considered divine communications, was another mode of divination. The custom was to slay a victim and sleep on the skin, — which one would suppose to be a very natural way of producing dreams of the most unpleasant description.

There were other temples, called *Plutonia*, where the spirits of the dead were conjured up to answer questions propounded to them. By what sort of deception this trick was accomplished, the jugglers have not informed us. Besides the public and recognized shrines of these mysterious rites, there were localities without temples, supposed to be favorable for the summoning up of ghosts; and these were called *Psychopompeia* and *Psychomanteia*, — offices for calling up and questioning departed spirits. Maximus Tyrius described one of these spots, in Magna Græcia, where a great business was carried on. "There was a place near Lake Avernus, called the prophetic cavern. Persons were in attendance there who called up ghosts. Any one desiring it came thither, and, having killed a victim and poured out libations, summoned whatever ghost he wanted. The ghost came, very faint and doubtful to the sight, but vocal and prophetic; and, having answered the questions, went off." In a more secret manner still, this species of imposture was conducted for private gain. It is a singular fact, that the imposition was practised chiefly by women of a low and vulgar character, though men were not wanting to help in the cheat and share in the profit; and, what is perhaps even more singular, the obvious bad faith of the im-

postors, the coarseness of the means they resorted to, and the baldness of the delusion, did not hinder them from drawing many, who should have known better, to sanction the impudence of their pretensions.

It is only with the very lowest style of ancient superstition that the wretched imposture of spiritual rapping, which is now emptying the churches and filling the mad-houses, can be compared. An oracle poetically expressed with two meanings is more ingenious than a badly spelled message, rapped from under a table, with no meaning at all. A ghost summoned from the realm of the departed, in a Plutonian temple or a gloomy cavern, answering questions and then vanishing, is more pleasing to the imagination than one which upsets furniture. A pythoness, raving with the fancied inspiration of Apollo, with priests and poets moulding her crazy exclamations into well-sounding hexameters, presents a finer picture than a medium, —generally a tricky girl or a nervous woman, — writing feeble sentences which an idiot would blush to own, and then libelling some departed worthy by attributing them to the dictation of his ghost. The agitation of the laurel-branches round the holy tripod, as the inspiration came over the pythoness, sounds better than making a table dance across the floor by the application of a dozen hands. Spiritual rapping is nothing but the old Athenian imposture repeated in more vulgar forms, with a few modifications of circumstance for the convenience of the rappers. It differs in being a more impudent cheat on the one side, and a more imbecile delusion on the other, and in being more fatal in its consequences; and it shows how easily an imposture which seduces the human mind to believe a lie, degrades its godlike powers to the most pitiable feebleness.

LECTURE X.

TEMPLES. — STATE OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF. — PHILOSOPHERS. — FUNERAL RITES AND MONUMENTS. — BELIEF CONCERNING A FUTURE LIFE. — WILLS.

Pausanias, the Greek traveller, who made the tour of Hellas in the second century of our era, left a work, somewhat dry in style and inartificial in arrangement, in which he describes the objects of interest he saw on his travels. So far as the monuments of sculpture and architecture remain, they evince the accuracy and fidelity of his accounts. In an antiquarian point of view, his narrative is of the highest importance, though its literary merits are not remarkable. When he visited Elis, the temple and statue of Olympian Zeus and the most splendid memorials of the Olympic celebrations were still standing uninjured. "The temple," says he, "is built according to the Dorian order, and is surrounded by columns (or a peristyle). It is constructed of the light marble which the country produces. Its height, from the foundation to the pediment, is sixty-eight feet; its breadth, ninety-five; and its length, two hundred and thirty. Its builder was Libon, a native Eleian. Its roof is not of burned tiles, but of marble from the Pentelic quarries, wrought after the manner of tiles." He next describes in detail the sculptural ornaments, the shields, and the other embellishments of the exterior of the temple, which were of the most elaborate and admirable character. The site of this temple is well ascertained, as are its plan and dimensions. The excavations undertaken by the French scientific expedition to the Morea laid open the foundations of the structure, and brought to light numerous fragments of columns and pieces of sculpture of the finest workmanship cor-

responding to the description of Pausanias. The columns are shown to have been more than seven feet in diameter, surpassing in size those of any other Greek temple now extant. The most elaborate examination of these ruins and their interesting associations is by Ernst Curtius, in a discourse recently delivered at Berlin, accompanied by a diagram of the temple and its site, as restored. On this diagram the goddess of Victory surmounts the vertex of the temple; at each corner is a tripod, the memorial of a victory; and at the feet of the goddess hangs a shield, with a Medusa's head in the centre, in celebration of a battle won by the Spartans. The architrave was covered by a row of consecrated shields, placed there, however, at a late period, by the Roman general Mummius, after suppressing the last Greek revolt. In the centre of the triangular tympanum the figure of Zeus was seated. The groups on the right and left were devoted to the mythical tale of Pelops. The former represented the old Pelasgian king Œnomaus, with his attendants; and the latter, the Phrygian adventurer, with Hippodameia. On the right was the river Alpheius; and on the left, the Cladeus. The contest of Pelops in the race of four-horse chariots, which, according to the myth, decided his own destiny and that of the country, here stood very properly as the type of the principal contest in the games. The moment represented is that just before the contest begins, Olympian Zeus sitting beneath the goddess of Victory, and presiding over the scene as the supreme judge. The sculptures on the west exhibited the battle of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ. Entering the pronaos through the bronze gates, and over a mosaic floor, the visitor reaches the presence where was enthroned the colossal statue of the Olympian Zeus, the deity of the temple and the place, the work of Pheidias, the last and greatest triumph of his sublime genius. "Pheidias, the son of Charmides, the Athenian, made me," was the simple but proud inscription, in which he was permitted to record for immortal memory this achievement, — one of the wonders of the world. The famous lines of Homer, describing the nod of Zeus, were the inspiration under which he wrought: —

"'This is the mightiest sign; for a clear, irrepealable purpose
Waits an accomplishment sure, when the nod of my head is the token.'
So did he speak, and at pausing he signed with his shadowy eyebrows;
And the ambrosial curls from the head everlasting were shaken,
And at the nod of the king deep trembled the lofty Olympus."

Pheidias, having completed his greatest works at Athens, removed, on a public invitation, with his most eminent pupils, to Elis, where he had a *studio* assigned him, near the sacred grove of Altis. Here he began his most illustrious task, in 437 B. C., and finished it in four years. The style of sculpture was that called the *Chryselephantine*, or ivory-and-gold. The god was represented seated on a throne of cedar-wood, adorned with gold, ivory, and precious stones, crowned with a wreath of olive, holding a statue of Victory in his right hand, and a sceptre surmounted by an eagle in his left. The royal *peplos*, which covered the lower part of the statue, was of beaten gold, variegated with chased and painted figures. The throne and the platform on which it rested were richly adorned with painted and sculptured compositions of mythological subjects, which are all enumerated by Pausanias. The quantity of gold used was enormous. According to Lucian, each lock of hair weighed six minæ, and must have been worth some hundreds of dollars. In the judgment of the ancients, the statue stood at the head of all the productions of Hellenic art, and was regarded with a superstitious veneration, as the real presence of the deity, in material form. Elis became the sanctuary of peace; the clang of arms was never allowed to break in upon the sacred repose of the region blessed by the direct supervision of the king of gods and men. Livy says that Æmilius Paulus, in his march through Greece, "went up through Megalopolis to Olympia, where he was affected in his mind as if he had beheld Jupiter in present form, and ordered a sacrifice more magnificent than usual to be prepared." The author of an epigram in the Anthology says, "Either the god descended from heaven, to show his form, or thou, O Pheidias, didst go up to behold the god." Quintilian writes: "The

Athenian Minerva and the Olympian Jupiter at Elis possessed a beauty which seemed to have added something to religion, the majesty of the work was so worthy of the divinity." Flaxman, having well considered all the information that has come down to us respecting it, says, "It was justly esteemed one of the seven wonders of the world." It was removed by the Emperor Theodosius I. to Constantinople, where it perished by fire, A. D. 475; and so in smoke and flame vanished from earth the great god of Olympus, nine hundred and twelve years after he was placed on the throne of Grecian worship at Elis.

One of the characters drawn by Theophrastus is that of the superstitious man. Some of the marks which distinguish him are these. "If a weasel cross his path, he will not proceed until some one has gone before him; or until he has thrown three stones across the way. If he sees a serpent in the house, he builds a chapel on the spot. . . . . A mouse, perchance, has gnawed a hole in a flour-sack; away he goes to the seer to know what it behooves him to do; and if he is simply answered, 'Send it to the cobbler to be patched,' he views the business in a more serious light; and, running home, he consecrates the sack as an article no more to be used. . . . . If on his walks an owl flies past him, he is horror-struck, and exclaims, 'Thus comes the divine Athene!' On the fourth and seventh days of the month, he directs mulled wine to be prepared for his family," (a rite practised within the memory of the present generation on other days as well,) "and, going himself to purchase myrtle and frankincense, he returns, and spends the day in crowning the statues of Hermes and Aphrodite. As often as he has a dream, he runs to the interpreter, the soothsayer, or the augur, to inquire what god or goddess he ought to propitiate. Whenever he passes a cross-way, he bathes his head. For the benefit of a special purification, he invites the priestesses to his house; who, while he stands reverently in the midst of them, bear around him an onion or a little dog." The folly and degradation of these lower forms of superstition were seen distinctly enough, and exposed and ridiculed by the clear intellects that

rose from time to time in Hellenic society. Aristophanes treated them in this fashion, especially in the comedy of "The Birds." When the soothsayer comes up to Birdtown with an assortment of spiritual wares, pretending that the oracles have directed the citizens of Nephelococcygia to give him a pair of shoes and a portion of the flesh of the sacrifices, he is met by a counter-oracle. Peisthetairos, the archon of this airy republic, tells him: —

> "This oracle differs most remarkably
> From that which I transcribed in Apollo's temple:
> 'If, at the sacrifice which you prepare,
> An uninvited vagabond should dare
> To interrupt you, and demand a share,
> Let cuffs and buffets be the varlet's lot, —
> Smite him between the ribs, and spare him not.'"

And producing a horsewhip, he proceeds to execute justice on the shoulders of the soothsayer, who takes to his heels.

The philosophers of Greece represent the favorable side of the Hellenic religion. Taken collectively, they were a most remarkable body of men, whether we consider the variety of their attainments, the depth of their intuition, the precision and accuracy of their logic, the splendor of their eloquence, or the weight of their personal influence. Philosophy among the Greeks was a very comprehensive term, embracing every department of knowledge, human and divine, looking upon the universe of mind and matter as a grand unity, all the parts of which were worthy of the serious and reverent study of man. Physical science had not made the world of matter so subject to the human mind as now. Their theories were often wild, fanciful, and poetical, rather than scientific. Yet even here, one is sometimes startled by intuitive foreshadowings that comprehend and anticipate the last conclusions of modern research. Thus Philolaus, the Pythagorean, maintained that the sun was a globe in the centre of the system, that the other planets revolved around it, and that the earth had a movement on its own axis, which caused day and night,

and gave an apparent motion to the stars. Xenophanes drew from the fossil remains imbedded in the rocks the conclusion that the earth had in previous ages undergone prodigious revolutions, in which the existing races of animals were destroyed; and that the shells and petrifactions of marine products on the mountains proved the surface of the earth to have gradually risen from beneath the waters of the sea. The philosophers universally rejected the popular notions of the gods, and, almost universally, the belief in a multiplicity of gods; though, as a matter of expediency and prudence, they generally fell in with the observances of the popular worship, so far at least as the laws of the state required religious conformity. But after all, there was a wide separation between them and the body of the people, who, partly from the fanaticism natural to ignorance, and partly from the apprehension of losing the enjoyments placed within their reach by the religious festivals, persecuted with unrelenting hostility any man who was suspected of questioning the national faith. They could laugh over the vices and absurdities attributed by the poets to the gods and goddesses, the cowardice and lewdness of Dionysos, the intrigues of Aphrodite, the sneaking amours of Zeus, the scolding jealousy of Hera; but if an earnest seeker after the truth came to doubt the existence of these precious models of the divine nature, and pronounced that the universe was created and governed by one God, holy, omnipresent, eternal, and indivisible, he could look only for banishment or death from the popular tribunals. This discord between the faith of the people and the religion of the philosophers naturally led the latter to regard the doctrines in which their conclusions were embodied as secrets or mysteries, to be communicated only to the interior circle of their disciples. Here was another source of confusion and hostility; and perhaps a part of the blame is to be laid upon the philosophers themselves, for so long withholding their own loftier conceptions of the divine essence and of religious duty from the great body of their contemporaries.

Thales taught that "God is the oldest of all things, for he is

without beginning"; that "death differs not from life, the soul being immortal"; that "a bad man can hide neither evil actions nor evil thoughts from the divine power"; that "the world is the fairest of all things, for it is the work of God." Cheilon's precepts were, "Not to slander our neighbors; to be more ready to share the misfortunes than the prosperity of our friends; to keep watch over ourselves; to suffer harm rather than take a dishonest gain; to be meek when in power; to bear injuries patiently; to seek peace; to honor age; to obey the laws." Cleobulus said: "Do good to your friends, that their friendship may be strengthened; to your enemies, that they may become your friends. Be more eager to hear than to speak. Avoid injustice; bridle the love of pleasure; do violence to no man; instruct your children; keep up no enmities." Pythagoras, the first to adopt the title of philosopher or lover of knowledge, enjoined upon the members of his fraternity, not only silence, but modesty, temperance, and brotherly love. Like the early Christians, they lived together in a social community, with funds in common, administered by one of the members. The master taught: "The one Deity is the source of all things; his form, light; his essence, truth. He is the giver of good to those who love him, and as such is to be worshipped. He is the soul of all things, pervading and maintaining the universe. The souls of men exist after the death of the body. The soul strengthens its holy dispositions by the exercise of devotion. Knowledge should be sought as the means of approaching the nature and felicity of the Deity." Xenophanes said, "There is one eternal, infinite, immortal Being, by whom all things exist, and this one being is God. Incorporeal and omnipresent, he hears all, sees all, but not by human senses. He is at once mind, wisdom, eternal existence." Heracleitus affirmed that the universe is governed by one unerring Supreme Will or Deity. He told his countrymen of Ephesus, that they might as well pray to the stones of their houses as to stone images; and in the spirit of a later watchword of polytheistic fanaticism, "Great is Diana of the Ephe-

sians," they banished him. Anaxagoras declared, that "Phœbus himself, the great Delphian god, is nothing more than a glowing ball, which communicates its heat to the earth; that the moon, the Artemis of the Greeks, and the Isis of Egypt, is nothing more than another habitable earth, with hills and valleys like our own; that there is but one God, the intelligent Mind which has given movement and form to the atoms of the universe, and which, though pervading and governing all nature, is separate, and unmixed with any material substance." But bigotry was alarmed; Diopeithes procured a decree to be passed, that those who were guilty of denying the existence of the gods should be tried before the assembly of the people; and all the influence and eloquence of Pericles, when at the height of his power, availed only to procure the commutation of the sentence of death into banishment from Athens.

The argument of Socrates on the existence of God as an intelligent Creator, as reported by Xenophon, anticipates all the material points of Paley's beautiful reasoning from the appearances of design. "The senses of man are furnished him for his benefit and happiness. It is a proof of benevolent forethought, that the eye, being delicate, is protected by the eyelids, which are opened while it is used, and closed when in sleep; that the ear receives all sounds, without being filled"; and so on, through every part of the body the acute and wonderful reasoner demonstrates the existence, power, and benevolence of the Deity. "But God," he continues, "was not content with bestowing a body thus matchlessly endowed; he planted in man — the greatest of his gifts — a sovereign intellect, fit to use the faculties of the body, and rendering man like a god among the other beings of this world." His conversations were full of this divine wisdom. He was ever striving to bring the minds of his companions and disciples into a state of intense activity, so as to make real knowledge take the place of seeming knowledge, and to lay a deep and strong foundation of principles, on which character and

conduct might securely rest. He is rightly said to have drawn Philosophy down from heaven, and to have placed her among the habitations of men. The path of duty was marked out for him by the Divine Spirit, whose voice he seemed to hear in the depths of his soul. Differing from many of the preceding philosophers, he sought every opportunity of intercourse with common men, teaching them moral, political, and religious truth, and enforcing it by illustrations, drawn with admirable tact, from the most familiar objects at hand. These peculiarities are delightfully portrayed in Xenophon's Memorabilia, and especially in the Dialogues of Plato.

His conflicts with the sophists, also, exhibited the ethical and religious side of his character in a wonderfully attractive manner; and the solemnity and earnestness of his convictions, the depth of his piety, his far-reaching insight into the being of God, the nature of man, and the relations between God and man, are enlivened by the play of the richest wit that ever adorned the conversation of a human being. His arguments on the spiritual and immortal nature of the soul are acute and convincing, marked by the finest logic, and the soundest and healthiest ethical tone. The duties of a citizen, the principles of household economy and state administration, the obligation to obey the laws, even when perverted to unjust ends and against ourselves, are set forth by him, as his discourses stand recorded in the immortal pages of Xenophon and Plato, with a beauty and eloquence which make the pulse throb and the heart beat, so many centuries after all the actors and speakers in the scene are silenced and turned to dust.

Socrates is a universal presence in the life of Greece. We meet him at every turn. If we stroll into the market-place, he is there; if we join the throng, and walk outside the city gates to the Academy or Lyceum, be sure he is the centre of a circle who hang entranced upon his lips. A sophist, eminent for his gifts and graces, arrives at Athens, and stops at the house of a friend. The young men hasten to hear his lectures, and are captivated with the charm of his rhetoric,

and the rhythm of his sentences; but before his triumph is quite completed, the droll figure of Socrates — that indescribable nose, Greek only in the accident of its birth; that bald head; that round body, barefooted, with no chiton; the eyes rolling and twinkling with shrewdness and good humor; polite, but with the slightest possible touch of irony — this figure, so well known in the streets and shops of Athens, drops in unperceived, and puts a modest question, as if for information: "O Gorgias, what is this rhetoric which you profess to teach?" This leads to another and another question, until the discussion passes out of the technical points of rhetoric, and the sophist and his admirers find suddenly exposed to their view the hollowness and profligacy of their deceptive profession. They are drawn into an earnest argument on the great principles of justice, the misery of wickedness, the blessedness of virtue, the certainty of a future state of reward and punishment; and all the objects of vulgar ambition for which mistaken men soil the whiteness of their souls — riches, power, empire, fame — dwindle under the moral grandeur of his eloquence, almost into the insignificance and nothingness which would seem to be their essence, were they viewed from another world. "No one," says he, in the tone of an apostle and a martyr, "no one, who is not utterly wanting in sense and manhood, fears to die. Sin is a thing to be feared; for it is the most dreadful of evils to pass into the other world with the burden of sin upon the soul." No wonder that even the profligate Alcibiades said: "When I listen to him, my heart leaps, and tears rush to my eyes. I have heard Pericles and other able orators, and I thought they spoke well; but I had no such feeling, my soul was not agitated, I was not held in thrall. I have been so moved by this Marsyas, that, in my condition of soul, life seemed to me not worth the having. I have felt towards him a sentiment which no one would suppose to exist in me, of mingled shame and respect. I know that duty requires me to obey his injunctions; yet the moment I leave his presence I am conquered by the applauses of the multitude. You understand not this man. Outwardly he

is like the sculptured Silenus, — his speech is jesting and ironical; but within he is full of earnestness and the sweetest virtue, — the very shrine of the Deity, — so divine, so beautiful, so wonderful, that I must needs do whatever he commands." Such a man we should expect to resist the popular passion, when civic duty placed him at the post of danger. We should expect him, when brought to trial for his life, on charges that appealed to the popular bigotry, to meet his accusers with the serenity of an unruffled spirit, and the unshaken soul of a man conscious of innocence and fearless of death; to receive with calmness the fatal sentence, — fatal to his judges, not to him. We should expect him to pass the intervening time in meditating anew on the highest religious themes, consoling his weeping friends, confirming their faith in virtue and immortality; and, when the sun went down those western hills at the close of the last day, quietly to drink the poisoned bowl, and, without a reproachful or complaining word, to surrender his spirit to God who gave it. No wonder that Erasmus, in the fervid admiration inspired by these undying moments of the dying man, exclaimed, "Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis!"

There is but one end of human life. Its restless endeavor, its hopes, enjoyments, and sufferings, carry it forward with equal step to the house appointed for all mankind. Therefore it is that the secrets of the grave and the world beyond present themselves to the imagination with an absorbing interest. The lessons of mortality are impressive alike to the mighty and the mean, to the strong and the weak. Death comes, sparing neither hope nor love, melted not by sorrow, or supplication, or tears. The hour of mourning strikes in the life of all of mortal birth. The eye closes in the long sleep; the soul vanishes, unseen, save by the vision of faith. The living and the dead, the sorrowing and those insensible to sorrow, part at the door of the tomb, and go alone on their several ways. "The graves of the departed," says the Baron Stackelberg, "encompassed with the dread solemnities of the future, endowed with the won-

drous power to move the inmost and strongest chords of the soul by the harmonies of memory and grief, to subdue the mighty and tame the violent by the image of the transitoriness of this world's glories, to bring low the pride of the haughty by the prospect of future equality, to console and elevate the wretched and the bowed down by the approaching end of their sorrows, exercised from the earliest times the most decided reaction upon the depths of life. Death was always the first teacher and refiner of the human race. In the richly endowed and sunny land beneath the southern sky, the natural man, who, trusting in his rude strength alone, enjoyed the happiness of his existence, must have been aroused from his thoughtlessness, and led to a forecast of a higher being, by the sorrowful dissonance in creation presented by Death, the overtaker of all, the all-conqueror."

Sensibility to the claims of blood and friendship, tenderness to the sufferings of the invalid, and reverence for the remains and the memory of the dead, distinguished the Hellenic character. Even a fallen enemy, except in peculiar cases, was not denied the customary burial ceremonies and honors. The most sacred of duties from the living to the dead was to bestow on their mortal remains the last sad rites, whereby the beloved form was committed in its solemn beauty to the bosom of the common mother Earth, or passed through flames into the kindred elements, leaving a little ashes to be wept over and inurned in the tomb. When the tender offices of affection and the skill of the physician had proved unavailing, the eyes were closed by the hand of the watcher, and the body bathed and sprinkled with costly perfumes, crowned with flowers of the season gathered by friends, and robed in white garments of the richest texture. A coin was placed in the mouth, as a fare to be paid to Charon for ferrying the spirit over the dark Acherontian waters to the place of its final abode. The dead was laid on a couch in the house, with the face looking towards the door; a cushion or pillow being placed under the head, and painted earthen vases ranged around it. A vessel

of water, drawn from some neighboring well, was set before the door, for all who visited the house to sprinkle themselves; since the presence of a dead body was supposed to require the purifying influence of lustral water to guard the living from contamination. Relations and friends surrounded the couch, and the women gave vent to their sorrow in loud lamentations. The burial took place soon after death. The laying out was usually on the second day, and the burying or entombment early on the following morning. Sometimes it was necessary to postpone the funeral longer, to allow of the arrival of distant friends. The dead was borne to the place of interment on the couch, supported by kinsmen or intimates, persons chosen as a mark of distinction; preceded by the *threnodoi*, or professional performers of the funeral wail, generally females; and followed by a procession of friends and relatives, and other persons who chose to join it, the men preceding the women. In the case of the latter, there were some legal restrictions of age and relationship, though they do not appear to have been enforced. The practice of burning and that of burying were both in use during all the periods of Hellenic existence, until the prevalence of Christianity put an end to the former. Of the simultaneousness of the two modes there is at present no doubt. The opening of ancient graves, and the finding of skeletons entire in their coffins, as well as of ashes, have settled the disputes of the learned by indisputable facts; though usage varied somewhat in different parts of Greece. The coffins were sometimes of cypress-wood, but were generally made of tiles of burnt earth, put together in different forms and ways, painted, and adorned with arabesques. A considerable number of these are engraved in Stackelberg's interesting work entitled "The Graves of the Greeks,"—some of them having been taken from the ground by the author, and containing the remains of the dead, with vases and other funeral objects buried with them. Some are in the form of a triangular prism; others oval, shaped like a bathing-vessel; others still, of burnt tiles, the section of which would be an oval, with upright tiles at the foot and head.

The tombs, or places for burial, whether for the ashes after burning or for the body, were either near the house, or on a spot of ground in some other part of the family estate, and were considered the most sacred of possessions; but for those who were destitute of landed property, there was at Athens a common burial-ground, between the Itonian gate and the Peiræan road. The cenotaphs of warriors slain in battle were outside the walls, on the way to the Academy. The monuments were of various fashions and degrees of splendor, according to the taste, feeling, and wealth of the family. Slabs of stone set upright over the grave, with sculptured ornaments, and the name of the deceased, were the most common. To the name was added a farewell twice repeated, and often a sketch of the life of the departed, a description of his virtues, or an expression of the grief felt in his death. Sometimes verses, mostly in hexameters and pentameters, recorded the merits of the dead. There was a classical Old Mortality, by the name of Diodorus, who wrote a work on Sepulchres, which, however, has not survived. In the tomb were placed such objects as arms, painted vases, and symbolical articles, of which immense numbers now exist in the great collections, and are described in the works of Panofka, Gerhard, and others, constituting one of the most important and interesting branches of the antiquities of art. Monuments of great architectural and sculptural beauty sometimes adorned the resting-places of the dead. Stackelberg gives a very interesting account and engraving of a funeral structure of this description, made of Pentelic marble, and found in 1819 near the Dipylon gate, on the Sacred Way, where the most important monuments were built. It represents the front of a Doric *heroön*, or chapel to a hero, at the entrance of which sits the sculptured form of the deceased lady, clothed in an Ionian chiton, reaching to the feet, with clasped sleeves, with a full and richly ornamented peplos thrown over the bust, the head encircled with a triple band, and a short veil hanging down and supported by her left hand, while in her right she holds a written

scroll. Her little daughter — a figure of the most delicate and touching beauty — stands at her knees, and gazes with childish curiosity into the scroll, which may be a missive commending the departed spirit to the deities of the other world. On one side is a servant, with an open box containing offerings. On the lintel above is inscribed, in letters elegantly cut, the name *Phrasicleia*. The beauty and touching expression of the group, and the exquisite design and execution of the sculpture, prove it to belong to the best days of Athenian art; while the wealth and refinement indicated by the general character of the monument, and the particular objects represented on it, seem to show that the lady whom it was intended to commemorate belonged to some distinguished Athenian family. But this monument tells us all we know of her history. Her name nowhere else occurs. The imagination alone can supply the story of her life, following her into the privacy of the domestic scene adorned by her beauty and modest virtues, and saddened by her early death. We see her presiding gracefully over the household of her husband, directing the labor of her dependents, sharing in the religious ceremonies assigned to her rank and sex, and setting an illustrious example of wise reserve, economy, elegance, purity, and piety, to the fair child who is so soon to mourn her loss. We watch over her anxiously during her illness; but even Hippocrates cannot avail to snatch her from the tomb. Her delicate form sinks under a rapid consumption; she breathes her gentle life away, in the midst of her family. No hired mourners here are needed to add a fictitious sorrow to the bitter realities of bereaved affection. Breaking hearts follow her as she is borne from the house she has blessed, clad in white, and crowned with the freshest flowers of spring. She is committed to the earth, which has never held a more sacred trust; and her name and form are chiselled in the undying marble, by the noblest artists of a noble age. Is this the fair young bride of Ischomachus, the friend of Socrates, whose simple virtues were recorded by Xenophon, and whose lovely form still remains for

us to gaze upon, while her soft and melancholy countenance looks sadly away from the daughter at her knee, — the child God has given her, — as if she would tell — but her marble lips cannot — the story of her life?

After the burial, sacrifices were offered, — the first on the third day, and the principal one on the ninth, when the formal feast for the dead took place. The usual period of mourning was thirty days; and the outward manifestation of grief consisted in laying aside the ordinary dress, wearing a black *himation*, and cutting off the hair. Places of amusement were scrupulously avoided, and the graves were piously cared for by the survivors. The neglect of the graves of ancestors was regarded at Athens as a disqualification for office, and was a subject of express scrutiny at the examination of the candidates. Offerings were made, and chaplets suspended on the monuments, at stated times; the birthday of the deceased and the anniversary of his death were held in remembrance; and frequent visits to the grave were supposed to be grateful to the departed spirit. Over the remains of those who fell fighting for their country a public service was held, and a eulogy pronounced by some distinguished orator. After the disastrous battle of Chæroneia, Demosthenes was appointed by his countrymen to discharge this sad office; and the funeral feast, as he himself states, was held at his house. There is a funeral oration of Lysias, pronounced over some Athenian soldiers who fell at Corinth. But the most noted illustration of this fitting and patriotic observance is the oration of Pericles, delivered at the funeral of those who had fallen in the first year of the Peloponnesian war, as recorded in Thucydides. "In the same winter," says the historian, "they publicly celebrated the burial-honors of those who had first fallen in this war. They were attended by citizens and strangers; and the women belonging to the families of the dead were present as mourners. The interment was in the most beautiful suburb of the city, where all those who fell in battle are buried, except the heroes of Marathon, whose valor, pre-eminent above that of

all others, was honored by sepulture on the spot where they died. Pericles, the son of Xanthippus, was the orator on the present occasion. Leaving the tomb, he ascended an elevated platform, so that he might be heard as far as possible by the multitude, and spoke as follows."

The discourse, as reported by Thucydides, is one of the most condensed and forcible pieces of ancient eloquence. It is by no means limited to the eulogy of the dead, but is a most able exposition of the Constitution of Athens, and the modes of her social life, as contrasted with those of Sparta. The topics were chosen with admirable felicity; for the struggle for life and death between the opposite principles of the two systems had just commenced, and the Athenians needed every argument and encouragement to meet the dangers of so appalling a crisis. He holds up before their eyes the fair picture of a country entitled to the love of its citizens, and worthy to be defended at the hazard of life. He points out the merits of her institutions, and the glorious distinctions they secure to the people. For such a country the heroes of past ages laid down their lives, and are held in everlasting remembrance. For of illustrious men the whole earth is the sepulchre; signalized not only by the inscription on the column in their native land, but, in lands not their own, by the unwritten memory which dwells with every man. "Emulous of men like these," says he, turning to the young Athenians, "do you also, placing your happiness in liberty, and your liberty in courage, shrink from no warlike dangers in defence of your country." Webster, quoting from this oration of Pericles, exclaims, in a spirit kindred to that of the great Athenian statesman: "Is it Athens or America? Is Athens or America the theme of these immortal strains? Was Pericles speaking of his own country, as he saw it or knew it? or was he gazing upon a bright vision, then two thousand years before him, which we see in reality, as he saw it in prospect?"

I have dwelt upon this oration for a few moments, because it presents a highly characteristic scene of Hellenic life and death.

The ideas of the people as to the abode and condition of departed spirits were neither clear nor consistent. In the wonderful and mysterious passage of the Odyssey where Odysseus visits the shades, the ghost of Achilles presents a dismal picture of discontent and misery. The most loathed life on earth he would prefer to the gloomy nothingness of his state in Hades. He would rather be the meanest slave of the hardest taskmaster than king of the miserable dead. So far is he from sharing in the oft-quoted sentiment, "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven." But in the process of time and of intellectual culture, more cheering and gladsome prospects enlivened the dark journey which all must take. Pleasant Elysian fields, the islands of the blessed, the company of the just and good, and occupations resembling the most dignified pursuits of earth, presented themselves to the imaginations of men, who grasped at the most fleeting shadows for consolation, when they "left the warm precincts of the cheerful day," to tread the dark unknown. The mysteries were a source of faith and hope to the initiated, as are the churches of modern times. Secret doctrines, regarded as holy, and to be kept with inviolable fidelity, were handed down in these brotherhoods, and no doubt were fondly believed to contain a saving grace by those who were admitted, amidst solemn and imposing rites, under the veil of midnight, to hear the tenets of the ancient faith, and the promises of blessings to come to those who, with sincerity of heart and pious trust, took the obligations upon them.

The Eleusinian mysteries were the most imposing and venerable. Their origin extended back into a mythical antiquity, and they were among the few forms of Greek worship which were under the superintendence of hereditary priesthoods. Thirlwall thinks, that "they were the remains of a worship which preceded the rise of the Hellenic mythology and its attendant rites, grounded on a view of Nature less fanciful, more earnest, and better fitted to awaken both philosophical thought and religious feeling." This conclusion is still further

confirmed by the moral and religious tone of the poets, — such as Æschylus, — whose ideas on justice, sin, and retribution are as solemn and elevated as those of a Hebrew prophet. The secrets, whatever they were, were never revealed in express terms; but Isocrates uses some remarkable expressions, when speaking of their importance to the condition of man. "Those who are initiated," says he, "entertain sweeter hopes of eternal life"; and how could this be the case, unless there were imparted at Eleusis the doctrine of eternal life, and some idea of its state and circumstances more compatible with an elevated conception of the Deity and of the human soul than the vague and shadowy images which haunted the popular mind? The Eleusinian communion embraced the most eminent men from every part of Greece, — statesmen, poets, philosophers, and generals; and when Greece became a part of the Roman empire, the greatest minds of Rome drew instruction and consolation from its doctrines.

The ceremonies of initiation — which took place every year in the early autumn, a beautiful season in Attica — were a splendid ritual, attracting visitors from every part of the world. The processions moving from Athens to Eleusis over the Sacred Way sometimes numbered twenty or thirty thousand people, and the exciting scenes were well calculated to leave a durable impression on susceptible minds. Purifications, sacrifices, the oath of secrecy, — the mystagogue leading the reverend company, in the darkness of the night, into the lighted interior of the temple, to behold the awful sights and hear the awful sounds never to be repeated to the profane world without, — were part of the machinery by which the influence of the doctrines was more deeply stamped on the heart, through the imagination. The formula of the dismissal, after the initiation was over, consisted in the mysterious words, *konx*, *ompax;* and this is the only Eleusinian secret that has illuminated the world from the recesses of the temple of Demeter and Persephone. But it is a striking illustration of the value attached to these rites and doctrines, that, in moments of extremest peril,

— as of impending shipwreck, or massacre by a victorious enemy, — men asked one another, "Are you initiated?" as if this were the anchor of their hopes for another life.

Before the final scene, the departure from life, it was the citizen's duty to dispose of his worldly goods under the solemnities of the law. The arrangements of the funeral, also, were sometimes minutely determined by the testator. The will was drawn up in due form, either by the person himself, or by some friend, folded carefully, sealed, and in the presence of witnesses deposited in the hands of a confidential associate or adviser. Immediately after the death of the testator, the document was produced by the individual having it in charge, and in the presence of the family, and of those who had witnessed its deposit, opened and read. The fact of its deposit was all to which they could then testify; but after hearing it read, they set their seals to it, in attestation of its contents. The document usually commenced with the formula, ἔσται μὲν εὖ, — "It shall be well," — and proceeded directly to describe and dispose of the various items of property. As the wills of several persons are preserved in the Lives of the Philosophers by Diogenes Laertius, the best illustration of this topic will be to read one of the shortest. "Plato," says that writer, "was buried in the Academy, where he had passed the greater part of his life in the pursuit of philosophy, whence his school was called the Academic. His funeral was attended by a large body of friends and disciples; and his will was as follows: 'Plato hath left this property, and thus disposed of it. The farm in Hephæstiadæ, next to which on the north is the road from the temple in Cephissia, on the south the temple of Hercules in Hephæstiadæ, on the east Archestratus the Phrearian, on the west Philippus the Chollidian, — this farm shall neither be sold nor alienated, but is to remain the property of my son Adeimantus, as far as possible. Also the farm of Eroiadæ, which I bought of Callimachus, bounded on the north by Eurymedon the Myrrhinusian, on the south by Demostratus the Xypetian, on the east by Eurymedon the Myrrhinusian, on

the west by the Cephissus; also, three minæ of silver; a silver goblet, weighing one hundred and sixty-five drachmæ; a cup, weighing forty-five; a gold ring and a gold ear-ring, together worth forty drachmæ and three obols. Eucleides, the stone-cutter, owes me three minæ. To Artemis I give her freedom. I leave the following slaves, — Tycho, Bictas, Apolloniades, Dionysius. The furniture is enumerated in the schedule of which Demetrius has a copy. I owe no man anything. Executors: Sosthenes, Speusippus, Demetrius, Hegias, Eurymedon, Callimachus, Thrasippus.'" The document is a very simple one; and it is a comfort, while reading it, to know that a philosopher in those days was so well off. I am afraid there are not many teachers of philosophy, or of anything else, now, whose last will and testament would make so goodly a show of farms, cash, goblets, rings, and money due him, with the remarkable clause, "I owe no man anything," — for which the memory of Plato ought to be blessed forevermore.

LECTURE XI.

GOVERNMENT.

Hippocrates, in his treatise on Airs, Waters, and Places, says: "A climate which is always the same induces indolence; but a changeable climate, laborious exertions both of body and mind. From rest and indolence cowardice is engendered; and from laborious exertions and pains, courage. On this account the inhabitants of Europe are more warlike than the Asiatics; and also owing to their institutions, because they are not governed by kings, like the latter; for where men are governed by kings, there they must be very cowardly; for their souls are enslaved, and they will not willingly or readily undergo dangers in order to promote the power of another; but those that are free undertake dangers on their own account, and not for the sake of others; they court hazard and go out to meet it, for they themselves bear off the rewards of victory, and thus their institutions contribute not a little to their courage." The contrast between the Asiatic and the European character, and the causes — especially the climatic and political — which produced it, were noticed by other great men among the ancients, especially by Aristotle, whose searching intellect nothing could elude. This diversity of political experience, whether traceable to the sources referred to by Hippocrates, or to an origin lying deeper in the European constitution as it came from the hand of the Creator, brings to view one of the most curious and important aspects of the life of Greece, and perhaps that of all the most useful to be studied by the men of our times.

We have already seen that the governments of the heroic

age were nearly alike all over Greece. The elements of political society were the princely houses, holding hereditary power; a nobility; the freemen, who constituted the popular body; and the slaves, even then numerous. Time brought with it revolutions, which introduced changes in the forms and functionaries of government, more or less complete in different parts of Greece. The sharper distinctions of race were not without their influence; and innumerable local peculiarities stamped themselves on civil institutions too deeply to be mistaken. The Dorians were the most conservative; the Ionians, the most progressive. In Sparta, the former substituted for the heroic monarchy the double rule of the Heracleid kings, restrained by the supervision of a council chosen for life, and of the five ephors, an elective magistracy, as well as by a popular assembly, which possessed a considerable amount of legislative power. The latter, in Athens, passed through a long series of political revolutions, from the monarchy to the archonship for life, for ten years, and for one year, and from one archon to nine, with powers distributed among them. Then succeeded the short-lived legislation of Draco, which fell by its inherent unfitness for the condition and wants of men. The constitution of Solon came next, and furnished the basis for the future greatness and glory of the Athenian commonwealth. Several organic changes were soon introduced by Cleisthenes, a popular leader, by which the range of citizenship was enlarged; but the elements of the government remained so nearly the same, that the constitution was always called by the name of Solon, who was reverenced, under all the subsequent forms, as the founder of the republic.

The Greek writers divide governments into classes, according to the prevailing principles of their constitutions. The simplest classification is that of Æschines, who includes all forms of government under the three heads of monarchy, oligarchy, and democracy, — the two former being administered according to the character of the rulers, the latter by enacted laws. But it is evident that such a government as that of Sparta

would hardly come within either of these descriptions, since it combines in certain proportions the elements of all three; and it is therefore justly called by Aristotle a mixed government.

In surveying the scene of Grecian politics, we notice several very prominent characteristics, the first of which is the variety of the constitutions; the next, the passion for *autonomy*, or state independence; and the third, the predominance of single cities, as representing states or combinations of states. In political life, as in everything else, there was a universal Grecian character, which distinguished all Hellas; while there was such diversity, such contrast, such opposition among the cities, that it seems absurd to consider the Hellenes a single nation. They were united by *panegyreis*, or festal communions, which, however important in relation to art, commerce, and social life, had but little connection with politics. Again, they were united by *amphictyoneis*, or confederacies with a common council, composed of representatives from the confederated states. Of these the Amphictyonic Council, which assembled every six months, alternately at Delphi and at Thermopylæ, is the most important in an historical point of view. But in these confederacies — though they sometimes interfered with effect to enforce the principles of international law — there was nothing of the nature of a common government. The members might assemble, and pass a decree, for example, that a force should be raised for a special purpose at such a time; but they had little or no power of compelling the several states to furnish their contingents, unless the conduct of the whole business was placed in the hands of some powerful prince, like Philip of Macedon, who had the resources of a kingdom at his command. Another bond of union consisted in the interchange between the states of mutual hospitalities, and of civil rights, such as the right of intermarriage and that of owning property. But each of these forms of relation or union, and all of them together, fell short of a common central government, clothed by a nation with the power of making laws and enforcing them. Here was the element of weakness, which led to the exhaustion of

frequent wars, and the final overthrow of Hellenic freedom, first under the Macedonian monarch, and afterward by the Roman armies. Each little community claimed the sovereign right of regulating its own affairs, and of treating with every other on the footing of absolute equality, with no supreme head, and no controlling authority, except the principles of international law as discussed by the heralds and ambassadors, through whom their intercourse with one another was carried on. Every city, therefore, had its constitution; and from this state of things we readily understand and credit the assertion that Aristotle had studied more than two hundred constitutions before he wrote his work on Polity. The seeds of division were planted by the predominance of the city over the country; by extensive migrations, which severed the ties of blood and nativity; by jarring local interests; by conflicting systems, as those of democracy, oligarchy, and tyranny; and, finally, by the formation of rival confederacies, on an extensive scale.

Before the Persian wars, Sparta took a leading part in the affairs of Greece. The close of the Persian wars left Athens a maritime power, thus giving her the leadership; and from that period to the beginning of the Peloponnesian war, the states of Greece ranged themselves under these two imperial capitals, as the chief representatives of two systems of government and two contrasted races. At the close of the Peloponnesian war, Sparta was for a time the controlling power of Greece; but Athens soon regained a portion of her former influence, and began again to compete with her ancient rival. For a brief period, under the energetic leading of Pelopidas and Epaminondas, Thebes asserted her claims to the headship; so that three powers were striving, with mutual jealousy and hate, to hold the mastery in their hands. When Philip of Macedon commenced his ambitious career, this condition of things in Greece facilitated the schemes of universal empire which his active, able, and grasping spirit led him to form, and at the same time magnified the difficulties with which the supporters of national independence in the several states had to contend.

The moment the designs of Philip were understood, the only hope of safety lay in a close union of the Grecian commonwealths, under a common government, or at least a common congress; and this was the policy urged with unfaltering energy and matchless ability by Demosthenes. But Philip's gold corrupted many of the popular leaders; others could not be convinced of the imminency of the danger; others still,—and perhaps this was the most fatal symptom of all,—like Phocion the incorruptible, and the somewhat timid Isocrates, either from the deep discouragement inspired by the public vices of the times, or from a doubt of the possibility or expediency of resistance, opposed the measures of Demosthenes, tied his hands, and crippled his strength. All these causes combined led to the final downfall of the Grecian states, and the establishment of the Macedonian power over their ruins.

In the states themselves, especially in the democracies, the warfare of contending parties was fierce and incessant; and the struggles springing from it often resulted, not in the peaceable retirement of the defeated, and the assumption of power by the victors, but in the banishment or death of the heads of the unsuccessful party. A constitutional opposition scarcely entered the thoughts of the ancients. On all these points the details are endless, and most instructive to the citizen of a modern republic.

The political evils existing in the world around them led philosophic minds into speculation upon the means of avoiding or removing them. The violence of parties, the influence of demagogues, the oppressions exercised by the rabble over the great and good men who incurred their displeasure, the insecurity of property, and the perpetual agitations of society, discouraged and disheartened them. Xenophon was an admirer and an advocate of Spartan discipline. Plato looked with distrust on the popular courts, which he stigmatized as mobs. In his Republic he shadows forth a constitution of society, by which he seems to think the evils that afflicted humanity under existing institutions might be cured; but the cure, so much

worse than the disease, is a sad proof how little the most brilliant genius and the most profound learning avail in dealing with human affairs on *a priori* grounds, setting aside the lights of experience. The disbanding of the family; the absolute subjection of the individual to the state; the consequent abolition of marriage and overthrow of the relations growing out of it; the division of the community into classes founded upon a theoretical analogy between the appetites and faculties of man on the one part, and the functions of the state on the other, — the reason in man corresponding to the ruling power in the state, the anger to the military, the appetites to the body of the people, — these things make us doubt the wisdom of intrusting a merely speculative philosopher with the affairs of government. It is true, the work contains numerous passages of the grandest moral eloquence; — admirable ideas on the education both of men and of women; thoughts on the nature of law, which have their eternal application to the condition of mankind; discussions on justice, which perhaps have never been surpassed; — but all this wisdom failed when the author came to construct on paper his working-model of a republic. He anticipates every one of the ideas of modern socialists, clothing them, however, in an elegance of form, which the plagiarists, beginning with St. Simon and ending with the phalansterian pedants of our day and land, have been utterly unable to copy.

Aristotle had nothing of the eloquence and fervor which belonged to Plato, whose discourses he had heard at the Academy; but he had the most capacious intellect and piercing reason that have ever yet appeared on earth. His insatiable eagerness for knowledge gained for him the title of the Reader, in the cultivated circles of Athens. He was appointed by Philip to educate the young prince, afterwards known as Alexander the Great. The enlightened views of commerce, civilization, and literature, which so honorably distinguish Alexander from the vulgar herd of conquerors, were doubtless owing to the teachings of the philosopher of Stagira; pity that he was not able to reason his royal pupil into sound views of right-

eousness, temperance, and judgment to come. Wherever the monarch marched, the Iliad of Homer, prepared by Aristotle, was his companion, Greek culture followed his footsteps, and civilization found a home. The objects of natural history were collected, without reference to cost, and sent to his tutor, then in Athens, and lecturing at the Lyceum, on the banks of the Ilissus. Those collections furnished the materials of his work on the History of Animals, which to this day is a manual in the hands of the student of science, and which anticipates the four great divisions of the animal kingdom demonstrated by Cuvier and Agassiz. Let me add, as an illustrious example of enlightened liberality, that Alexander sent eight hundred talents, or more than a million of dollars, to carry out the scientific projects and researches of the Lyceum. Here Aristotle passed many years of his laborious life, discoursing to crowds of eminent persons and loving pupils on physical science, on logic, which he commenced and perfected, on metaphysics, some departments of which have not advanced since his day, on rhetoric, poetry, and politics. Plato was more imaginative, and soared to sublimer heights of ethical and religious speculation. In morals he was Christian, before Christianity. With him justice was the law of the universe and the voice of God. Aristotle, with a style somewhat dry and precise, was a keener observer of nature, and a surer judge of practical ethics, political questions, and constitutional systems. The range of his positive knowledge was vastly greater, being coextensive with the literature and the science of his times. Plato ascended on the wings of speculation to the highest empyrean of thought; but Aristotle had a firmer foothold on the solid earth.

His work on Polity, or Government, has been thought by the greatest masters of this science to have exhausted the subject. In style it is somewhat formal, and severely logical and exact. He is sparing of words, — sometimes too much so for the comfort of the reader. But no man can study it even now without surprise at the knowledge, sagacity, and wisdom of its author. In his criticism of the defects and errors of govern-

ments, he not only expounds the past of his own time, but deals prophetically with what was then in the future; and a large part of his principles and comments are as applicable now as they were three-and-twenty centuries ago. He maintains that the legitimate object of government is not to increase the wealth of the few, nor to favor the poor at the expense of the rich, nor to encourage mere equality; nor is it established for mutual defence alone, nor for the promotion of trade and commerce only, nor for any other exclusively material purpose; but its greatest and highest aim is, to make virtuous and good citizens, to promote the happiness arising from blamelessness of life, to lead to the perfecting of man's social and moral nature, and to encourage those great and noble deeds that dignify and adorn one's country. Those, therefore, who can most contribute to these results have the best title to a share in the government. The object of all good government is the pursuit of the common welfare. Tyranny is the corruption of monarchy, oligarchy of aristocracy, and democracy of a republic; for tyranny is monarchy looking only to the interest of the monarch, oligarchy regards the interests of the rich alone, and democracy cares only for the interest of the poor: neither consulting the good of the whole. The number of citizens invested with the governing power in a state ought to be sufficient to insure all the purposes of security and well-being for which society was founded. Differing fundamentally from Plato, he makes the family — the institution first in order, and growing out of daily exigencies — the basis of the state; next, the village; next, a collection of villages, or a commonwealth; — so that the same necessity of our nature that leads to association produces government, and man is just as much formed by nature for a state of political society, as he is for the simplest bonds of union, those of the family and the village. But all systems of communism he rejects as impracticable and absurd, except in some specific cases, under particular forms of administration, in which, though the property should be private, the use of it may be public. One of the reasons why he rejects

communism is remarkable. "To give pleasure and aid to friends, guests, or companions, is the greatest of delights; and this belongs to private, individual property." Marriage he recognizes as a divine institution, designed not only for utility, but for happiness. He discerns the plan of Providence in the characteristics of the sexes which fit them for their different careers in life, — the nature of each being foreordained by God, and pointing to the union of both for their mutual happiness. He has made the one stronger, for protection and defence; the other weaker, for watchfulness: the one for active life out of doors, the other for quiet domestic occupations; the one to support the rising family, the other to nurture and educate it. In another work, — the History of Animals, — it is true, he admits that there are some men who have the qualities of women, and some women who have the loud voice of men, and can vie with them in physical strength; and he adds, by way of illustration, that it has been observed that some hens take it upon themselves to crow, and so far unsex themselves as to come off victorious in cock-fighting.

The duties of practical statesmanship are thus forcibly summed up. "The statesman is not always able to adopt the measure which appears to his judgment to be clearly the best, but is obliged to put up with that which circumstances enable him to carry; and he is bound to look, not to the present only, but to the stability and duration of his country's institutions. He must observe what is fitting for men in general, and not stand out for what is theoretically the best; he must aim at what is possible and acceptable, and not follow the example of those who are never content but with some fancied perfection. It is not an easier matter to renovate a constitution than to found one." On the best government he says: "What is morally true of individuals is also true of a government; for a government represents the moral life of a community. Accordingly, as in all states there are three great divisions, — the very rich, the very poor, and the middle classes, — and as it is admitted that a happy mediocrity is the thing most

to be desired, it is evident that the best condition of society is that in which the middle classes most abound; for of all classes they are the most likely to be governed by calm reason. But the two extremes of society — the very wealthy and the very powerful on the one hand, and on the other, the necessitous, weak, ignorant, and base — are with difficulty brought to submit to reason. The former are overbearing, and wicked on a great scale; the latter are mischievous, and wicked in a small way. A state composed of these two extremes may be said to consist of tyrants and slaves. The latter know not how to rule, but must submit to despotic authority; the former know not how to obey, but will exercise a tyrannical sway over the rest. . . . . That state will be best conducted which is composed, as far as possible, of those whom we call its main stay. For they neither covet what does not belong to them, nor are they exposed to envy; and being neither the objects nor the authors of aggression, their position is secure. Wherefore Phocylides the poet wisely prayed:

> 'Happiest are they who walk the middle path; —
> That middle path O grant me in the state.'"

Aristotle saw with unerring glance the dangers that beset popular governments. "The insolence of demagogues," says he, "is generally the cause of ruin in democracies. First, they calumniate the wealthy, and rouse them against the government, thus causing opposite parties to unite against a common danger. Next, they produce the same result by stirring up the populace and creating a sense of insecurity. Nearly all the tyrants of old began with being demagogues. . . . . In well-balanced commonwealths, besides the strict observance of established laws, it is especially necessary to keep a close watch upon little matters. For a great change in the laws may creep on gradually, just as a small expense often incurred ruins a large fortune. . . . . Next, let men be on their guard against those who flatter and mislead the multitude; their actions prove what sort of men they are. . . . . Of the tyrant, spies and informers are the principal instruments. . . . . War is his favor-

ite occupation, for the sake of engrossing the attention of the people, and making himself necessary to them as their leader. An unbridled democracy is exactly similar to a tyranny. Its objects and instruments are the worst, and both are equally served by the tamest of mankind. It is always anxious to lord it as a sovereign; it therefore has its flatterers in the shape of demagogues. Ancient customs must be done away with; ancient ties, civil and sacred, must be broken; everything must be changed according to new and false theories; and the result is, an assimilation of democratic to tyrannical government, in its habits and modes of action." In a remarkable passage on the functions of legislation, he says: "There are two parts of our nature, the higher and the lower. The latter seems to subsist for the sake of the former, and in order, under right direction, to be instrumental to its development. The arts minister to and aid the reason. Labor and business are undertaken for the sake of leisure; war, for the sake of peace; the most necessary and useful things, for the sake of leading to the most beautiful. The legislator, therefore, embracing all these in his consideration, should have regard not to the inferior arts and results alone, but to the highest ends and objects of our existence. Business and war are right in their turn; but far better are peace and leisure. The things necessary and useful to our daily life are to be attended to; but even more, the true, the beautiful, and the honorable. . . . . The military virtues should be regarded chiefly as the means of maintaining peace; and peace and leisure should be made fruitful by the devotion of men's minds to justice and temperance, philosophy and wisdom, in which alone, and not in idle and luxurious enjoyment, true happiness consists."

I close these abstracts of doctrine from the Polity of this great philosopher with a condensed view of his ideas on education. "In childhood and in the earliest period of education, have more care for the health of the body than for the mind, and for the moral character than for the intellectual. Let nothing base or servile, vulgar or disgraceful, meet the

eye or assail the ear of the young; for from words to actions is but a step. Let their earliest and first impressions of all things be the best. Let them be taught fully all the essential elements of education, and as much of what is useful in a merely mechanical point of view as will have the effect of rendering the body, the soul, and the intellectual powers capable of arriving at the highest excellence of their respective natures. A too exclusive devotion to some of the mere mechanical arts is apt to injure the bodily faculties, and to depress the mind by unduly absorbing it. Therefore let not only those things be learned which are the usual instruments of instruction, but those which, like the fine arts, teach us how to enjoy and embellish leisure. The merely useful or absolutely necessary matters of education are not the only ones that deserve attention; but to those should be added such as exalt and expand the mind, and convey a sense of what is beautiful and noble. For to be looking everywhere to the merely useful, is little fitted to form an elevated character or a liberal mind." Great and generous sentiments these, which, if adopted in the government of a state and the education of its children, would most assuredly render it immortal.

How far did any ancient constitution come up to this standard of the most practical mind of antiquity? Many of the faults and errors of government which Aristotle blames certainly existed in the Constitution of Athens, which I proceed to sketch in outline, as it worked during the historical times, without noticing particularly the changes and adaptations it underwent from period to period. Madame de Stäel, in her lively manner, said to Sir James Mackintosh, "Tell me all about the British Constitution in ten words." I shall try to do the same with the Constitution of Athens; for in Athens the chief interest concentrates, in this as in so many other regards. I must leave out of the view the numerous boards appointed to transact city or local business, to examine the qualifications of candidates for office, to audit their accounts

on leaving office, and to conduct the administration of the revenue, — a very interesting and instructive subject, admirably illustrated by Boeckh, but not belonging to the mere outline of the government now proposed. The details of police must also be omitted.

The people of Attica, as we have seen on the authority of Thucydides, had been from the earliest times less disturbed than other parts of Greece by great immigrations and the inroads of invaders, — the lightness of the soil and the hilly character of so large a portion of the territory presenting fewer attractions to the wandering hordes from the north. The plains, however, especially that in which stood the city of Athens, watered by the Cephissus and the Ilissus, became rich and beautiful under the refining hand of Attic industry and taste. In the midst of this plain rose the rocky hill around which the town was formed, and on which were built the Parthenon, the Erechtheium, and the Propylæa. This was virtually the focus of Hellenic art and religion, crowded not only with temples, but with altars and innumerable statues. On the southern side were the great Dionysiac Theatre and the Odeium of Pericles; on the west, the Temple of Victory, and the magnificent entrance, up which the great Panathenaic procession wound its way with the sacred *peplos* of Athene, wrought by the fairest hands in Athens. Just below lay the Agora, with its bustling scenes of commerce, statues of the Eponymic heroes, galleries, and courts of law; beyond rose the Pnyx, the place of popular assembly; on the north, the Areopagus, the Temple of the Eumenides, and Colonus, the birthplace of Sophocles; on the east and northeast, at a short distance, those immortal hills, Hymettus and Pentelicus. The city was joined to the port of Peiræus by the Long Walls.

The Athenian government was founded on a territorial division into ten tribes, named after ten of the ancient heroes, and a subdivision into *demoi*, or districts, at first one hundred in number, but afterwards increased to one hundred and sev-

enty-four. These were named from the chief towns in them, as Marathon, Eleusis; or from the names of leading families or clans, as Dædalidæ, Boutadæ, and the like. Each demos and each tribe, like our towns and counties, had its municipal organization, with religious rites, festivals, property, taxes, and officers of various kinds to execute the local laws and regulations. In designating a citizen, it was customary, at least in all formal documents, to affix the name of the demos to which he belonged, as well as his father's name, as Demosthenes, the son of Demosthenes, the Pæanian.

Notwithstanding the character of the soil of Attica, it was the most populous region in Greece, on account of its industry and extended commerce. It is one of the most difficult problems of antiquarian science to ascertain definitely the population of a city or country at any particular epoch. The number of the citizens of Athens who shared in the public affairs is usually stated as between twenty and thirty thousand. Boeckh, in his excellent work on the Public Economy of the Athenians, after examining all the facts, and the conclusions drawn from them by others, rates the entire population of Attica — men, women, children, and slaves — at five hundred thousand, as a probable average. The ratio of the free population to the slaves was about one to three. Slaves were more humanely treated in Athens than in any other part of Greece. Aristotle recognizes them as property, indeed; but he adds that they are also persons, having rights not to be violated. They were brought into the Athenian market from Thrace, Lydia, Phrygia, and other parts of Asia, and even from Africa. The highest price mentioned as paid for one was a talent, or about eleven hundred dollars; but prices varied from this to ten dollars. Government slaves were mostly prisoners of war. In Athens slaves were subjected to vexatious restrictions with regard to dress and ways of life, and they might be put to the torture as witnesses in law cases; but they were also under the protection of the law, and could prosecute their masters for assault and battery.

Hyperides, as quoted by Athenæus, says, "Our laws make no distinction in this respect between freemen and slaves; they grant to all alike the privilege of bringing an action against those who insult or injure them." The Constitution provided that slaves might purchase their own freedom so soon as, by the prudent management of the private property secured to them by law, they were able to pay their master a fair price for the loss of their services. Almost every citizen owned slaves; the wealthier classes, a large number. Plato says that a citizen often owned fifty. The father of Demosthenes owned more than fifty; Hipponicus had six hundred; and Nicias had a thousand working in the mines alone.

It belongs to the very nature of the servile condition, that those who are its victims have no part or lot in the administration of the government. By Solon's Constitution, the rights of citizenship depended on property; and a numerous class of the poorest freemen, as well as the slaves, were excluded from the political franchise. But the democratic element gained strength, and the basis of citizenship was enlarged, until every free-born Athenian, of the legal age, and not disqualified by crime, had his full share in the government of the state. The official persons were appointed by lot or election; it being assumed that every man who enjoyed the legal rights of citizenship was qualified in other respects to discharge the duties of any office. To this, however, there were some exceptions. Nine magistrates were annually elected, under the title of Archons. One, the head of the board, was called the Eponymus, and the acts and events of the year ran in his name; the second was styled the King Archon; the third was named the Polemarch, because originally his duties related to the department of war; and the last six were the Thesmothetæ, so called in reference to the annual revision of the laws. These officers were the official heads of the state, so far as the state had any head at all. The legislative bodies were, first, the *Boule*, or Senate of Five Hundred, fifty being annually drawn by lot from each tribe, among persons not under thirty years of age,

and in all respects of honorable standing as citizens; and, secondly, the *Ecclesia*, or popular assembly, which all citizens of legal age — eighteen or twenty — were entitled to attend. Every subject of domestic and foreign policy was discussed and determined by these two bodies, the latter of which met three or perhaps four times every month, besides being called together by special notice on sudden or very important emergencies. The Senate had the initiative in every measure. A bill which had passed that body was called a *probouleuma*, or preliminary decree; and having passed the lower body, it became a *psephisma*, or law. Negotiations with foreign states were carried on by the popular assembly, not through resident ministers, but through ambassadors sent whenever the occasion called for such a mission. As the salaries of foreign ministers have lately become an interesting subject of debate, it may be mentioned that the ministers of Athens received an appropriation of two shillings a day for the whole period of their absence. The consequence was, that they transacted the business as quickly as possible. But the example is not to be recommended. Public advocates — corresponding to our attorney-general — received a shilling a day; a member of the Assembly, nine cents; a Senator, a shilling.

The administration of justice was assigned to several classes of courts. The highest, the Areopagus, was made up of the ex-archons who had honorably discharged the duties of their office. This court and the Senate were regarded by Solon as the elements of stability in the Constitution, — "on which the state, riding as upon anchors, might be less tossed by storms." Two courts of arbitrators, consisting of citizens who had reached the middle period of life, — forty or fifty years of age, — determined a great variety of civil actions, without recourse to the ordinary tribunals. There were many other courts, before which various classes of actions relating to municipal, civil, and military affairs were brought. Sometimes the collective body of the people resolved themselves into a tribunal, and proceeded to try a special case, or to refer it, after

a preliminary inquiry, to one of the regular courts. But the great mass of the legal business at Athens was transacted by the *dicasts*, or jurymen, of the Heliastic courts, of which there were ten in number, corresponding to the ten tribes. Out of those members of the several tribes who were thirty years of age and upwards, and who possessed all the rights of citizenship, five thousand were annually drawn by lot, under the superintendence of the archons and their secretary; and to these were added a thousand supernumeraries, making the whole number six thousand. A single jury, numbering five hundred, usually constituted a court; but sometimes, when the cause appeared to be of great public interest and importance, two or three were united; so that the number of dicasts sitting in a single case might vary from a quorum of less than three hundred to a thousand or fifteen hundred. Each case was entered with one of the archons, or some other magistrate, whose jurisdiction was fixed by law; and he prepared it for trial by the court. This magistrate was said to have the *hegemony*, or leadership of the court, because he not only took preliminary charge of the case, but presided at the trial. His functions, however, bore no resemblance to those of the modern judge. He merely determined, in the first instance, whether there was any ground for action; and if there was, officiated as president, maintaining order, and putting the question to vote when the pleadings were over.

The courts were ready for business except on festival days and the days of assembly meetings. The oath administered to each dicast before taking his seat is given by Demosthenes, in the oration against Timocrates. "I will vote according to the laws and the decrees of the people of Athens, and of the Senate of the Five Hundred, and I will not vote for a tyrant, or an oligarchy; and if any one should attempt to overthrow the popular Constitution of Athens, or should speak or vote adversely to its principles, I will not support him. I will not vote for the repudiation of private debts, nor for a division of the land of the Athenians, nor of their houses. I will not re-

store the exiles, nor those against whom sentence of death has been passed, nor will I exile those who remain, contrary to the existing laws, and the decrees of the people and of the Senate of the Five Hundred. I will neither do these things myself, nor will I permit them in another. Nor will I establish an office to be held by one who has not rendered account of a previous office; . . . . and the same man shall not hold the same office twice, nor two offices in the same year. I will not receive bribes on account of the court, nor shall another in my behalf, nor shall others with my knowledge, on any ground or pretext whatsoever. I am not less than thirty years of age. I will hear both the accuser and the defendant impartially, and will so decide on the matter of the prosecution. I invoke Zeus, Poseidon, Demeter. I imprecate destruction on myself and my house, if I violate any of these obligations; but if I keep my oath, I pray for many blessings."

Law cases were generally divided into two classes, according as they affected the individual or the public. Another distinction was made between cases in which the fine or penalty was to be estimated by the court, and those in which it had been fixed by the laws. The theory of legal process required the parties to conduct the business in person. There was no bar, as in our times; but the litigants were at liberty to consult friends, or experts in the law. The arguments were often written out by persons employed and paid for the work, and delivered *memoriter* by the parties. This system had at least the advantage of enabling the lawyer to get a fee on both sides. In the course of time, the advocate was allowed to appear for his client; and in certain cases public prosecutors were appointed, and their fees determined by law. Thus, though in form there was no Athenian bar, the necessities of the public administration of justice established customs and usages which amounted to the same thing. The dicast received from the paymaster three obols, or about nine cents, for every day's work. The decision was given by ballot.

No doubt the law was in general fairly administered by the

Athenian courts. Every question involving rights of person or property was discused with consummate ability, as we know by the extant pleadings of the Athenian advocates. But there was no learned, upright, and independent judge to rule the points of law, and to sum up the evidence in the case. The dicasts took the law and the facts into their own hands; and from their verdict, however unjust, there lay no appeal. The passions of the moment were excluded from the seats of justice by no barrier which they could not easily overleap. The consequence was,— and it is a most instructive fact in the history of jurisprudence, — that the courts of Athens, at times, were stained with acts of perjury and blood, which fill us with contempt and horror as we read them; and for the moment we feel no surprise that Plato, after the judicial murder of Socrates, placed them on the same level with other mobs. But this at least may be said, that the administration of the law was open and public, and became a matter of history. Despots have another mode of compassing the ends of injustice. The stealthy arrest, the prison hidden from every human eye except the keeper's, the secret execution, shut their judicial misdeeds from the blaze of notoriety, in which the death of Socrates and that of the generals of Arginusæ have received the execration of the world.

The idea of trial by jury lay at the foundation of the legal procedure of the Athenians; but with no judge, with juries of five hundred, a thousand, or fifteen hundred, and with their comprehensive powers, the courts were inevitably liable to be swayed by the gusts of popular passion; and we gain a very important lesson, when we contrast the different results under the different method of applying the same principles in our own courts, and see how greatly the security for every species of right is increased by a few simple safeguards, chiefly suggested by Anglo-Saxon tact and experience. The defect in the political arrangements of Greece was the want of a federal union with an effective central government. The defect in the Constitution of Athens was the want of a distinct

executive head, and the blending of legislative, judicial, and executive functions in the same persons. But we can trace every maxim of civil prudence to the philosophers and statesmen of Greece. In the practical working of the liberal institutions of Athens, commerce, industry, and the arts flourished; and this shows a high degree of confidence in the wisdom of the government. Abuses, no doubt, existed, and crimes were committed; but during the whole history of the courts of Athens, nothing was perpetrated so bad as the judicial murders which have stained the annals of England, no deed so dark and damning as the bloody trials for witchcraft in our own model State. The Demos of Athens was encroaching and arrogant; he longed after the lands of his neighbors; he annexed the cities and islands of the Ægean Sea; he wanted to annex Sicily, because it might else give a foothold from which his rival, the Spartan, could annoy him; and he thought that his irresistible destiny beckoned him thither. But with all his faults and vices, he developed the ideas of law, order, and justice, which lie at the basis of good government wherever existing; and he left the imperishable records of his wisdom and experience as fountains of instruction to the world.

LECTURE XII.

LITERATURE.—THE THEATRE.

Greek literature is the basis of modern civilization. Of its absolute merits as an instrument of culture, no reasonable person, with competent knowledge, can entertain a doubt. To its importance in the systems of study on which modern education rests, the best minds have borne the strongest testimony. It was remarked that in the circle of Greek education foreign languages found no place, and in this respect we certainly have an advantage over the ancients. As an extensive intercourse with the world removes prejudices and enlarges the mind, so a range of study which embraces foreign languages and their literature furnishes a wider scope for the exercise of reason, judgment, and taste, and creates a higher point of observation, whence we may survey the achievements of man in the exercise of his loftiest faculties. But before the Greeks there were no Greeks to study; and in the time of the Greeks, they could do nothing better than study themselves. The classics of their own language were their only classics; and the thoroughness of their training in these was a point in their education which deserves the respect of all times. We can be familiar with them, and with our own writers besides. The latter need not be neglected on account of the former. We should do the one, and not leave the other undone. We should study Homer, but Milton also; we should make Shakespeare the companion of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; and Aristophanes should be illustrated by Goldsmith and Sheridan.

Plato intimates that the invention of writing, which he attributes to an Egyptian deity, had weakened the faculty of

memory. It may be so; but I think no reasonable man would hesitate to surrender, if necessary, a portion of his individual memory for an art which eternizes the memory of the human race, and by intellectual intercourse binds the nations and the ages together. To us, literature presents certainly one of the most beautiful aspects of the life of Greece. Its relation to the daily being and enjoyments of men was, however, in many respects very different from that which the art of printing and the abundance of books have given to it in our day. It affected the taste, mind, and heart, more through the ear than by the written page. The Homeric poems were delivered, first by the author himself, and then by singers, who travelled like actors from place to place, and rehearsed the divine verses from memory to enchanted multitudes. When the epic age passed away, the lyric succeeded; and here, too, public delivery, accompanied by the music of instruments and the rhythmical movements of numerous choruses, was the form in which the poet addressed himself to the general mind. The national games and local festivals were occasions on which not only poetry found a voice, but even history and philosophy attracted attention and won applause. Herodotus, reading his immortal work at the Panathenæa, is one of the commonplaces of classical allusion. The discourses of the philosophers in the public square, the gymnasium, and the panegyrical assemblies, gave an intellectual cast to scenes originally connected only with business or with contests of physical strength. At the Panathenaic festival, the most gorgeous ceremonial in Athens, rhapsodists, appointed by public authority, rehearsed the poems of Homer. Musical and lyrical contests were held in the Odeium, and discourses delivered, of which the Panathenaicus — one of the most finished orations of Isocrates — affords an interesting specimen.

The public debates — the harangues of the orators, which were not listened to, unless they had received the last touches of literary elegance — must be regarded as a very important means of intellectual influence, instruction, and delight, from

the time of Solon down to the death of Demosthenes. Imagine the majestic person of Pericles, — Olympian Pericles, — speaking to the people of Athens in those magnificent periods which made men say that he thundered, and lightened, and stirred up all Hellas. Imagine the austere and sorrowful countenance of Demosthenes, when, after his patriotic hopes have been dashed to the ground by the disastrous battle of Chæronea, the occasion is seized by his personal and political enemies to assail his public and private character, to impeach his motives, to overbear him with invective and slander, to load his private life with the loathsome calumnies of malice and personal hatred, to make the people, who have honored and trusted him, believe that he is profligate in morals and the hireling of northern gold; — he, who exhausted the midnight lamp in studies that have made his works immortal; who upheld the public faith, when an attempt was made to break it down; who year after year rallied the faltering courage of his countrymen, and breasted the onsets of the Macedonian; who labored, sparing neither time, nor strength, nor health, to unite the Greeks against domestic treason and foreign levy; who, when his only daughter died, strove to forget the anguish that wrung his heart by increased devotion to the honor and glory of his country; who was liberal above measure of his private fortune, to redeem captives and relieve the wants of the poor, and for this was libelled by Æschines the slanderer as a spendthrift who had ridiculously wasted his property; — he to whom the august image of Athens, standing on the loftiest height of glory in this world, surrounded by the memorials of her heroes, sages, and artists, was the most inspiring theme of eloquence, until his dying day; — imagine this man, whose genius has been his country's stay and staff for thirty years, without his having been the official head of the state, rising to vindicate his character and policy before his assembled countrymen. Eight years have passed since the first step in the trial was taken. The rumor of the contest has gone forth to every corner of the Grecian world. Crowds, greater than ever thronged to a festi-

val, fill the city, and press to the centre of interest. The accusation is over; powerful, plausible, vehement, vindictive, perhaps unanswerable. Demosthenes is a great criminal, and his whole policy is a great crime. Can he cleanse his fair fame of the perilous stuff which has been dashed upon it? Some are filled with doubt; others with fear or hope; all with expectation wrought to an intolerable intensity. He rises calmly and solemnly. The temples and images of his country's gods stand before him on yonder height, and he utters slowly and earnestly a prayer for their protection in the danger that has fallen upon him. There stand the Propylæa and the Arsenal; in the Peiræan harbor rides the fleet, which has always been the object of his patriotic care. With these emblems of Athenian genius and power appealing to the present sense, can he doubt that his countrymen will justify him for pursuing a policy in accordance with the illustrious history of the past? Will they judge him by the result, which was in the hands of God, and lay beyond the scope of human wisdom? Will they take their stand with him on the serene heights of national honor, and, if fall they must, fall at least with dignity? or will they give the lie to former noble deeds, and condemn themselves in condemning him? "It is not true," he exclaims, "it is not true, men of Athens, that you erred in taking on yourselves the peril for the liberty and safety of all. No! by your ancestors, who breasted the first shock of danger at Marathon; by those who stood in battle array on the field of Platæa; by those who fought the sea-fight of Salamis; by those who fell at Artemisium; and by the many others who rest in the public sepulchres, — brave men, — to all of whom the city, deeming them worthy of the same honor, gave a public burial, — not, Æschines, to those only who had been successful or victorious, — and justly; for the duty of brave men has been done by all; but they have borne the fortune which was allotted to each by the will of God."

The force of the argument, the grandeur of its ethical and religious tone, the overwhelming eloquence of the appeal to

whatever was noblest in the patriotic spirit, most inspiring in the proud recollections of ancestral renown, — the earnestness and boldness of innocence and truth, — so wrought both on citizens and on strangers, that long before the trial was over the libeller of his country's most illustrious citizen and greatest statesman withdrew from the scene, left the city and Attica itself, passed over to Rhodes, where he became a teacher of rhetoric, and never again showed his face in Athens.

The transactions of public life were not all tainted with the spirit of the demagogue. If in reading Demosthenes even now one finds it difficult to sit still or keep silent, what must have been the moral effect upon those who stood on the spot, under all the influences of that unparalleled scene, with the throbbing passions of the moment, and listened to the voice of the patriot and orator, who has been equalled but once in the history of constitutional liberty!

Though the popular influence of literature, both in poetry and prose, depended on the excitement of personal presence and oral delivery, the means and materials were not wanting for publication by multiplying copies. I cannot doubt that Homer and his successors had manuscript copies of the poems which it was their vocation to deliver from city to city. We are told that there was something like a library collected at Athens in the age of Peisistratus. We hear of cities possessing, at a very early period, editions of the poems of Homer. The earliest materials used for writing were wood, stone, the bark of trees, metallic and ivory tablets, and, afterward, the skins of animals. The trade with Egypt undoubtedly introduced papyrus into general use at a time earlier than is usually supposed. Tablets, prepared with a coating of wax, were frequently employed. The advantage they presented over some other materials consisted in the facility of correcting or altering what had been written, by turning the stylus and passing the flat end over the yielding surface. The kings of Pergamus rivalled the Ptolemies in their patronage of literature. Under their influence great improvements were made in the man-

ufacture of parchment, called *pergamena*, and the books in their libraries were written on the finest quality of this article. The formation of the immense libraries in Alexandria gave a similar impulse to improvement in the manufacture of the papyrus; so that, in the Roman times, the dealers offered for sale many varieties, from the coarse kind, used, like our brown paper, to wrap parcels in, up to the Augustan *charta* of the most delicate tissue, employed by kings and emperors in their journals and correspondence.

The stylus, or metallic pen, was never used for writing on papyrus or parchment. The unhappy modern who introduced this instrument of torture deserves to sit at his desk with nothing but steel pens during a wretched immortality. The age of calligraphy is gone, and the iron age has succeeded it. The ancient pen was made of the Egyptian reed, cut down to a point, split exactly like the quill, and thence called cloven-footed. The ink most commonly used was black, and some of it — the Egyptian ink — was so excellent and durable, that letters, hieroglyphs, and figures, traced more than five-and-twenty centuries ago, have the freshness and gloss of yesterday. The inkstands, some of which have been found in Pompeii, were made much like our own, single for one kind of ink, or double for red and black, and round or hexagonal. One was discovered at Herculaneum, containing ink, which, though somewhat thick, could still be used for writing. The inks of the ancients are thought to have resembled printer's ink, and not to have been so flowing as those now in use. The Roman satirist, Persius, describes an author who attributed the sluggish current of his ideas to the thickness of his ink, — a natural delusion, which every one in the habit of writing must have often experienced. For our knowledge of the actual details in the preparation and materials of Greek books, we have to depend on Egypt, and the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. In Egypt, the use of paper rolls written in hieroglyphic, hieratic, or demotic characters dates from a very remote period. The copy of the Book of the Dead, published by Lepsius, is

supposed by him to belong to the fifteenth century before Christ. Fragments of manuscript contracts and documents in Greek, and of Greek poets, have been found in considerable numbers, belonging to the Ptolemæan period, and dating three centuries before Christ. These are deposits taken from tombs which, built in the solid rock and free from the slightest moisture, preserved them until the monuments were opened in the course of modern researches. Very recently, numerous and important fragments of an oration of Hypereides against Demosthenes — one often mentioned by the ancients, but supposed to be irrecoverably lost — have been found in a collection of old papyri, and published. Two libraries, containing a considerable number of manuscripts, — one in a villa in the neighborhood of Herculaneum, another in the house called that of the Tragic Poet of Pompeii, — have restored a large amount of lost literature. These rolls or volumes, though retaining their original shape, are nearly reduced to coal, and can be opened only by the nicest care and the most skilfully devised apparatus. Several have been successfully unrolled and published, — among the rest, a treatise on Music by Philodemus, a Greek author contemporary with Cicero.

The Greek writers employ all the terms belonging to books and to the practice of writing. We know that their system of legal pleadings, of court-records, and of keeping accounts in the public offices, their registers of citizens, commercial transactions, epistolary correspondence, and state archives, from a very early period, must have required an immense supply of writing materials; and that the Egyptian papyrus was the preferred material is most probable. We know that books abounded in Athens at the time of the great tragedians, or as early as the fifth century before Christ, and that copies of their pieces were in circulation. The orators after Pericles were accustomed to write out their discourses, and some, like Isocrates, depended wholly on this mode of communication with the public. Aristotle possessed an immense library, which was sold after his death. Whether Plato had one or not, we cannot say.

He makes no mention of books in his will, unless they are included under the general term *furniture*. Books were exported from Athens to the Greek colonies; and even book-auctions are mentioned as taking place in a particular part of the agora. Yet so thoroughly has Greece been ravaged in the long centuries since her life of glory that no remains of the libraries of her orators and poets have been found. Their works were preserved in transcripts made at other seats of learning, which passed down in a series of copies reaching from the third century before to the seventeenth after Christ, or through a period of two thousand years. There is no doubt, however, that books were made in Greece, as they were in Egypt and in the Greek cities of Italy, by copyists, under the various names of Calligraphoi, Tachygraphoi, and Chrysographoi, handsome writers, fast writers, and gold writers, so called from their writing in letters of gold, the preparation of which is described by Montfaucon. The paper was made from the thin coats of the papyrus-plant, a layer of which was put on a board, and another layer over it at right angles. These layers were joined by water from the Nile, which possessed a glutinous property, and then dried in the sun. The sheets were then pasted together, side by side, so as to form a strip of from twelve to fourteen inches wide, and of any length that might be desired. When ready for use, the pages were written down the sheets, the width of the strip making the length of the page. When the work was finished, it was rolled round a stick, from which came the name *volumen*, or roll. Commonly at the extremity of the stick there were ornamented balls. The ends of the roll were carefully polished, and the whole, for protection, was put into a case of parchment. The title of the book was written on a separate strip or ticket attached to the roll. In libraries, the books were arranged on shelves, with the ends outward, or in pigeon-holes; or they were kept in circular boxes, with elegantly ornamented lids. The reader took the scroll in his hand, unrolling it as he advanced, and rolling it up with the other hand, as he completed the successive pages.

With all the appliances of ancient skill in making books, they remained comparatively dear. The means placed in the hands of Aristotle enabled him to compete with princes in forming his collection. A large fortune would have been required to purchase as many volumes as may now be found in houses of very moderate pretensions. For literary culture, the great majority of the Greeks, even of the Athenians, must have depended on public discourses, on musical and lyrical representations, and especially on the stage.

Athens surpassed all other states in the number and brilliancy of her festivals, and in the lavish expenditure which her great resources and the popular policy of her rulers enabled her to supply. The national wealth of Athens was considered, even as late as the time of Demosthenes, to be equal to that of all the other states together, being estimated at thirty-five thousand talents, or forty millions of dollars. The public revenue at the most flourishing financial period is computed by Boeckh to have been eighteen hundred talents, or nearly two million dollars. The legal rate of interest at Athens was twelve per cent; but twenty or even thirty per cent was often paid. Judging by this standard, the present value of the revenue should be doubled. But perhaps even this does not fairly represent the case; for the prices of articles of subsistence were very much lower than at the present day. The family of Demosthenes, consisting of three persons after the death of his father, lived upon an expenditure of seven minæ a year — which would be one hundred and twenty-six dollars — exclusive of house-rent and the education of two children. An unmarried man might live tolerably well on a hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars. The state expenditures were the disbursements for public buildings, festivals, and sacrifices, the pay of the senate, the assembly, the public physician, singers, musicians, actors, the navy and the army, and, from the time of Pericles, the *theoricon*, or admission-fee of the people to the theatre and other shows, which amounted annually to a very large sum, since every citizen who chose could draw two obols, and in some cases

more, from the treasury, for every exhibition. This last charge could not have fallen much short of forty thousand dollars.

The expense of bringing out the dramatic pieces was borne, like other costly offices, by the wealthier citizens of the several tribes, and was classed under the general term of *liturgies*, being placed as a public duty on the same footing with the fitting out of war ships, called the *trierarchic* liturgy, and with various public entertainments, which came in regular order and were assessed according to the property census. The drama was not a mere amusement at Athens, though the comic drama, in the hands of Aristophanes, was sufficiently amusing. It was connected with the great festivals of the national worship, and tragedy at least — solemn and wonderful tragedy, as Plato calls it — embraced a very large portion of the moral and religious instruction of the people; for it was not a limited entertainment, nor in any sense of the word a private speculation. It was under the direction of the chief archon, to whom the pieces were in the first instance submitted by the poets. A body of actors, in the pay of the state, was at his disposal; and he assigned three to each competing poet, as well as a chorus, which always formed one of the most characteristic features of the Athenian drama. The innumerable occasions on which solemn representations, consisting of poetical recitation, accompanied by rhythmical movement and the music of instruments, — the flute or the lyre, — were held, from the earliest times, had accustomed the people to the spectacle of the chorus, and trained large bodies of men for it. From these the archon selected the requisite number, twelve or fifteen for a tragedy, and twenty-five for a comedy, and assigned them to each poet. It was the duty of the citizen on whom the dramatic liturgy of his tribe had fallen to support and train the chorus, under the superintendence of the poet, at his own expense; and this office was generally performed with as much public spirit and ambition for popular applause as the gravest functions ever undertaken in the service of the state.

Every city in Greece had its theatre; not exclusively for

dramatic entertainments, but also for various religious services, and for meetings for public business. The great Dionysiac theatre at Athens was commenced in the time of Æschylus, and not completed until the time of Lycurgus the orator, who was intrusted with the charge of the public treasury at Athens for the unexampled period of fifteen years,—a man of such rigid honesty, that, when his own wife violated the law which he had caused to be enacted, prohibiting women from riding in chariots in the public processions, he brought her to trial and had her fined. What Madame thought of this energetic conjugal procedure, she has nowhere recorded. He not only completed the theatre, but caused bronze statues to be raised to Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, and copies of their works to be taken and deposited in the archives of the city.

Whether women attended the theatre at all, and, if they did, whether they sat by themselves, are questions much discussed by the curious; but several of the plots of Aristophanes seem to me to imply a knowledge of the plays of Euripides among the women hardly to be acquired except by frequent attendance at the theatre. The fact is almost expressly stated by Plato, in two or three passages, where the influence of the stage upon female morals is alluded to in terms that would be unintelligible on the supposition of their attendance being forbidden. Alciphron, in one of his agreeable epistles, represents Menander as writing to Glycera about an invitation he had received from Ptolemy, king of Egypt, to remove to his court. The letter is, indeed, a fictitious one, and is not of the same authority as if written by Menander himself. But in the second century, when Athenian literature had sustained no losses by time, it is scarcely to be supposed that so intelligent and elegant a writer as Alciphron could have been mistaken in a point of this nature. The enamored Menander is made to say that he declined the royal proposal: "For what happiness could I have without thee? Thy qualities and ways would make extreme old age appear like youth to me. Let us pass our youth together, our age together; yes, by the gods,

let us die together. God forbid that I should know what it is to feel that thou art no more. For what blessing would then remain? . . . . The king has also invited Philemon; *he* will take time to consider; but thou, O Glycera, art my judgment, my Areopagus, my Heliastic court, and, by Athene, my everything. By the twelve gods, I have not the remotest idea of embarking for so distant a kingdom as Egypt; nor, were Egypt in Ægina, over yonder, would I desert *my* kingdom, which is thy love, to behold, without my Glycera, a populous solitude in so great a mob of Egyptians. For all the golden splendors of the court, I would not exchange the pleasures of the stage, of the Lyceum, and the divine Academy. I would rather be crowned with the Dionysiac wreath, than with the diadem of Ptolemy, *if Glycera were sitting in the theatre and looking on.*" This shows, in the first place, that the author knew how to write a love-letter, and, in the second place, that women attended dramatic entertainments.

The two Dionysiac festivals, at which the tragic and comic representations chiefly took place, were in the spring. The chief one, called the Great Dionysia, was from the 10th to the 18th of the Attic month Elaphebolion, a time nearly corresponding to our first week in March, — a very beautiful season there, whatever it may be here. It was a period when the city was crowded with deputies from tributary and allied states, who had visited the capital to settle the accounts of their respective cities with the Athenian treasury; with suitors in law-cases, who were awaiting the action of the Heliastic courts; with travellers from every part of the civilized world, who had come to enjoy the pleasures of the great Hellenic holiday; with merchants and traders, who brought their wares, on this occasion, as to a great mart or fair; with artists, poets, sophists, and philosophers, drawn thither in the hope of fame or profit. Nothing was wanting to make the Great Dionysia one of the most splendid and imposing pictures in the life of Greece; and if we consider that it was the occasion for the development of the last great original form of Greek

literature, — the dramatic, — the peculiar boast of Athens, and the crowning flower of her genius, we shall see that there was reason in the enthusiasm and excitement which universally prevailed. The city put on its holiday attire. From daylight until sunset, the excited multitudes enjoyed a succession of pastimes, from the tricks of the juggler up to the loftiest representations of the Tragic Muse. The Athenians were early risers. Aristotle says, that the man who would accomplish great things must be up while it is yet dark. The lovely Grecian morning was more tempting than our freezing and sleety spring days, and there was something to encourage the citizen to leave his bed. Courts sat by the dawn, and the jurymen were sometimes conducted to the Heliæa by link-boys, as the city was not lighted at the public expense. The Senate and the popular Assembly usually met before sunrise. The Athenians were a people who loved the light of heaven. They thought that it was intended for the wakeful use of the faculties. With the exception of the mystic rites, some of the Dionysiac orgies, and occasional entertainments, such as that of Agathon, — which did not interfere with the early morning hour, since the revellers were already up, — the Athenians were a people who observed the old adage, "Early to bed, early to rise," and enjoyed to the full the predicted consequence of health and wisdom. They had no balls, no theatre, no concerts, in the evening, and so they went to bed; and when the rosy-fingered Aurora shot her earliest arrows up the eastern hills, they were on foot, and ready for the frugal meal — a bit of bread, a fig, or a bunch of grapes — which preceded the morning occupations. In the days of the Dionysia, the theatre was thrown open with the earliest dawn, and the citizens and strangers were astir betimes, to secure their seats. The wealthier persons were followed by their attendants with cushions and sunshades, and perhaps a luncheon; for the session was likely to be long. Theophrastus, in his character of the Adulator, says: "At the theatre, taking the cushions from the servant, whose business it is to adjust them for his mas-

ter, he performs this office himself." You might have seen the magistrates, in their robes of office, proceeding, with strangers honored by the city, to their official place; ladies, veiled, winding their way along the passages, to apartments curtained off, perhaps, from the rude stare of the multitude; the untitled crowd, with their two-obol tickets, pressing through the street of the Tripods, after the solemn procession of dignitaries has passed by, to gain admittance into the common seats, scrambling over one another to secure the best.

By the time it is light enough to see, the religious service begins. The board of dramatic judges are on the critical bench, looking wise as so many reviewers. Perhaps a golden crown has been voted to some illustrious statesman for eminent services to the country. The herald comes forward, in the presence of all that is most distinguished in the world, and makes proclamation of the fact; that the world may know his merits, — that the citizens may be stirred to emulate his example by so noble a reward, — that his children may follow in the patriotic footsteps, and exult in the honored name, of him to whom they owe their being. Fit prelude this to the heroic doings and sufferings which are to follow in mimic life upon the stage. The dramatic contest commences, under the auspices of the god to whom the theatre is a temple. In succession the choruses of the rival tribes appear. Actors, scenery, costumes, have been elaborately prepared; music, movement, delivery, have been taught by the poet, down to the minutest point. The figures on the stage, too distant from the spectators for the flexible play of feature, present, in the sculptured countenance of the mask, only the great outlines of the character or passion which the poet has set down for them. They stand in groups, like compositions of plastic art; their solemn and stately recitation is heightened in its power by the increased volume imparted to the voice through the mask; and the sound rolls over the vast multitude, and reverberates from the colonnade behind and above them. The prologue over, the chorus enters, moving in anapæstic rhythm to the central

altar, around which most of their part of the action revolves; singing a lyrical ode, artfully constructed, embodying the religious or moral ideas growing out of the drama; or recalling distant events, which have something to do with the destinies of the characters; or moralizing in Doric strophes upon the action, as it is developing itself on the stage. The spectators express their enthusiasm by rousing applause; or, if an actor stumbles, they hiss him off the stage, or pelt him with figs and apples, rotten eggs not having yet been thought of.

In the interval between the first and second representations, acquaintances exchange greetings, and, after mutual inquiries about the health of their families, begin to discuss the merits of the pieces. The dramatic judges take notes and compare opinions on the same subject, under the weight of official responsibility. Less intellectually disposed persons seize the opportunity to refresh the inner man with some dainty bit and a flask of wine; nuts, raisins, sweetmeats, cakes, are passed round; and such a clattering of teeth and hum of voices fill the theatre as only twenty thousand hungry and sociable citizens can produce. As soon as the scenes are shifted, the next choregus on the list marshals in his dramatic troop, and another play, or the second part of a trilogy, is performed. How many come on in succession, we do not know, but the greater part of the forenoon was doubtless given to the tragic poets; and as the pieces were not long, a considerable number might be heard, when we consider the early hour at which they set to work.

The representation of comedies was held sometimes at the Lenæan Festival, a short time earlier than the Great Dionysia, and sometimes at the Dionysia, probably in the afternoon of the same days on which the tragedies were brought out. They were under the same general regulations, except that the board of judges consisted of ten, instead of four. A peculiar feature of the ancient comedy consisted in the *parabasis*, or address to the audience, in which the author, speaking by the mouth of the chorus, gave his opinions in a very free style

upon public events, or criticised the pieces of his rivals, or commended his own, generally uttering some ludicrous threat against the judges if they should fail to award him the prize. It is obvious that the business of the magistrate who had to read the pieces and to assign the chorus, as well as that of the dramatic judges who had to hear them and to decide their merits, was no sinecure. Imagine the mayor of this city required to examine plays offered for representation by rival poets from all the wards, and four aldermen obliged to rise at the peep of day, and, after eating a morsel of bread soaked in wine, going to an immense uncovered theatre, taking their places on marble seats, and sitting through ten or a dozen tragedies a day, for five or six days in succession!

The nature of the sources from which the Attic tragedy was drawn, and the high-toned doctrines of ethics and religion it inculcated, have caused the stage to be compared to the pulpit in modern times. This holds surprisingly true of Æschylus and Sophocles. The destinies of the ancient princely houses, whose awful crimes of murder, parricide, and incest overloaded the traditions of Greece, were well suited to stamp on the susceptible Hellenic spirit the profoundest lessons of the nature of sin and justice, and the terrible consequences of the wrath of God. Says the Chorus in the Agamemnon: —

> "For Zeus doth teach men wisdom, sternly wins
> To virtue by the tutoring of their sins;
> Yea! drops of torturing recollection chill
> The sleeper's heart; 'gainst man's rebellious will
> Zeus works the wise remorse;
> Dread powers, on awful seats enthroned, compel
> Our hearts with gracious force."

This solemn tone runs through the three plays in which the crimes, woes, and atonements of the doomed family of Agamemnon are unfolded with a grandeur of language and thought, and a force of characterization, worthy of the genius of Shakespeare; while the overwhelming impression of the representation may, without irreverence, be compared with that

of the Hebrew prophets. This topic might be equally illustrated from the extant pieces of Sophocles, in which similar doctrines are preached, but in a style of more subdued elegance.

In a state of such lively political susceptibilities as Athens, an instrument of influence like the stage could not have been neglected by struggling parties. Notwithstanding the lofty and ideal tone of the tragedy, so suitable to the subjects borrowed from a distant heroic age, the poet sometimes gave his pieces a bearing, direct or indirect, upon the politics of his own times. Æschylus attempted to protect the court of the Areopagus against the encroaching radicalism of his age. Sophocles has frequent political allusions. In the Antigone, freedom and despotism are so powerfully contrasted with each other, and so much to the advantage of the former, that the author was not only overwhelmed with the applause of the people, but was appointed general in the Samian war, as the colleague of Pericles and Thucydides.

It was, however, only in the form of general principles, or by allusions, easily understood indeed, yet not conveyed in express terms, that tragedy dealt with contemporary politics. For a vivid, though doubtless exaggerated, picture of the morals, manners, passions, and demagogy of the passing day, we must turn to the pages of Aristophanes. This most brilliant, but somewhat unscrupulous and wholly fearless genius, belonged to the same great age with the tragedians. He was a hearty lover of Æschylus and Sophocles, but made Euripides the constant butt of his ridicule. Socrates, as the friend of Euripides, was most unjustly held up by him as the master of a sophistical school where atheism was taught, and the art of making the worse appear the better reason was a daily practice. So far as his satire was levelled at the Sophists, whose skill turned on verbal quibbles, by which they not only proved that "naught is everything, and everything is naught," but that the right of the strongest is right by the law of nature, and that this is the only measure of justice; that pleasure and virtue are synonymous and convertible terms; that physical enjoyment is the

rule of morality, — so far as he aimed to hold this mountebank philosophy up to reprobation, he was to be praised. Again, he was to be praised for pointing the finger of scorn at the demagogues and generals who were urging the country into the abyss of ruin in the Peloponnesian war; as in the "Peace," where Trygæus ascends to heaven, and finds that two giants, named War and Tumult, have usurped the place of the gods, and are employed in pounding the states of Greece in a huge mortar, using the generals as pestles, while Peace has been sunk to the bottom of a well, whence she is drawn with the greatest difficulty. The same subject is wittily handled in "The Acharnians," where the blessings of peace are amusingly contrasted with the horrors of war. Again, in the "Lysistrata," the women, wearied out with the calamitous state of things, conspire in a general congress of delegates from the contending ing states to bring the foolish men to terms, by stopping domestic supplies of every kind. One of the great complaints on which the uprising is justified is the melancholy fact that the citizens are so long absent in the wars, that the young maids are left to grow into old maids, and, when the soldiers return, they marry down into the next generation. The base compliances of party leaders with the passions and appetites of the demos are admirably exposed in the play of "The Knights," where Agoracritus, the sausage-seller, is set up against Cleon, the leather-dresser, the popular idol of the hour. The mania for extending empire, which wrote the bloodiest pages in Athenian annals, and finally led to the ruin of the state, is touched with infinite liveliness in "The Birds," who, under the guidance of a speculative Athenian, found an empire in mid-air, to cut off sacrificial supplies from the gods and the blessed rain of heaven from men, and so to reduce the universe under their sway. The frenzy of litigation, which had seized hold of the demos by the vast accumulation of suits, the pecuniary interest which the citizens felt in them, and the sense of personal importance and delight of gratified vanity when the common Athenian dicast, no matter how ignorant and vulgar,

found himself the subject of solicitation to suppliant suitors from every quarter of the Athenian empire, — are wonderfully set forth in "The Wasps," where a crazy old dicast, being restrained of his liberty by his son, strives to escape through the chimney to join his fellow-jurymen on their way to court. Being hindered by a cap placed over the top of the chimney, he pretends that he desires to send a donkey to market, is detected hanging under the legs of the ass, like Ulysses escaping from the Cyclops' cavern under the ram, and finally is appeased only by having a court established in his own house for the trial of the dog Labes, who has been caught stealing a Sicilian cheese. When foolish schemes of the best possible republic were agitated by the philosophers, and the class of women described by Aristotle and compared to translated hens increased the uproar of discordant opinions by agitating the question of the rights of women, Aristophanes turned the offensive folly into ridicule that killed it dead, in the play of the "Ecclesiazousæ." In this way the comic stage dealt with the politics and the follies of the hour. Tragedy and comedy are two sides of the same scene; both are to be carefully studied if we would pass behind the curtain, and enter into the interior of the habitation of Demos.

END OF VOL. I.

Cambridge: Stereotyped and Printed by Welch, Bigelow, & Co.

Date Due

[redacted]

MAY [redacted]

MAY [redacted]

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

DF77 .F32 v.1
Greece, ancient and modern.
Princeton Theological Seminary–Speer Library
1 1012 00000 1455